July 2, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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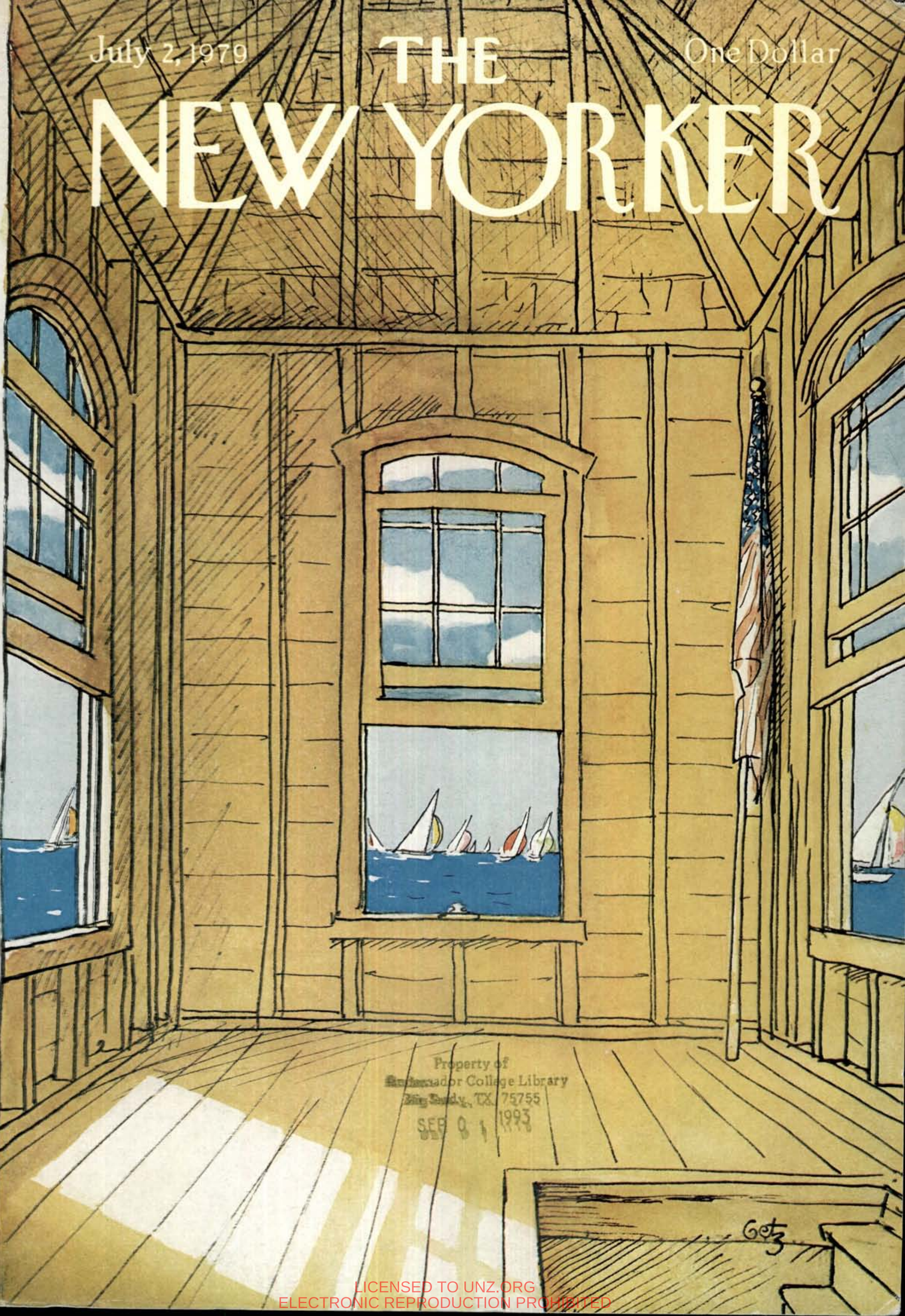

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A very funny play by Alan Ayckbourn, about four married couples of assorted ages and appetites. Now with Mildred Natwick, John Lithgow, and Robert Coote. Directed by the author and Peter Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, **BURIED CHILD**, which was seen earlier this year at the Theatre de Lys. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, **GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN**, with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Got Tu Go Disco—A musical with a book by John Zodrow and music and lyrics by, among others, Kenny Lehman, Ray Chew, and John Davis. The cast, including Irene Cara, Patti Karr, Joe Masiell, and Charles Serrano, is directed by Larry Forde. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec does well as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Impossible H. L. Mencken—A selection from the glorious writings of Mencken, as delivered by John Rothman. The mimicry is minimal, but Mr. Rothman has chosen skillfully, and the material—the strongest and funniest and most exhilarating since Hal Holbrook's "Mark Twain"—more than carries the day. The program is an offering in the American Humorists series. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, June 27, at noon; Thursday, June 28, at 1; and Saturday, June 30, at 10:30 P.M.)

I Remember Mama—Liv Ullmann is the star of this sentimental chromolithograph of a musical laid in San Francisco in the early nineteen-hundreds. There are a few old-fashioned songs, with music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Martin Charnin and Raymond Jessel. The thin book is by Thomas Meehan. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill perform splendidly in this not very plausible melodrama about life among the Italian-Americans in Hoboken. The author is Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 1: **TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM**, a musical adapted by Philip Mathias from the play by William W. Pratt. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, July 4-8: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Eyolf—Ibsen's drama. Previews Wednesday, June 27. Opens officially on Thursday, June 28. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Lone Star and **Pvt. Wars**—Two extremely funny one-act comedies by a new young playwright named James McLure. (6/18/79) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21
"FRIEND TWIN" . . . . *George W. S. Trow* 27
"THE GHOST WRITER" (PART TWO) . . . . *Philip Roth* 28
"THE NIGHT EXPRESS" (POEM) . . . . *Howard Moss* 30
"CHARM" (POEM) . . . . *Anne Stevenson* 36
"TREE FERNS" (POEM) . . . . *Stanley Plumly* 42
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Susan Lardner* 66
LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 68
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 70
  CONCERT RECORDS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 73
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 75
U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 78
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 82
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 89
  BRIEFLY NOTED 94

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Henry Martin, Whitney Darrow, George Price, Charles Addams, Douglas Florian, William Steig, Dana Fradon, Lee Lorenz, Ed Fisher, Roz Chast, Roz Zanengo, Arnie Levin, Robert Weber, James Stevenson, Charles Barsotti, Donald Reilly, Ed Arno, Richard McCallister, Warren Miller, Joseph Mirachi, Al Ross, Bernard Schoenbaum, Robert Mankoff, Mischa Richter, J. B. Handelsman, James Mulligan, William Hamilton, Edward Frascino, Edward Koren*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller reports on his generation, now in its thirties. As one might expect, its members are getting ahead, as well as along; as one might also expect, this doesn't bring happiness. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline play the leads with exceptional grace and strength. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—Phyllis Newman in what is billed as a musical comedy. It's really a one-woman self-pep-talk, full of comic chatter and some very well-delivered songs. (6/25/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play, which has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway, is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—To the surprise of many, Al Pacino plays Shakespeare straight. An admirable attempt, though the production is old-fashioned and the supporting cast weak. (6/25/79) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

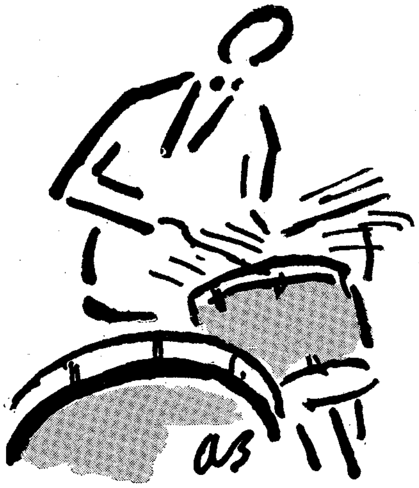
Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Sweeney Todd—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.)

Up in One—A songwriter and cabaret entertainer named Peter Allen in his first Broadway appearance. He looks less alarmed than one might have expected, and some of his songs are charming. (6/4/79) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, June 30.)

Whoopee!—A musical that is over half a century old, and looks and sounds its age. Poor little Charles Repole is its hapless star, in the role once played by once-famous Eddie Cantor. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—A brilliant performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark about a young man who believes he has the right to choose death over life. A grim-sounding topic, but the playwright has invested it with humor and warmth. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wine Untouched—A Norwegian play by Bjorg Vik, translated by Erle Bjornstad. In the cast are Susan Slavin, Glenn Close, Patricia Elliott, Donna McKechnie, and Swoosie Kurtz. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Stacy Keach. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EUBIE!**: A captivating old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,968 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 4, and Saturdays at 2; on July 4, at 3.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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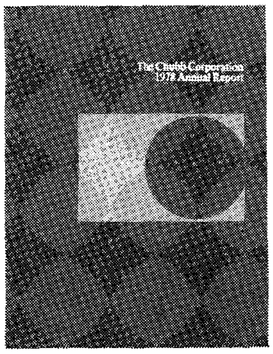

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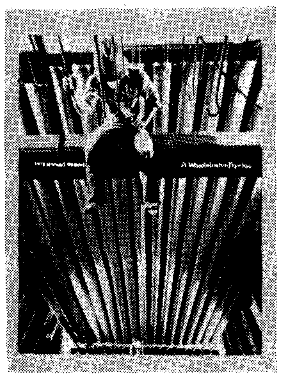

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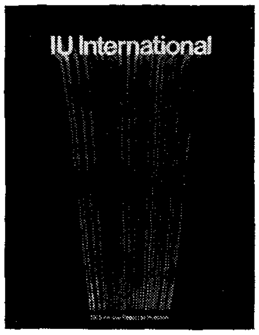

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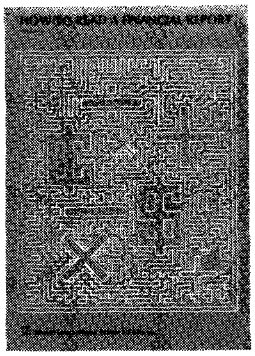

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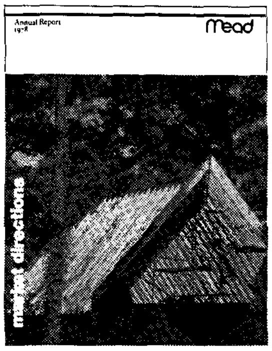

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10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 27, at 8: "Square Dance," "Opus 19," and "The Four Temperaments." . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 8: "Coppélia." . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "The Concert." . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "La Sonnambula," and "The Four Temperaments." . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8: "Coppélia." . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 1: "Square Dance," "Prodigal Son," and "The Concert." . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 7: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "Chaconne." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 27; Monday evening, July 2; and Saturday matinée, July 7: "The Taming of the Shrew." . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 28-29: "Orpheus." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 30; Thursday and Friday evenings, July 5-6; and Saturday evening, July 7: "Lady of the Camellias." . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 30, and Tuesday evening, July 3: "Concerto for Flute and Harp," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Initials R.B.M.E." . . ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, July 4: "Eugene Onegin." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet—Final performances of three all-Bournonville programs (of slight variation) that each include "Jockeydans," "Polka Militaire," "La Lithuanienne," and excerpts from Act III of "Napoli." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday, June 27-30, at 8, and Sunday, July 1, at 2 and 7:30.)

National Ballet of Canada and Rudolf Nureyev—"The Sleeping Beauty" will be presented for the first week of a two-week engagement running through Sunday, July 15. Mr. Nureyev will dance at all performances except Sunday matinée, July 8, and Saturday evening, July 14. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesday, July 3, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, July 4-6, at 8; Saturday, July 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 8, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Pianist Armen Donelian heads up a quartet Wednesday and Thursday, June 27-28; on Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, **Jimmy Ponder**, a thoughtful young jazz guitarist who grew up on rhythm-and-blues licks, will lead his trio; and on Wednesday, July 4, bassist Teruo Nakamura will move in with his septet. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Rock singer and guitarist John Hall performs on Wednesday, June 27; on Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, Kingfish, a West Coast-rock septet will be onstage; on Monday, July 2, **John Fahey**, the legendary folk-trance guitarist, will jog up and down his fingerboard; and on Saturday, July 7, drummer **Tony Williams** will bring in his group for a three-night stint. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Guitarists **Jimmy Raney** and **Attila Zoller** work together with some support from bassist **Bill Takas** through Saturday, June 30. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley, which, with composers like Jobim, Bonfa, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro*. The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short** holds court, which includes his two aides, bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Gene Gammage**, in the Café Carlyle at ten and midnight. After Saturday, June 30, Mr. Short will begin his summer leave of absence. On Sunday, July 1, pianist **Marian McPartland** will begin a two-month visit here, as Mr. Short's replacement, and she will be on hand Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **Barbara Carroll** through Saturday, June 30, from nine-forty-five to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **Ellis Larkins**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano and commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Through Saturday, June 30. Starting Monday, July 2, New Orleans pianist Ellis Marsalis will replace Larkins for the summer. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A pioneer new-wave (formerly punk) rock club, and still one of the most important outlets. The bands: Wednesday, June 27, 2 Timers and Firebirds; Thursday, June 28, Cheap Perfume, Son, and Cyclone; Friday, June 29, Cheap Perfume, Son, and Blenders; Saturday, June 30, the Rudies and the Big Fat Pet Clams from Outer Space. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**Alberta Hunter**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis through Saturday, June 30, when she'll take off for the summer. Beginning Monday, July 2, the summer entertainment will be **Larry Adler**, the harmonica virtuoso—although he calls his instrument a mouth organ. Mr. Adler's repertory includes Beethoven's "Minuet in G," Ravel's "Bolero," and Gershwin's "Summertime" and "Rhapsody in Blue." Music from eight-thirty. Sundays and Mondays belong to bebopping pianist Joe Albany, who performs from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Clarinettist and saxophonist **Russell Procope** and his trio perform Ellington and Strayhorn compositions through Friday, June 29; beginning Monday, July 2, **Marty Napoleon** will play solo piano. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**Hugh Shannon**, the international café-society singer, holds forth in this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. He works from nine to two, through Saturday, June 30.

Downey's, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—**Dardanelle**, a delight of a singer-pianist, has moved into this smallish, square, tartan-carpeted room. She has a relaxed, living-room (but wholly professional) delivery and perfect articulation, and she plays wonderfully fluid piano solos. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Cornettist **Wild Bill Davison** is in charge of a sextet that plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Wednesday and Thursday, June 27-28, **Dick Wellstood** will play solo piano between sets. On Sunday, July 1, **Scott Hamilton**, a young tenor saxophonist smitten with the swing era, will head a quintet, from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The entrance comprises a green-tinted Plexiglas door that leads to a very narrow hallway with corrugated-metal walls, a line of narrow mirrors, and a floor that looks like the embossed-metal kind built for battleships. A perfect setting for an early-sixties French film. Downstairs, where the jazz is, is a comfortable-verging-on-plush room. Trombonist **Slide Hampton** guides a quintet through Saturday, June 30; Tuesday through Saturday, July 3-7, will belong to **Jimmy Giuffre**, reedman, composer, and serene jazz guru in general, and his trio. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-fifteen, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—On Mondays guitarist **Attila Zoller** collaborates with pianist **Don Friedman** and bassist **Harvie Swartz**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **Chuck Wayne** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **Joe Puma** holds down the fort with bassist **Frank Luther**, pianist **Hod O'Brien**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. Wednesday through Sunday, July 4-8, guitarist **Al Gafa** and bassist **Jay Leonhart** will fill in for Puma and Luther. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. Pianist **Dill Jones** leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Starting Tuesday, July 3, pianist Joe Albany will alternate with the Jones trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and taped new-wave and old-wave rock, and dancing to both. The live bands: Link Wray and the Dils, on Wednesday, June 27; **John Cale** and the The, on Thursday, June 28; and the Lurkers, on Friday and Saturday, June 29-30. Live music nightly after eleven; taped music from nine.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere: One just stretches out while the musicians perform on the bandstand. On Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, pianist **Walter Bishop, Jr.**, saxophonist **Ricky Ford**, and others will participate in a musical offering that concentrates on Billie Holiday. On Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, bebop vocalist **Joe Carroll** will perform. Music from nine. Soft drinks and snacks.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**Roy Eldridge**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner piano-bass depot. Powerhouse pianist **Roland Hanna** works with bassist **Sam Jones** through Saturday, June 30; on Tuesday, July 3, **Tommy Flanagan**, a fine bop composer and sideman and Ella's accompanist for years, will move in. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining. No music on Sundays or Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas is a place where women are women and men wear Bermuda shorts all summer; the Lone Star is an authentic (despite its Yankee locale) Texas hangout. The music is good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until two. The performers include Kinky Friedman, a black-humor standup-folkie, who will be here on Sunday, July 1; Monday and Tuesday, July 2-3, has been set aside for the Flying Burrito Brothers; and on Wednesday and Thursday, July 4-5, **Louisiana Red**, an authentic, distraught-sounding blues singer in his early forties—he's a direct descendant of Robert Johnson, Bukka White, and other rural bluesmen from the thirties—will alternate with singer and guitarist **Johnny Winter**, who may not be as authentic as Louisiana Red, but who knows how to play the blues. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. HELEN FORREST is remembering, with her admiring audience, her years as a famous big-band vocalist through Saturday, June 30; on Tuesday, July 3, guitarist BARNEY KESSEL will take over for five nights. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be, crowded in the eighties. Part of the lineup; on Wednesday, June 27, the Speedies and the Worst; on Thursday, June 28, Steel Tips and King of Siam; on Friday, June 29, Richard Lloyd and Toru Oki; on Saturday, June 30, the Blessed and Stimulators; on Sunday, July 1, the Zantees and Rob Stoner; on Monday, July 2, N.Y. Niggers, Cellmates, and Wise Guys; and on Tuesday, July 3, the Dils and Flirt. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—George Melly, an English television and movie critic, sings music-hall numbers with trumpeter John Chilton's Feetwarmers through Saturday, June 30; beginning Tuesday, July 3, singers MARY MAYO and BERNIE KNEE will perform songs from "No, No, Nanette." Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in jazz, blues, funk, and disco musicians. Right now—Wednesdays through Sundays—singer and songwriter OSCAR BROWN, JR., is performing here from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer FREDDIE MOORE, who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGHEE, who play harmonica and guitar, respectively, sing, hoot, stamp, and chuckle together through Sunday, July 1; Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, will belong to the reunited country-rock band, Country Joe & the Fish. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. SY OLIVER directs a septet through Sunday, July 1. On Tuesday, July 3, Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians, directed by Bill Lombardo (the late band leader's nephew), will come in. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—On Wednesday, June 27, Karen Akers sings at nine; Thursdays through Saturdays have been claimed by Barbara Cook, who sings at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining. Mondays are showcase nights.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Bassist Dave Friesen leads a trio on Wednesday, June 27; Thursday through Sunday, June 28-July 1, will be given over to the HEATH BROTHERS—saxophonist JIMMY, bassist PERCY, pianist (and family friend) STANLEY COWELL, guitarist TONY PURRONE, and drummer KEITH COPELAND. On Tuesday and Wednesday, July 3-4, singer and pianist Robert Kraft will perform with his band, the Ivory Coast; and starting Thursday, July 5, saxophonist DAVE LIEBMAN and his quintet will take over for four nights. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find singer and pianist Freddy Cole and his quartet in performance at nine and eleven nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Seven-string guitarist BUCKY PIZZARELLI, who plays rhythmically inspired chordal solos, will be on hand through Saturday, June 30; on Sunday and Monday, July 1-2, pianist WALTER BISHOP, JR., will lead a quartet; and on Tuesday, July 3, saxophonist CHARLIE ROUSE will come in with an octet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup: Wednesday, June 27, James Cooper, Phil Wilson, Olu Dara, and Donald Smith; Thursday, June 28, guitarist JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER'S quartet; Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, alto saxophonist ARTHUR BLYTHE'S quartet; and on Thursday, July 5, drummer BARRY ALTSCHUL'S trio. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, intense, vertiginous pianist MCCOY TYNER will perform with his septet through Sunday, July 1; on Tuesday, July 3, guitarist LARRY CORYELL will take over, and he'll be trading sets on Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, with flutist YUSEF LATEEF'S quartet. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Alto saxophonist PHIL WOODS heads up a quartet through Sunday, July 1; on Tuesday, July 3, tenor saxophonist JOHNNY GRIFFIN will arrive with a quintet. Mondays are MEL LEWIS big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans perform through Saturday, June 30; on Monday, July 2, pianist SAMMY PRICE will begin leading a quintet that will feature two tenor saxophonists. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Newport Jazz Festival—Final performances. The concerts are taking place in various halls around the city, on a Staten Island ferry, at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga, and in Newbridge Road Park, Bellmore, L.I. (Parking and buses from the Bellmore and Merrick railroad stations.) Forget about Saratoga unless you're already there. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. Wednesday, June 27, at 5: Barry Harris, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 7:30: Maynard Ferguson's orchestra and Ronnie Laws. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 8: "The Stardust Road: A Hoagy Carmichael Jubilee," with Bob Crosby, Max Morath, Kay Starr, Billy Butterfield, Vic Dickenson, Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, Jimmy Maxwell, Dave McKenna, Bobby Rosengarden, Bob Wilber, and others. Mr. Carmichael will be present. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at midnight: "Young Trumpets," with Freddie Hubbard's quintet, the Woody Shaw quintet, and Hannibal and the Sunrise Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 8: "New Music in the Jazz Tradition," with Anthony Braxton's quartet, and the trios of Leroy Jenkins and Oliver Lake. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 5: Patti Bown, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 7:30: Grover Washington, Jr., and Ramsey Lewis. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 8: "Schlitz Presents We Remember Billie," with Carmen McRae's trio, Ruby Braff, Ray Bryant, Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson, George Duvivier, Harry (Sweets) Edison, Milt Hinton, Jo Jones, Bobby Rosengarden, Jimmy Rowles, Zoot Sims, Buddy Tate, Teddy Wilson, and Wayne Wright, plus Billie in a film tribute. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 5: Barbara Carroll, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8: The Lionel Hampton All-Star Band, with Cat Anderson, Doc Cheatham, Arnett Cobb, Wild Bill Davis, Benny Powell, Sam Turner, and others, plus Jimmy Witherspoon. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8: Dave Brubeck's Quartet and Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8 and midnight: The Art Ensemble of Chicago, the World Saxophone Quartet, and the Yamashita Trio. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at midnight: "Tribute to Muddy Waters," with the James Cotton Blues Band, the B.B. King Blues Band, and the Muddy Waters Blues Band (with Johnny Winter). (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: "Schlitz Salute to Jazz—A Boatride on the Staten Island Ferry," with Wallace Davenport and his New Orleans Jazz Band (with Orange Kjellin, Fred Lonzo, Fred Kohlman, Bill Pemberton, and Red Richards) and Wild Bill Davison's sextet (with Jack Lesberg, George Masso, Johnny Mince, Marty Napoleon, and Jackie Williams). . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8 and midnight: "Schlitz Salutes Jazz Latino," with Tito Puente's orchestra, Eddie Palmieri's orchestra, Willie Bobo and his new group, Bobo, plus Dizzy Gillespie and Cal Tjader. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8: "Schlitz Presents a Celebration of the American Song," with Mel Tormé, Gerry Mulligan, Doc Cheatham, Vic Dickenson, George Duvivier, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, Oliver Jackson, Jimmy Rowles, Joya Sherrill, and George Shearing. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 2: Buddy Rich and his Big

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Band, Roland Hanna's New York Jazz Ensemble, Joe Coleman's Jazz Supreme, and David Chesky's orchestra. (Bellmore, L.I.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Teddy Pendergrass—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, June 27, at 8.

Second Annual Salute to Women in Jazz—Wednesday, June 27, at 8:30: Evelyn Blakey, Janet Lawson, and Nina Sheldon. . . . Thursday, June 28, at 8:30: Jill McManus, the Sheila Jordan-Steve Kuhn trio, and the Sharon Freeman-Janice Robinson trio. . . . Friday, June 29, at 8:30: Julie Gardner, Jay Clayton, and Jane Ira Bloom. . . . Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: Sarah McLawler, Joanne Brackeen, and Melba Liston. (Upstairs, at the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 8: Amina Claudine Myers' "Improvisational Suite for Chorus, Pipe Organ, and Percussion." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) For information about tickets, call 924-5026.

Carla Bley Band and **Michael Mantler's Movies**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday, June 27, at 8:30 and 11:30.

Ian Hunter and **Granati Brothers**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, June 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Peggy Lee and **the Buddy Rich Band**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, June 28, at 8:30.

Ralph Towner and **the Bennie Wallace Trio**—Public Theatre. Thursday, June 28, at 8:30 and 11:30.

Bad Company—Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 29, at 8.

Don Cherry's Organic Music Theatre—Public Theatre. Friday, June 29, at 8:30 and 11:30.

Jackie McLean Quartet and **Jaki Byard**—Public Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, June 30-July 1, at 8:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Wednesday, July 4. Some, as indicated, will extend the holiday for a day or so.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through July 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

Aline Fruhauf (1907-78) / **Dean Cornwell** (1892-1960)—Caricatures of some of the leading lights of the twenties and thirties, caught in their prime and looking much younger than we remember them—Katharine Cornell, Lillian Gish, Lilly Daché, Valentina, Raphael Soyer, Reginald Marsh (q.v., at the Whitney). / Oil paintings by this celebrated illustrator—square-jawed heroes, proud beauties, wicked pirates. Through July 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closes after Tuesday, July 3, for a five-day holiday.)

Bernard Karfiol (1886-1952) and **Ben Benn**—Still-life paintings. Through Friday, June 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Mark Schlesinger—Oil paintings in which colorful, flowing traceries are worked out in what looks like a jacquard pattern. Through Saturday, June 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. A larger retrospective is currently on view at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Randall Timmons—Complicated devices (consisting of wood, plastic, metal, and string) that look like linear descendants of the apparatuses we send out in space, plus paintings of similar devices, shown in bright colors against a stygian ground. Through Saturday, June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by William Tucker, Stephen Buckley, David Roth, and others. Through July 13. . . . **INGBER**, 3 E. 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by contemporary American artists, among them Louis Finkelstein, Rosemary Cove, and Modris Ramans. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Outsize paintings, in acrylics on rice paper, of Chinese girls in gaily colored costumes, by Walasse Ting, dominate this group of gallery regulars, among them Alechinsky, Antes, and Segui. Through Friday, June 29. . . . **REED**, 120 E. 78th St.: Pastels by American artists, including Milton Avery, Janet Fish, and Robert Natkin. Through Tuesday, July 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tiny lyrical abstractions based on nature and done in watercolor by Victor Elmaleh; mildly surrealist works by André Masson ("Métamorphose de Hamlet," for instance); small abstracts by Erik Koch; and sombre paintings done in oil mixed with sand by György Kepes. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by minor American exponents of Impressionism, including Ernest Lawson and Gertrude Fiske. Through July 13. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Thirty-seven artists are participating in the current show, among them Dean Howell, who has carved a life-size farmer out of wood, and John Kahn, whose flying machine, on a tricycle frame ten feet tall, is a marvel of paddles and pulleys and propellers. Through Friday, June 29.

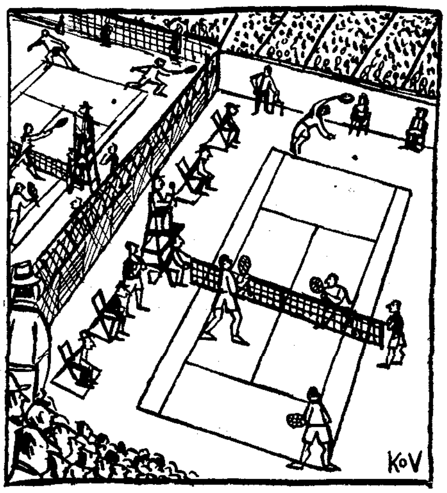
GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Ferren (1905-70)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through July 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Hepworth (1903-75)—Thirty-five pieces of sculpture done by this English artist during the last fifteen years of her life—bronzes and carvings in marble and wood. Through Friday, June 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Wall sculptures of twisted unstretched canvas. Through July 27. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Rhodes—Complicated kinetic sculptures, mostly in the form of towers, that are Rube Goldberg in principle but a great deal more graceful in operation. Steel balls make their way up and down three constructions with hypnotic effect on the viewer. Through Saturday, June 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)



Peter Vogel / William P. Gottlieb—Delicate wire constructions strung with electronic components that sound off musically when a viewer draws near enough to cast a shadow on them. Some are wall pieces and others are mounted on pedestals. / Photographs of most of the leading figures in the golden age of jazz—Armstrong, Ellington, Calloway, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, and so on. Through Saturday, June 30. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

American Abstract Artists—A two-gallery exhibit that traces the course of this group (whose early members included Albers, Bolotowsky, and Lassaw) from its inception, in 1936, to the present: Works in various mediums executed in the thirties and forties by George L. K. Morris, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.; and works by the entire current membership, including Judith Rothschild, Will Barnet, and Robert Ryman at the Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. (closed Mondays; open Saturdays). Both shows through Aug. 3.

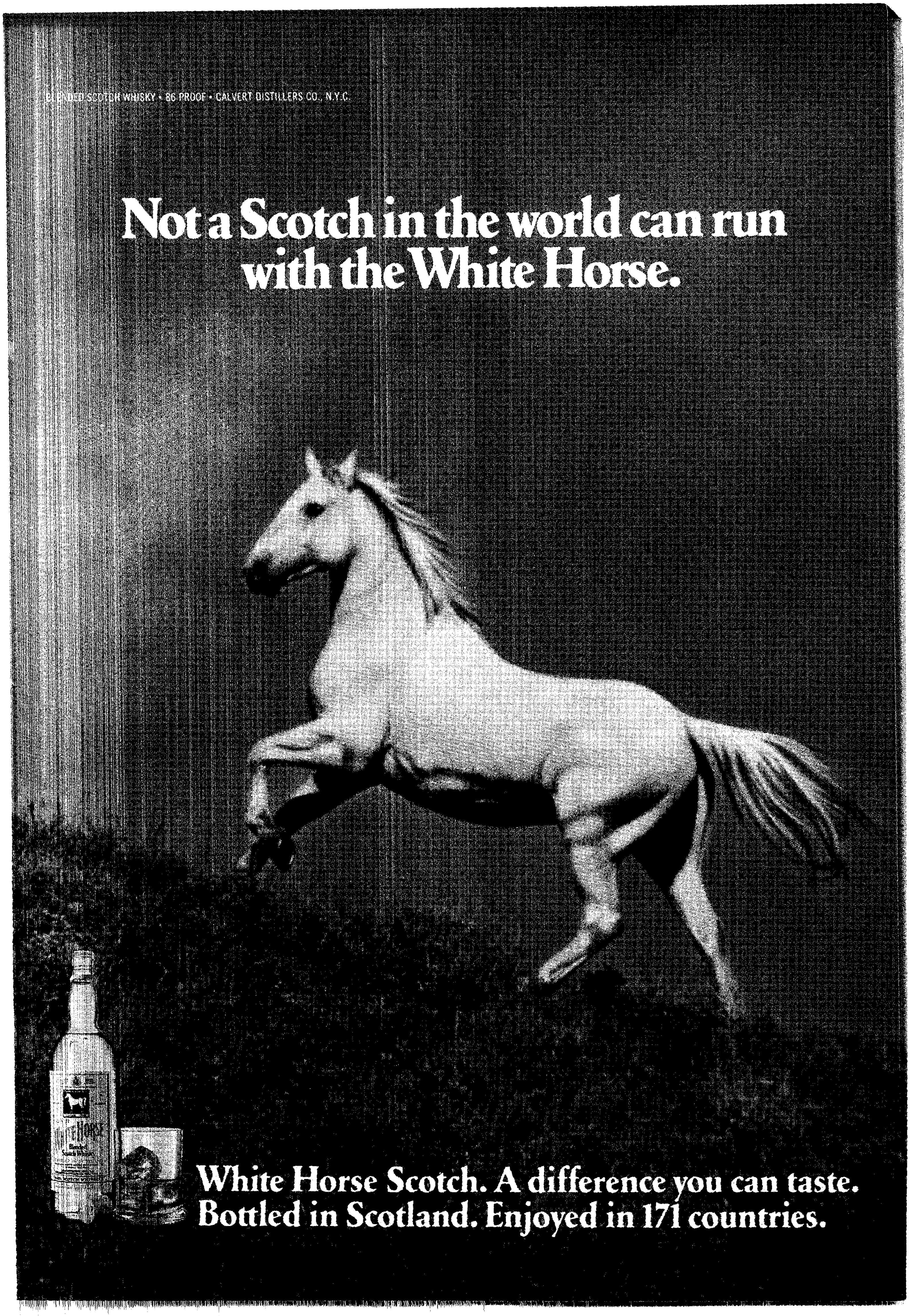
Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Nonobjective paintings by seven artists, including Shozo Nagano and Ruth Eckstein. Through Friday, June 29. . . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Erotic drawings by John Altoon, Andrew Hudson, and Archie Rand. Through July 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Scott Burton, Susan Crile, and Sylvia Plimack Mangold are three of the artists whose works are included in a show of paintings, sculptures, and prints. Through Aug. 30. (Tuesdays, except July 3, through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: A three-part summer show consisting of collages by Sol LeWitt; new works by gallery associates Ed Kerns, Susan Wilmarth, and others; and drawings, paintings, and sculptures by Avery, Noguchi, and others. Through July 27. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A summer show, revised every two weeks, in which all the works must be on paper and must measure at least thirty by forty inches. Included with gallery standbys are invited artists Theodore Manolides, James Valerio, and James Pernotto. Through Aug. 17. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, among them a grid pattern made up of children's drawings worked over by Joan Snyder; a painting by Susan Hall of a goldfish bowl containing a moonlit swimming pool into which a girl is diving; and a sort of sampler, in various mediums, by Janet Stayton. Through July 27. (Closed Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures from the gallery's collections, by John Marin, Andrew Wyeth, Lorrie Goulet, and others. Through Aug. 17. . . . **MULTIPLES-GOODMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: Levity in the art world as exemplified in offbeat works by some thirty artists. Sol LeWitt, for instance, has a grid of forty-eight photographs in which game cocks, squaring off, perform a jumpy pas de deux; Sam Wiener has made a chiffonier out of 420 West Broadway, in SoHo, and each gallery there is miniaturized, in a drawer; Ed Ruscha has a sort of sampler in which the words "well, Roughly" are spelled out in rose petals and chocolate. Through Friday, July 6. (Open Saturday, June 30.) . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jim Dine, Brice Marden, Agnes Martin, Louise Nevelson, and others. Through Sept. 14. . . . **SUMMIT**, 101 W. 57th St.: Portrait drawings and paintings by Byron Browne, acrylics by Judith Shahn, lithographs of the twenties by Louis Lozowick, and other works. Through Friday, June 29. (Opens at 12:30.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Abstract art from 1930 to 1940 is the basis for a show of drawings, constructions, and paintings by Gorky, Reinhardt, and others. Through July 20. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: A single work apiece by Pat Adams, Kenneth Snelson, Abraham Walkowitz, and others. Through Aug. 31.

Sculpture—Works in several mediums and in a range of sizes by seven artists, among them Donald Sandstrom, Elisabeth Frink, and Richard Hunt. Through Aug. 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Chryssa—Twelve paintings from the "Chinatown" series by the well-known sculptor. Through July 21. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Walter De Maria—Sculptures. Through Satur-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, June 30. (Lone Star, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Joan Glueckman (1940-78)—A retrospective of drawings, watercolors, illustrated journals, and embroidered wall hangings—all using the human body as the subject—by a founding member of SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Through Saturday, July 7. (Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman / Louise Fishman—A successful amalgamation of hand-lettered or stencilled words with pictures that together form a simple story line. / Abstract paintings in which emphasis is placed on enclosures surrounded by geometric shapes. Through Saturday, June 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Fumio Yoshimura—A sculptor who delights in difficult tasks. This time his lindenwood carvings re-create a Sabrett hot-dog stand, in toto, as well as a bicycle chained to a parking meter; a bunch of sunflowers in a vase; a gauzy brassiere dangling from the back of a chair. Through Friday, July 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Saturday, June 30.)

Group Shows—At the **BOONE**, 420 West Broadway: Abstract paintings by Ross Bleckner, Stephen Mueller, and Carl Palazzolo. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A refreshing new group of seventy-six works chosen from hundreds screened by this facility. Through July 21. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: The current exhibit includes paintings of rumpled cloth by Paul Kane; of a tablecloth stretched over something boxlike by Chris Britz; and of overlapping rows of what look like linoleum mill ends by George Green. Through July 27. (Closed Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4.) . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Ten artists showing paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through July 13. (Open Saturday, June 30; closed Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: Included are two floor pieces by Carl Andre; a thirty-four-foot row of jagged chunks of Texas corkstone by Richard Long; and a six-foot-tall latticework wall piece by Don Gummer. Through July 27. (Opens at noon, and open Saturday, June 30.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here includes a lawn painting by Eric Fischl; a dramatic red-and-black abstract by Guy Goodwin; and an evanescent reclining nude by John Lees. Through Aug. 3. (Opens at noon.)

Sculpture—A group show includes a small, quirky neon wall piece by Stephen Antonakos; an eight-foot-tall tower of open cubes by Sol LeWitt; and a massive block of solid oak hewn from a fallen tree and preserved from cracking in a mahogany crate by David Nash. Through Saturday, June 30. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Carl Andre—Two installations: one a solid square made up of a hundred and twenty-one Douglas fir timbers a foot square and three feet tall, and the other two widely separated rows of thirty similar timbers each. They are juxtaposed on different levels of the Hammarskjöld Plaza, at Second Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. Through July 28.

Michael Heizer—An imposing sculptural work consisting of a massive disc of pink Laurentian granite, fourteen feet in diameter and twenty inches thick, and four lesser discs cut into segments—eleven pieces in all. It was commissioned by the late Thomas Hess for the Metropolitan Museum (the only work the museum has commissioned in a generation) and is titled "Guennette," after the Canadian town the granite came from. It is being shown all summer on the plaza in front of the Seagram Building, Park Avenue at Fifty-second Street.

Paul Rudolph—A survey of the architect's conceptual sketches and large-scale drawings for projects ranging from his earliest houses in Sarasota to a work-in-progress on Beekman Place. Through July 28. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

Group Show—"Art from the British Left" offers documentary-style works that reflect the social concerns of seven artists. Through July 13. (Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Opens Tuesdays through Fridays at noon.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Mary Lloyd Estrin—Black-and-white photographs of a number of men and women, none of them identified and all of them obviously rich. Through Saturday, June 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Philippe Halsman—A hundred and fifty portraits—Alfred Hitchcock, Louis Armstrong, Woody Allen, Pablo Casals, Marlon Brando. Through July 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily except Mondays.)

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934)—A hundred prints, most of them platinum portraits, by the renowned Pictorialist are on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Fred Picker—New England landscapes. Through July 13. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

David Plowden / Marion Post Wolcott—American landscapes: row houses in Massachusetts, wheat fields in Montana, a bridge reflected in the Susquehanna River. / Farm Security Administration photographs, together with color prints taken in California in the sixties and seventies. Through July 20. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4.)

James Van DerZee—Studio portraits of women dating from 1925 to 1945. Through July 31. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

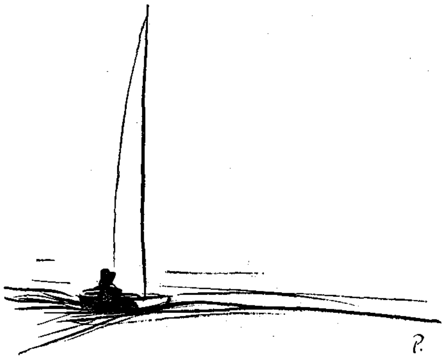
Peter and Bernis von zur Muehlen—His are SX-70 Polaroid prints, and hers are black-and-white photographs of male nudes. Through July 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Garry Winogrand / Thomas Barrow—Recent photographs of Greece. / Works that combine several photographs, reproduced on a single sheet and then gone over with stencils and spray paint. Through Saturday, June 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN**, 4 E. 77th St.: Color prints by ten photographers. Through July 27. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Two hundred photographs made in the thirties and forties and culled from the archives of *Life*. With examples by Bourke-White, Halsman, Munkacsi, and sixty-seven others. Through Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **SPANISH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE**, 665 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Works by twenty-four contemporary Spanish photographers. Through July 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ About fifty Old Master and modern prints from the museum's collection, by Callot, Tiepolo, Redon, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ An acquisitions show of thirty per cent of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collections in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done with Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Dada and New York," a show of works that reflect the spirit of Dada, by artists who were not necessarily associated with the movement. The paintings, drawings, photographs, sculptures, and publications (dated 1915 to 1930) are by Stuart Davis, Arthur G. Dove, Beatrice Wood, Man Ray, and others. Through Friday, July 6. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, July 4, from 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of nearly ninety works (paintings, drawings, and a room-size installation) by seven Israeli artists. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the nineteenth-century artist Elihu Vedder. Through July 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Works by Gertrude Käsebier. Through July 8. (Open Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. Through July 31. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture," an exhibit of more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects, made from a variety of woods. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other items designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic

Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of more than two hundred items, about half of them book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), and the other half of them decorative objects, such as a christening set (a silver knife, fork, and spoon) which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ On Tuesday, July 3, the Brooklyn Philharmonia Orchestra will give a concert in the garden at 6 P.M.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of eighty eighteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through July 8. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Choir of St. John's College—George Guest directing this choir from Cambridge, England. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, July 1, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Thursday, June 28, at 8:30: The Vermeer Quartet, with Harold Wright, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, the Vermeer Quartet, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 2:30: Gunther Schuller conducting the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 3, at 7: Judy Collins and Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8:30: A baroque music recital from Aston Magna. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Silverstein, *violin*. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 2:30: Raymond Leppard conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program; no soloists. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: The New York Chamber Soloists performing the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos in the original orchestration. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-Beethoven program, with Youri Egorov, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a program of Venetian music. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 12. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, June 28, at 7: Stephen Stills and Orleans. . . .

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¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the **NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Saturday, June 30, at noon: Grover Washington, Jr., the Muddy Waters Blues Band (with Johnny Winter), the Fats Domino band, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Carmen McRae and her trio, Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes, Machito and his Afro-Cuban Band, the Battle of the Saxophones (with Eddie [Lockjaw] Davis, Johnny Griffin, Illinois Jacquet, and the Art Blakey trio), and Charles Rouse and Dom Salvadore (with Cinnamon Flower). . . . Sunday, July 1, at noon: Lionel Hampton and his All-Star Orchestra; the Festival Jam Session, with George Benson, Jon Faddis, David Friesen, Dizzy Gillespie, Wilton Gites, Roland Hanna, Eddie Harris, Roy Haynes, Freddie Hubbard, Hubert Laws, Ronnie Laws, and Gerry Mulligan; Betty Carter and her trio; the B. B. King Blues Band; the Mulligan big band; Willie Bobo and his new group, Bobo; the David Friesen trio; and Chuck Israels and his National Jazz Ensemble. For information about tickets, call 787-2020, in New York. . . . ¶ Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, July 21. Tuesday, July 3, at 8:15 (a benefit performance): "Donizetti Variations," "Square Dance," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 4, at 8:15: "Who Cares?," "Interplay," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 2: "Interplay," "Who Cares?," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8:15: "Ballo della Regina," "Prodigal Son," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 8:15: "Mother Goose," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Sonatine," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Mother Goose," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:15: "Ballo della Regina," "Prodigal Son," and "Union Jack." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Newport Jazz '79—A neo-Newport festival not to be confused with the twenty-five-year-old megalith listed on page 7. Saturday, June 30: Herbie Mann, Maynard Ferguson, Joe Williams, Anita O'Day, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, and the Crusaders. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1: Stan Getz, Carmen McRae, Mongo Santamaria, and Hugh Masekela. . . . ¶ Monday, July 2: B. B. King, Mel Tormé, Buddy Rich, Dave Brubeck, and the Phil Woods Quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 3: Ronnie Laws, Ramsey Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, Stanley Turrentine, Roy Ayers, and Lonnie Liston Smith. (Cardine's Field. Evenings at 6. For tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Monday, July 2, at 8 (a benefit performance; preliminary activities start at 5:30): Twelve soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 3, at 7:30; Wednesday, July 4, and Friday, July 6, at 8:40; Thursday, July 5, at 3; and Saturday, July 7, at 3 and 8:40: Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus. (Lee, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Friday, June 29, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, June 30-July 1, at 2; and Monday, July 2, at 8. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 3-4, at 8, and Thursday, July 5, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Friday, July 6, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 7, at 2:05.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Fashion, Wednesday, June 27; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 30; the Tidal Handicap, Sunday, July 1; the Suburban Handicap, Wednesday, July 4; and the Dwyer, Saturday, July 7. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays between 11 and 1:10; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, July 4, between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays, except July 4, and Fridays, at 7:30, and Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 15. The Sunrise Handicap, Friday, July 6. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Wednesday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 11:35.) . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, July 2, through Saturday, Aug. 11. . . . **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 30.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Portland, Wednesday, June 27, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Rochester, Sunday, July 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Bayern Munich, Wednesday, July 4, at 2:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesday through Saturday, June 27-30, at 8:15, and Monday through Saturday, July 2-7, at 2:15. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

Auctions—Final sales of the season—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Wednesday, June 27, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, June 29, at 10:15: Russian works of art, including Fabergé items, icons, and silver; from many collectors. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 27, from 10 to 3. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, at 2: English and Continental furniture and decorations, from several owners. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 27, from 10 to 5, and Thursday, June 28, from 10 to 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Saturday, June 30, at 10:30 and 2:30: English and Continental furniture, objects of art, and rugs; from a number of owners. Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, June 27-28, from 10 to 5, and Friday, June 29, from 10 to 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

The Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store: **SATURDAY, JUNE 30:** Fifty-four vessels, including liners, cargo ships, windjammers, military ships, and harbor craft, will sail at twelve-thirty from the George Washington Bridge to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. . . . ¶ At 8, Thomas Michalak will conduct the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, with Clamma Dale, soprano, at the South Street Seaport Museum. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 1:** The International Lifeboat Race will be held at noon on the Hudson River from the vicinity of the World Trade Center to Battery Park. . . . ¶ During the course of the afternoon, five hundred sailboats and two hundred and fifty power boats will mosey down the Hudson River from the George Washington Bridge to the Battery and thence who knows where. . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 4:** From ten until nightfall, a festival called "Downtown Hoedown" will be held in Battery Park, involving bluegrass music, hayrides, and so on. . . . ¶ Macy's will sponsor a fireworks display at 9 P.M., from barges on the Hudson River between 79th Street and 125th Street.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Morgan Freeman and Gloria Foster in free performances of a revived production of CORIOLANUS (originally done earlier this spring at the Public Theatre) by a new Shakespearean troupe of black and Hispanic actors. Directed by Wilford Leach. The first of two plays to be presented in Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first two in a series of five performances. Thursday, June 28, at 8:30: Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," in English. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8:30: Verdi's "La Traviata."

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Friday and Saturday, June 29-30: America and Chris De Burgh. . . . ¶ Monday, July 2: Stephen Stills and Orleans. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6: Joan Baez. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7: Judy Collins. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE MUSIC MAN, with Don Stewart, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 28. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, July 8 (day doubleheader). Los Angeles, July 10 (night), July 11 (day), and July 12 (n). San Francisco, July 13 (twi-night doubleheader), July 14 (at 4:05), and July 15 (d). Chicago, July 27 (n), July 28 (d), and July 29 (day doubleheader). Philadelphia, Aug. 1 (d) and Aug. 2 (twi-night doubleheader). St. Louis, Aug. 7 (twi-night doubleheader), Aug. 8 (d), and Aug. 9 (n). Montreal, Aug. 10 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, July 19-20 (night) and July 21 (day). Seattle, July 22 (d) and July 23 (n). California, July 24-25 (n) and July 26 (d). Baltimore, Aug. 3-4 (n), Aug. 5 (d), and Aug. 6 (n). Chicago, Aug. 7-9 (n).

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Aug. 4.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Brooklawn Country Club, Fairfield, Conn. July 12-15.)

Horse Show—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 7-11.)

Racing—At Saratoga: Aug. 1-27.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Seattle, July 11. Vancouver, July 15. Minnesota, July 25. San José, July 29. Tampa Bay, Aug. 8.

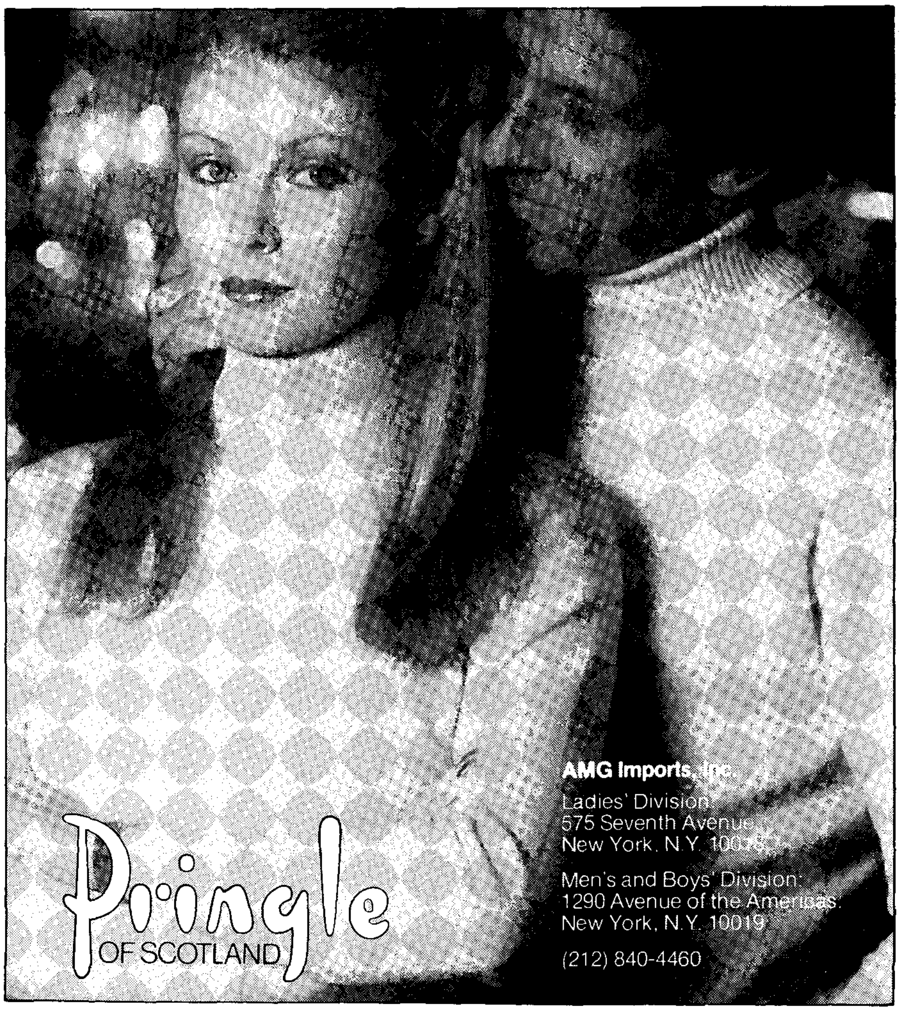
Tennis—Forest Hills Invitational. (West Side Tennis Club. July 9-15.) . . ¶ Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 29-Aug. 5.)

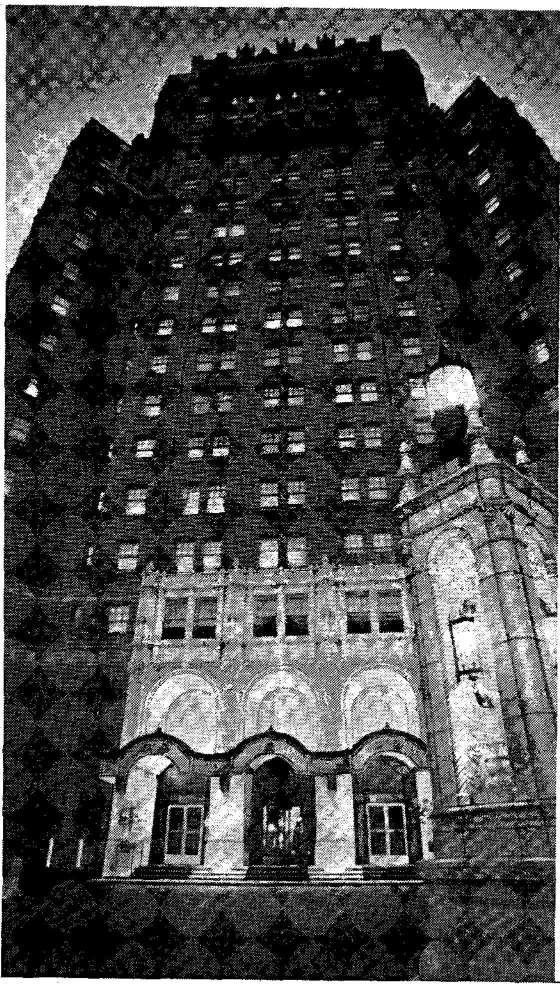
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: July 16-Aug. 22.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 14-21.)

Music—Soviet Emigré Musicians, at Carnegie Hall (247-7459), July 10-15. . . . ¶ Mostly Mozart Festival, at Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), July 16-Aug. 25. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, Aug. 8, 14, and 28. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Aug. 8-25.

Dance—Netherlands Dance Theatre, at the City Center, July 9-21. . . . ¶ Ballet Nacional de Cuba, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 10-28. . . . ¶ Nureyev and the Joffrey Ballet, in a return engagement of "Homage to Diaghilev," at the New York State Theatre, July 17-28. . . . ¶ Bolshoi Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Aug. 1-26.





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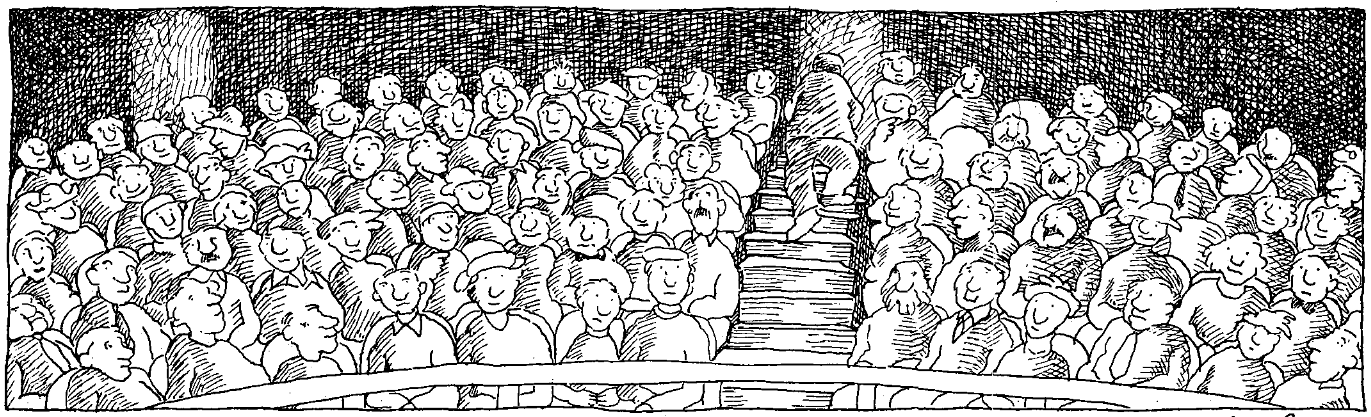

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Othello." (No showings on Monday, July 2.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Saint Jack."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 28: "Dawn of the Dead" and "Coma."
June 29-July 5: "The China Syndrome" and "Midnight Express."
From July 6 (tentative): "Norma Rae" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 28: "The Innocent."
From June 29: "Hair."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 28: "Prophecy."
From June 29: "Moonraker."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Main Event."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 2: "Manhattan."
From July 3: "Meatballs."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 28: "The Silent Partner."
From June 29: "Good Guys Wear Black."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Main Event."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Escape from Alcatraz."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Kids Are Alright."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Players."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Love at First Bite."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through July 5: "Woodstock."
From July 6: "The Frisco Kid."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"A Little Romance."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 28: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" and "The Groove Tube."
From June 29: "Moonraker."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 28: "The Champ."
From June 29: "Moonraker."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The In-Laws."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Alien."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 28: "Goldengirl."
From June 29: "Bloodline."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 28: "Love at First Bite."
June 29-July 5: "The Champ."
From July 6: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Saint Jack."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 28: "Game of Death."
From June 29: "Phantasm."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through June 28: "Alien."
From June 29: "Nightwing."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through July 2: "Prophecy."
From July 3: "Meatballs."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 28: "Hair."
From June 29: "Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Infra-Man" and "The Devil's Rain." From June 29: "Good Guys Wear Black."
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 28: "Hair."
From June 29: "Good Guys Wear Black."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 5: "Newsfront." From July 6: "The Innocent."
Theatre 2: "The China Syndrome."
Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through June 28: "The Fragrance of Wild Flowers." From June 29: "Death of a Bureaucrat."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Love at First Bite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Muppet Movie."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Malicious."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Down and Dirty."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Hair."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The In-Laws."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"El Super."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Main Event."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Hair." From June 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "The Prisoner of Zenda." From June 29: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 28: "Winter Kills." From June 29: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 28: "Game of Death." From June 29: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Saint Jack."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 28: "The China Syndrome" and "The Cheap Detective."
June 29-July 5: "Grease" and "Saturday Night Fever."
From July 6: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" and "The Last Wave."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Main Event." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "Dawn of the Dead." (†)
Theatre 4: "Love at First Bite." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Prophecy." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through June 28: "Goldengirl." (†)
June 29-July 2: "Phantasm." (†)
From July 3: "Meatballs." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through June 28: "Phantasm." (†)
From June 29: "Nightwing." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through June 28: "Infra-Man."
From June 29: "Bloodline." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through June 28: Theatre closed.
From June 29: "Moonraker." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through June 28: "Rocky II." (†)
From June 29: "Good Guys Wear Black." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Game of Death." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 27: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.
June 28: Theatre closed.
June 29-30: "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor; and "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred

Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.

July 1: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bengt Ekerot, Nils Poppe, and Bibi Andersson; and "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

July 2: "Rules of the Game" (†); and "The Invitation" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Goretta, with Jean-Luc Bideau, Michel Robin, and François Simon.

July 3: "The Rickshaw Man" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki; and "The Samurai Triology: Part III" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

July 4: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Betty Morrissey.

July 5: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh.

July 6-7: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

June 27: "The Pleasure Garden" (1925), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander; and "Under Capricorn" (1949), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Michael Wilding, and Margaret Leighton.

June 28: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter.

June 29: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "Dersu Uzala" (1978), in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa, a Soviet-Japanese co-production.

June 30: "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore; and "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.

July 1: "Wuthering Heights" (†); and "Jane Eyre" (1944), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

July 2: "Petulia" (1968), directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott; and "Blume in Love." (†)

July 3: "Taking Off" (1971), directed by Miloš Forman, with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry; and "Lions Love." (†)

July 4: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (†) and "The Wrong Box." (†)

July 5: "Burn!" (†) and "Antonio das Mortes." (†)

July 6: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Shoe-Shine." (†)

July 7: "Murmur of the Heart" (†); and "Pardon Mon Affaire" (1977), in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 28: "Exhibition" (1975), directed by Jean-François Davy; and "Sensations" (1975).

June 29-30: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

July 1-2: "Edvard Munch" (1976), in Norwegian, directed by Peter Watkins, with Geir Westby and Gro Fraas.

July 3: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "Shampoo." (†)

July 4-5: "Movie Movie" (1978), directed by Stanley Donen, with George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, Eli Wallach, Harry Hamlin, and Barry Bostwick; and "The Boy Friend" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Twiggy.

July 6-7: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956 †) and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (1978 †)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 28: "Sextette" (1979), directed by Ken Hughes, with Mae West, Timothy Dalton, Dom DeLuise, and Tony Curtis.

June 29-July 5: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976), the Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off; and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary.

From July 6: "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, the final concert of the rock group The Band; and "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through June 30: "Anastasia" (1956), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes; and "The Virgin Queen" (1955), directed by Henry Koster, with Bette Davis, Richard Todd, and Joan Collins.

July 1-3: "The Young Lions." (†)

July 4-7: "Desk Set" (†); and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 27: "The Eternal Return" (1948), in French, directed by Jean Delannoy, with Jean Marais, Madeleine Sologne, Yvonne de Bray, and Piéral; and "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (1947), in French, directed by Jean Delannoy, with Marguerite Moreno, Charles Dullin, and Micheline Presle.

June 28: "Rififi" (1956), in French, directed by Jules Dassin, with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin; and "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958), in Italian, directed by Mario Monicelli, with Marcello Mastroianni, Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, Carla Gravina, and Totò.

June 29-30: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "Don't Drink the Water" (1969), directed by Howard Morris, with Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons, and Ted Bessell.

July 1: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Shoe-Shine." (†)

July 2: "To Each His Own" (†) and "Johnny Belinda." (†)

July 3: "Mister Rock and Roll" (1957) and "Go, Johnny, Go!" (1959), both with Alan Freed.

July 4: "A Propos de Nice" (1929), "Taris" (1931), "L'Atalante" (1934), and "Zero for Conduct" (1933), all French films, directed by Jean Vigo.

July 5: "The Last Supper" (1978), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; and "Chuquiago" (1979), in Spanish, directed by Antonio Eguino.

July 6-7: "Wuthering Heights" (†); and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965), directed by Otto Preminger, with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 27: "True Grit" (1969), directed by Henry Hathaway, with John Wayne, Glen Campbell, and Kim Darby; and "Shane" (1953), directed by George Stevens, with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

June 28: "Anne of the Thousand Days" (1970), directed by Charles Jarrott, with Richard Burton and Geneviève Bujold; and "Mary, Queen of Scots" (1972), directed by Charles Jarrott, with Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson.

June 29-30: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

July 1: "The Great Moment" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Joel McCrea, Betty Field, and Harry Carey; and "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry

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Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette.

July 2: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (†) and "The Sisters." (†)

July 3-4: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

July 5: "Rules of the Game" (†); and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

July 6: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Electra" (1962), in Greek, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with Irene Papas.

July 7: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 28 at 2:30: "Always for Pleasure" (1978), directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ June 28 at 6: "Dry Wood" (1973) and "Hot Pepper" (1973), both directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ June 28 at 8:30: "Panic in the Streets" (1950), directed by Elia Kazan, with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes, Jack Palance, and Zero Mostel. . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: "You Only Live Twice" (1967), directed by Lewis Gilbert, with Sean Connery. . . . ¶ June 29 at 6: "The Spy Who Loved Me" (1977), directed by Lewis Gilbert, with Roger Moore. After the showings, producer Albert R. Broccoli, production designer Ken Adam, and director Lewis Gilbert will have a discussion moderated by Judith Crist. . . . ¶ June 30 at noon: "Children's Television Workshop: Ten Years of Film" (1979), composed of forty animated and live action sections from "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company.". . . ¶ June 30 at 2:30: "The Making of James Bond-007" (1977), four half-hour films about the making of "The Spy Who Loved Me.". . . ¶ June 30 at 5: A program of works by Maurice Binder, main title artist for the James Bond series. Mr. Binder will be present. . . . ¶ July 1 at noon: "Children's Television Workshop: Ten Years of Film.". . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30: "Dizzy" (1965) and "A Well-Spent Life" (1971), both directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ July 1 at 5: "The Blues Accordin' to Lightnin' Hopkins" (1968), "The Sun's Gonna Shine" (1968), and "God Respects Us When We Work but Loves Us When We Dance" (1968), all directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ July 2 at noon: A program of short films by Frampton, Rimmer, Nelson, and Cox. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2:30: "Pleasure Faire" (1964) and "The Seven-Second Love Affair" (1969), both directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ July 2 at 6: "The Blues Accordin' to Lightnin' Hopkins," "The Sun's Gonna Shine," and "God Respects Us When We Work but Loves Us When We Dance." . . . ¶ July 3 at noon: A program of short films by Frampton, Rimmer, Nelson, and Cox. . . . ¶ July 3 at 2:30: A program of short films by Sidney Peterson, made between 1946 and 1949. . . . ¶ July 3 at 6: "Pleasure Faire" and "The Seven-Second Love Affair.". . . ¶ July 5 at 2: "Dizzy" and "A Well-Spent Life." . . . ¶ July 5 at 6: "Chicken Real" (1971), "Spend It All" (1971), and "Christopher Tree" (1970), all directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ July 5 at 8:30: "A Poem Is a Naked Person" (1974), directed by Les Blank, a portrait of Leon Russell. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2:30: "Chicken Real," "Spend It All," and "Christopher Tree.". . . ¶ July 6 at 6: A program of short films by James Broughton, made between 1951 and 1977. . . . ¶ July 7 at noon: "The Projectionist" (1970), directed by Harry Hurwitz, with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield. . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "Always for Pleasure.". . . ¶ July 7 at 5: "A Poem Is a Naked Person." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Through June 30, at 7 and 9, programs by Chambers, Millett, Rubin, Gehr, and Cocteau.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Loews New York 2, and Criterion. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through June 28.)

Antonio das Mortes (1970)—Glauber Rocha, a leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 5.)

Bloodline—Based on the Sidney Sheldon novel, with Audrey Hepburn; directed by Terence Young. (Loews Tower East, and National; starting June 29.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Paul Mazursky directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 2.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's luxuriant, ecstatic epic about a mid-nineteenth-century slave uprising on a fictitious Spanish-speaking Caribbean island is told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. It is an attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler—to use a popular costume-adventure form to arouse black revolutionary passions. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who instigates the revolt and then cynically crushes it; he personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. As Pontecorvo demonstrated in "The Battle of Algiers," he has a true gift for epic filmmaking: he can keep masses of people in movement so we care about them. And here, in his feeling for crowds and battles, for color and images, and for visual rhythms, he's a sensuous, intoxicating director. When blacks ride white horses that prance to what sounds like syncopated Gregorian chant, the sequence is so shimmering and showy that one knows Pontecorvo and his cinematographer, Marcello Gatti, and his composer, Ennio Morricone, couldn't resist it. This film is deeply flawed—it's politically schematic, and almost every line of dialogue jogs us to fit it into a deterministic theory of history—yet it's large-spirited, and it might have reached a much wider audience if the Spanish government, sensitive about Spaniards being cast as heavies, hadn't applied economic pressure against the producing company, United Artists. Executives at U.A. remembered the huge losses suffered by Columbia when the Spanish government boycotted Columbia pictures because of its displeasure over "Behold a Pale Horse," so parts of this picture were deleted and others reshot, and the Spaniards, who had traditionally dominated the Antilles, were replaced by the Portuguese, who hadn't but aren't a big movie market. After these delays, the picture was given a nervous, half-hearted release. From a script by Pontecorvo, Franco Solinas, and Giorgio Arlorio. With Evaristo Marquez as the black leader, and Renato Salvatori as the mulatto puppet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 5.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Gemini 2; through June 28. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 29-July 5.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for the producer Ray Stark, this has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—along with a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Olympia; through June 28.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; through June 28. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; June 29-July 5.)

Coma (1978)—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 28.)

Dawn of the Dead—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through June 28.)

Death of a Bureaucrat (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (5/28/79) (Quad Cinema; starting June 29.)

Desk Set (1957)—One of the bummers in the Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn comedy series. He's an electronics wizard. She's in charge of a TV-network research department, and he replaces her with a machine called Emmy. Gig Young and Joan Blondell help out, but it's a dispirited, straining-for-laughs sit-com. Walter Lang directed; Henry and Phoebe Ephron adapted William Marchant's 1955 Broadway play (in which Shirley Booth starred). (Regency; July 4-7.)

Down and Dirty—A vivid hurly-burly of a movie, about a vast family of shiftless no-goods, living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (6/25/79) (Paris.)

Escape from Alcatraz—With Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan, directed by Don Siegel. (Trans-Lux East, and Forum.)

The Fragrance of Wild Flowers—Directed by Srdjan Karanovic. In Yugoslav. (Quad Cinema; through June 28.)

The Frisco Kid—With Gene Wilder and Harrison Ford, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Cinema I; starting July 6.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern rush pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim, taken from Plautus. The style of the director, Richard Lester, is at war with the material; he appears to think it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of great clowns singing a duet, so he distracts us with his short-term camera magic—all fits and starts. He trashes the performers, even old Buster Keaton. There's still some of the show left (for example, a satirical song by Leon Greene), but for an audience that loves musicals the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

Game of Death—A recently completed film with

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bruce Lee, Gig Young, Dean Jagger, Colleen Camp, and Hugh O'Brian. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Victoria. . . . ¶ U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 28.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting July 6.)

Goldengirl—With James Coburn, Leslie Caron, Robert Culp, Harry Guardino, Curt Jurgens, John Newcombe, and Susan Anton; directed by Joseph Sargent. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1; through June 28.)

Good Guys Wear Black—With Chuck Norris, James Franciscus, Dana Andrews, and Anne Archer; directed by Ted Post. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Waverly, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting June 29.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Olympia; June 29-July 5.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Gemini 1; through June 28.)

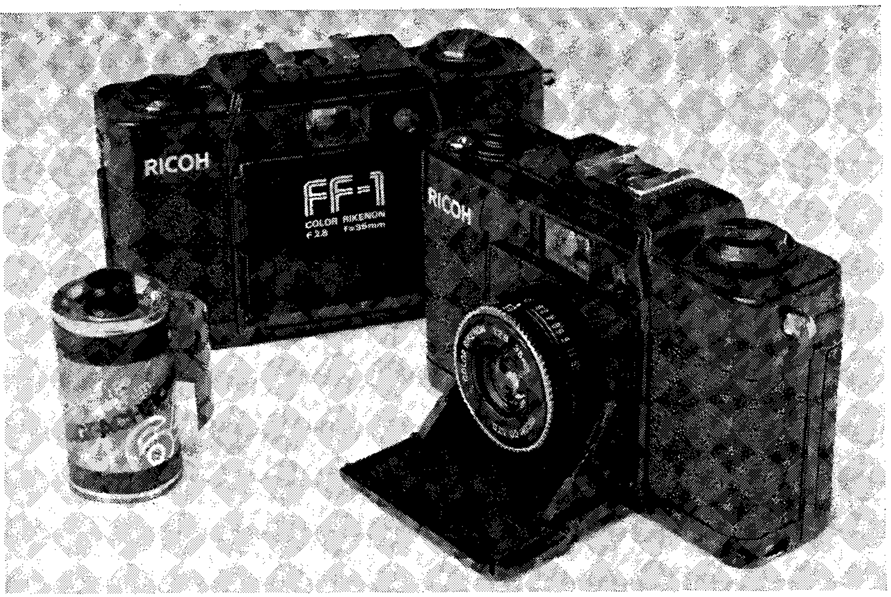
Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 29.)

The In-Laws—With Peter Falk, Alan Arkin, and Nancy Dussault; directed by Arthur Hiller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Paramount, and Embassy.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Gramercy; through June 28. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 6.)

The Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Some of the best lines of dialogue are voice-overs—the chatter of the dehumanized. With Carolyn Jones, Larry Gates, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (Cinema Village; July 6-7.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance



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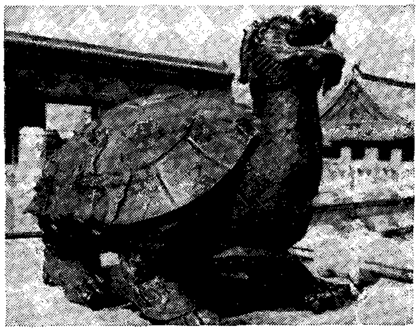

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you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 (see above) has its own macabre originality; a full-scale science-fiction horror fable, it's a realization of the potentialities of the material—a new classic. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Cinema Village; July 6-7.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman, previously known as a giddy second-string blonde, surprised audiences with her touching performance as the brunette deaf-mute Belinda and won an Academy Award. The setting is an island off Nova Scotia, where a poor, proud farmer, appropriately named McDonald (Charles Bickford), lives with his acidulous sister (Agnes Moorehead) and his afflicted daughter, who is generally regarded as an idiot. Along comes a kindly young doctor (Lew Ayres), who teaches her sign language and encourages her to comb her hair, and she becomes presentable enough to attract a leering local bully (Stephen McNally, earlier known as Horace McNally), who rapes her. She has a baby—Johnny Belinda. This Jerry Wald production might have been as exasperating as the Broadway play by Elmer Harris that it's based on, but the director, Jean Negulesco, managed to provide an atmosphere in which the hokey, tearjerking elements are used for more than mere pathos—an example of technique over subject matter. With Jan Sterling as an unscrupulous tart, Rosalind Ivan, Dan Seymour (sometimes mistaken for Zero Mostel), and Mabel Paige. Cinematography by Ted McCord. (Thalia; July 2.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Gemini 1; through June 28.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Plaza.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Olympia; starting July 6.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, and her first American feature (financed independently, it cost less than a quarter of a million dollars) is pleasantly loose, and with a sunny, lyrical quality. But it's short of substance—and what there is makes you regret that there's any. Set in Los Angeles, it's about make-believe and would-be movie stars (Viva, the wilted flower of the underground, and Gerome Ragni and James Rado, the authors of "Hair"). They play house, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. The film is occasionally funny, but it lacks a sense of the fitness of things: we don't want to hear Viva make vacuous little remarks about how sorry she feels for the orphaned Kennedy children. With Shirley Clarke. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

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A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Cinema II.)

Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (D. W. Griffith, Guild, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 28.)

The Main Event—With Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Howard Zieff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Malicious (1973; "Malizia")—A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Festival.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through July 2.)

Meatballs—With Bill Murray, directed by Ivan Reitman. (34th St. East, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1; starting July 3.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (St. Marks Cinema; June 29-July 5.)

Moonraker—The eleventh in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Bay Cinema, Gemini 1, Gemini 2, 86th St. East, and Rivoli; starting June 29.)

The Muppet Movie—A musical comedy, with Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, and other Jim Henson puppet characters, along with live performers such as Charles Durning and Austin Pendleton. Directed by James Frawley. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

Newsfront—A salute to the men who made movie newsreels in Australia back in the forties and fifties. Directed by Phillip Noyce, who has had the wit to use lots of actual newsreel footage. (6/11/79) (Quad Cinema; through July 5.)

Nightwing—With Nick Mancuso and David Warner, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 2; starting June 29.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting July 6, tentative.)

Othello (1955)—Orson Welles is both star and director of this film. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No showings on Monday, July 2.)

Phantasm—With Michael Baldwin, directed by Don Coscarelli. (Loews State 2; through June 28. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; June 29-July 2. . . . ¶ U.A. East; starting June 29.)

Players—A young tennis player seeking glory on the center court at Wimbledon is also remembering, by dint of innumerable flashbacks, how he got there. Dean-Paul Martin is the tennis player, and an "older woman" he falls in love with is Ali MacGraw. No acting in this movie, but some good tennis. (6/18/79) (Coronet.)

The Prisoner of Zenda—Peter Sellers in three roles, one of which is mercifully brief. Why was this foolish movie ever made? Ronald Colman is the only prisoner of Zenda worthy of the name. (6/4/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through June 28.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex (1939)—Bette Davis, well painted and dressed for the role of the shrewd old Queen, looks the part and gives a magnetic, tough performance, but an impossible task was set for her, since as Essex Errol Flynn couldn't come halfway to meet her. His talents were in other directions; the role was totally outside his range, and the poor man seemed to know it. Davis's performance is bound to suffer from comparison with Glenda Jackson's multifaceted Elizabeth on television, but Davis's Elizabeth is a precursor of Jackson's—it might almost be a sketch for the Jackson portrait. Michael Curtiz directed this adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. With Olivia de Havilland, Henry Daniell, Leo G. Carroll, James Stephenson, Vincent Price, Donald Crisp, and Ralph Forbes. Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

Prophecy—With Talia Shire and Robert Foxworth, directed by John Frankenheimer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through June 28. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through July 2.)

Rocky II—With Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers; directed by Stallone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York 1, Greenwich, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through June 28.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 2. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 5.)

Saint Jack—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and New Yorker.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Olympia; June 29-July 5.)

Shampoo (1975)—This sex roundelay is set in a period as clearly defined as the Jazz Age—the time of the Beatles and miniskirts and strobe lights. When George (Warren Beatty), the hairdresser hero, asks his former girlfriend, Jackie (Julie Christie), "Want me to do your hair?," it's his love lyric. When George gets his hands in a woman's hair, it's practically sex, and sensuous, tender sex—not what his Beverly Hills customers are used to. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; it deals with George's frantic bed-hopping during those forty-odd hours, in which he tries to borrow the money to open his own shop, so he can settle down with his current girlfriend, Jill (Goldie Hawn). The script by Robert Towne, with the collaboration of Beatty (who also produced), isn't about the bondage of romantic pursuit—it's about the bondage of the universal itch among a group primed to scratch. The characters (the others are played by Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher) have more than one sex object in mind, and they're constantly regrouping in their heads. When they look depressed you're never sure who exactly is the cause of their misery. The director, Hal Ashby, has the deftness to keep us conscious of the whirring pleasures of the carnal-farce structure and yet to give it free play. This was the most virtuoso example of sophisticated, kaleidoscopic farce that American moviemakers had yet come up with; frivolous and funny, it carries a sense of heedless activity, of a craze of dissatisfaction. With Jay Robinson, George Furth, Brad Dexter, William Castle, and, in a bit, Susan Blakeley. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Cinema Village; July 3.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for black-marketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Thalia; July 1. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 6.)

The Silent Partner—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Eastside Cinema; through June 28.)

The Sisters (1938)—A costume melodrama beginning on the evening of Theodore Roosevelt's election and ending on the evening of Taft's election. During those years, a benign Bette Davis elopes with a transient newspaperman (Errol Flynn) who drinks. He deserts her For Her Own Good, and she undergoes strenuous hardships, including the San Francisco earthquake, which drives her to take brief refuge in an Oakland brothel, where a good-hearted whore (Lee Patrick) and a kindly madame (Laura Hope Crews, in a frilly negligée) nurse her back to health. The marital fortunes of the heroine's sisters (Anita Louise and Jane Bryan) are interwoven. It's an inoffensive but rather pointless story, with a good deal of attention to realistic detail. Anatole Litvak directed; taken from a novel by Myron Brinig. With Beulah Bondi, Donald Crisp, Ian Hunter, Alan Hale, Patric Knowles, Dick Foran, Henry Travers, Harry Davenport, and Mayo Methot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

El Super—With Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato, directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio 2.)

To Each His Own (1946)—Illegitimacy tear-jerker. This time it's Olivia de Havilland who gives up her bouncing baby boy so he'll have a name. John Lund bats his eyelashes as her dashing aviator lover, and also as the son when, in the inevitable progression of events, she becomes a successful businesswoman (she operates a cosmetics outfit, like Elizabeth Arden's) and meets up with him (wearing wings like his father before him). As an example of the "woman's picture" this isn't in a class with the Barbara Stanwyck "Stella Dallas," but de Havilland works hard confecting cold cream, and her exertions won her the Academy Award as best actress. The atmosphere of lugubrious sensitivity is probably just about what the director, Mitchell Leisen, wanted. With Roland Culver, Phillip Terry, and Bill Goodwin. (Thalia; July 2.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Winter Kills—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (6/4/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through June 28.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Cinema 1; through July 5.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers as a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson as a butler. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 4.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced. Hecht and MacArthur did the script, Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1. . . . ¶ Thalia; July 6-7.)

The Young Lions (1958)—This piece of heavyweight kitsch is fairly entertaining, what with Marlon Brando as a fearfully handsome German ski instructor turned Nazi (he's also the blondest blond ever seen), Montgomery Clift as a forlorn, romantic American Jew, and Dean Martin as a Broadway playboy. The three meet before the Second World War and then again during it. Directed by Edward Dmytryk and adapted by Edward Anhalt from an Irwin Shaw novel, the film is episodic and overproduced, like a wartime "Grand Hotel." Maximilian Schell plays a mean Nazi, in contrast to Brando's misguided, agonized idealist, and Hope Lange, May Britt, and Barbara Rush are among the women. (Regency; July 1-3.)

Photo: De Casseres

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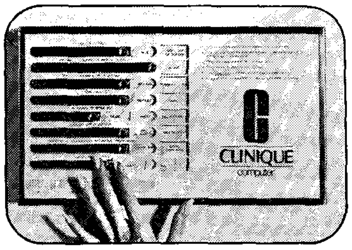
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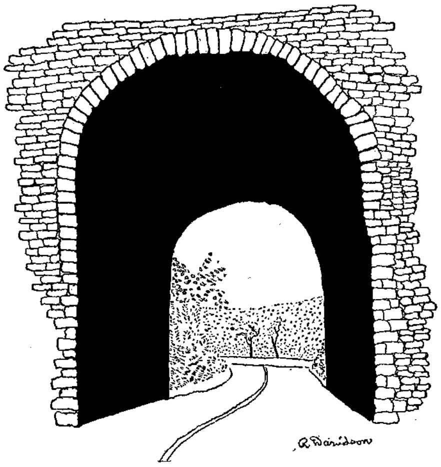
THE NEW YORKER

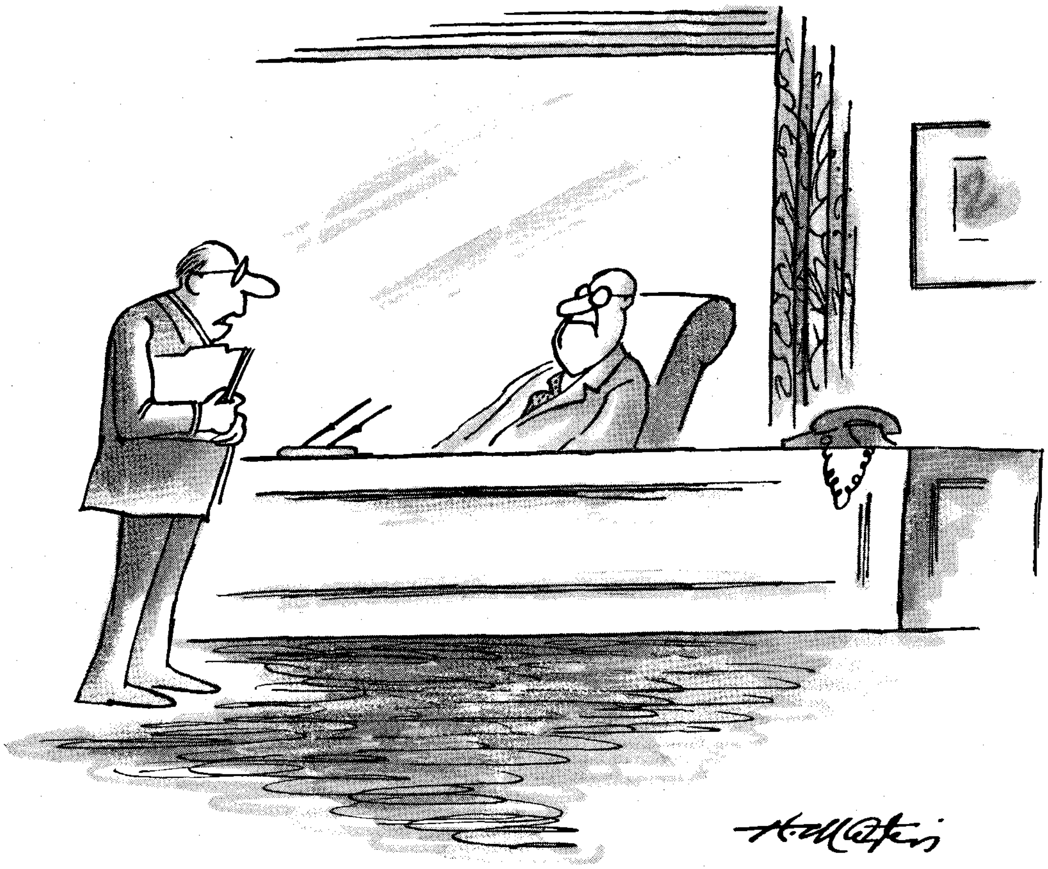
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent months, the term "boat people" has come to be widely used in reference to the tens of thousands of Vietnamese who are being driven out to sea from Vietnam in small, unseaworthy boats. Lately, the majority of these people have belonged to Vietnam's ethnic-Chinese community, which the Vietnamese government seems bent on liquidating. It is estimated that as much as one-half of this seaborne mass of humanity drowns; the other half manages to find its way to one of the neighboring countries. In truth, of course, there is no such thing as "boat people." The human race contains no subspecies especially suited to life in small craft on the open seas. Human beings were meant to live on land, and exile from land means exile from life itself, as the horrifying estimates of casualties make plain. In the circumstances, the term "boat people" becomes one more of this century's euphemisms for a human community—most recently the ethnic-Chinese community of Vietnam—that someone has decided to destroy. In this instance, the Vietnamese authorities, who are hoping to improve their balance of payments with the wealth they have plundered from their expelled countrymen, are culpable, but once the crime was initiated, and the first people were afloat in the South China Sea, the neighboring countries and the world at large had a responsibility to face. Now thousands and thousands of drowning people are in international waters, and nothing prevents any nation on earth, including the United States, from going to their rescue. For that matter, the United Nations is also free to act. So far, no such rescue effort has materialized. On the contrary, according to the Washington *Post*, Indonesia, Malaysia, and Thailand are contemplating joint "naval operations" to prevent the boats from landing on their shores. (Of all "naval operations" in recent memory, this would surely be the most shameful.) And Malaysia, which has so far permitted seventy-six thousand of the stateless Vietnamese to enter U.N. camps on its soil, has towed thousands of others back out to sea in boats, thus committing again the crime first committed by the Vietnamese government. Deputy Prime Minister Mahathir bin Mohamed, of Malaysia, has announced that his government would also "shoot on sight" at any boats trying to land in his country. (Fortunately, this policy has not been put into effect.) "Being humane has not paid off for us at all," he said by way of explanation—as though the reason for a humane policy could be a payoff to oneself. And Malaysia's Home Affairs Minister, Ghazali bin Shafie, remarked, "While telling us we are their friends, the Vietnamese keep throwing rubbish into our gardens." Now his government proposes to throw a lot of the "rubbish"—tens of thousands of human beings—into the sea once and for all. The United States, whose responsibility in this matter—considering our recent involvement in Vietnam—is surely no *less* than that of Malaysia, Indonesia, or Thailand, officially "deplored" any possible ruthless action by Malaysia but failed to raise the monthly quota of Indo-Chinese allowed to enter this country, which now stands at seven thousand. (Australia, Canada, and France have agreed to accept somewhat smaller numbers.) It is the policy of our government to favor human rights around the world, and considerable efforts have been made by the State Department and other agencies to arrange the release of political prisoners in several countries. The "boat people" have been thrown by an oppressive government not into prison but into the ocean. Jail is terrible, but the ocean is worse. If we exert ourselves to rescue people from imprisonment and loss of their civil liberties, shouldn't we also try to rescue them from the ocean and loss of their lives? Can it possibly make any sense to do the former but not the latter? While our government and other governments ponder such questions, an estimated fifty-five thousand Vietnamese arrive by boat in neighboring countries each month, and that means that approximately fifty-five thousand others drown each month. One of the earth's peoples is being set adrift on the high seas, and in the whole wide world there is no dependable place of refuge.



WHILE the ethnic Chinese of Vietnam have been pushed out to sea, thousands of Cambodians have been driven back into Cambodia. In this case, it is Thailand that has refused to accept the new arrivals—refugees both from the murderous regime of Pol Pot and from the Vietnamese forces that recently overthrew him. The Thai government has forced some fifty thousand of them back across the border, and today, when there are some thirty thousand still in Thailand, the United States will accept only a few thousand—mainly those who have relatives in this country or some other claim to special consideration. The names of those accepted are read out in the camps, and everybody else is sub-



"Are you satisfied now that you've reached the top, J.P., or will you strive to reach the tippy-top?"

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ject to forced repatriation to Cambodia, where, according to the *Times*, "death may be a greater likelihood than survival." The ethnic Chinese of Vietnam are being driven out of their country, and the Cambodian refugees in Thailand are being driven back into theirs, but the true destination of both groups is the same: probable death. Hounded out of, or fleeing, their own countries and unwelcome in any other, these people, who are accused of no offense, have, it seems, been deprived of the privilege of residence on earth, and so may be driven out of life altogether.

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Conditioning Man

ON John Petrul's birthday, which fell this year on a Friday, he did what he usually does on Friday. At four-thirty in the afternoon, he sat on one of the exercise mats on the seventh floor of the McBurney Y.M.C.A., on West Twenty-third Street, in Chelsea, and said to three of his friends—Adam, Mac, and Julius—"Ready to do a little?" The four men then began to toss a fourteen-pound medicine ball in a practiced, organized fashion. They sat in two pairs, facing each other, toe to toe. Each time one of the men caught the ball, its momentum carried his arms above his head and he rolled backward a hundred and eighty degrees, touching his toes to the mat; then he rolled back up to sitting position and, as he became upright, released the ball. Together—rolling and bouncing back, legs swinging, arms heaving—they resembled a four-cylinder perpetual-motion machine. At that point in the afternoon, Petrul had already jogged two miles and spent some time on an exercise bicycle. This is part of a regular regimen that, he says, "takes the strain off of the body" and warms him up for a heavily subscribed calisthenics session he leads every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon. When the four men had finished tossing the medicine ball—they had passed it back and forth two hundred times—Petrul stretched his legs, tightened the laces on his Spalding sneakers, and moved to a different spot in the gym, where he sat on a stool and rested. A half hour remained before the calisthenics were due to begin. Although Petrul joined the McBurney Y in 1920, he didn't start leading calisthenics until 1935. The birthday that he was celebrating was his eightieth.

"I don't expect a big crowd tonight," he told us. "Fridays in the summer, a lot of the fellows go away for the weekend. Anyway, Wednesday night, after the class, we had a small party in the locker room on the sixth floor—you know, down in the Businessmen's Club. Nine or ten of us. We had a bottle, some glasses, some ice, a little stir. No speeches. Just a little chitchat, a regular washwomen's gabfest."

Six days a week, it is John Petrul's habit to leave his apartment, on the East Side, in the late morning or early afternoon, ride the Lexington I.R.T. local down to Twenty-third Street, and walk west to the McBurney Y. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, when his calisthenics class doesn't meet, he jogs three miles instead of two, rides the bicycle, tosses the medicine ball, and then, if it is a sunny day, adjourns to the roof of the Y for what he calls "the beauty treatment." On Sundays, the gym is closed, so he goes to Brooklyn for a swim at the Brighton Beach Baths. In 1974, when he turned seventy-five—that was the year he retired from Ancorp National Services, a company that operates newsstands, where he had worked for more than fifty years as an equipment clerk—he eliminated weight lifting from his exercise routine. No ill effects resulted. Petrul has a perfectly proportioned physique—strong shoulders and a narrow waist—and he has a fleshy face, dark eyes, thick eyebrows, a pair of deep creases that run from the bridge of his nose to his chin, and gray hair, which he always keeps neatly brushed straight back. Altogether, he looks like an extremely well-preserved welterweight. The fact is, however, that he has never really boxed and has never been really fond of competitive athletics.

"I didn't care much for competition myself, because look what happens," he said. "You go out and you run a race and turn your insides out, and at the end, unless you've won, you don't even get so much as a cup of coffee for your trouble. That's no way to do it. I'm strictly a conditioning man." He glanced at a clock on the wall and remarked that it was almost time for him to go downstairs to change his shirt. When he leads the exercise class, he wears a T-shirt imprinted with "MCBURNEY STAFF" in large letters. "The reason I wear the staff shirt is because, see, when I run the class *no one* is allowed to work out on the gym floor unless he or she belongs to the class," he said. "Now, if a guy wants to do something else and I ask him to stop and he sees the staff shirt, he usually will stop. Occasionally, I might have to ask more than once. And if that doesn't work I go get Murray the Cop downstairs." Murray the Cop is a resident security officer, a beefy guy who smokes cigars in elevators and gets away with it.

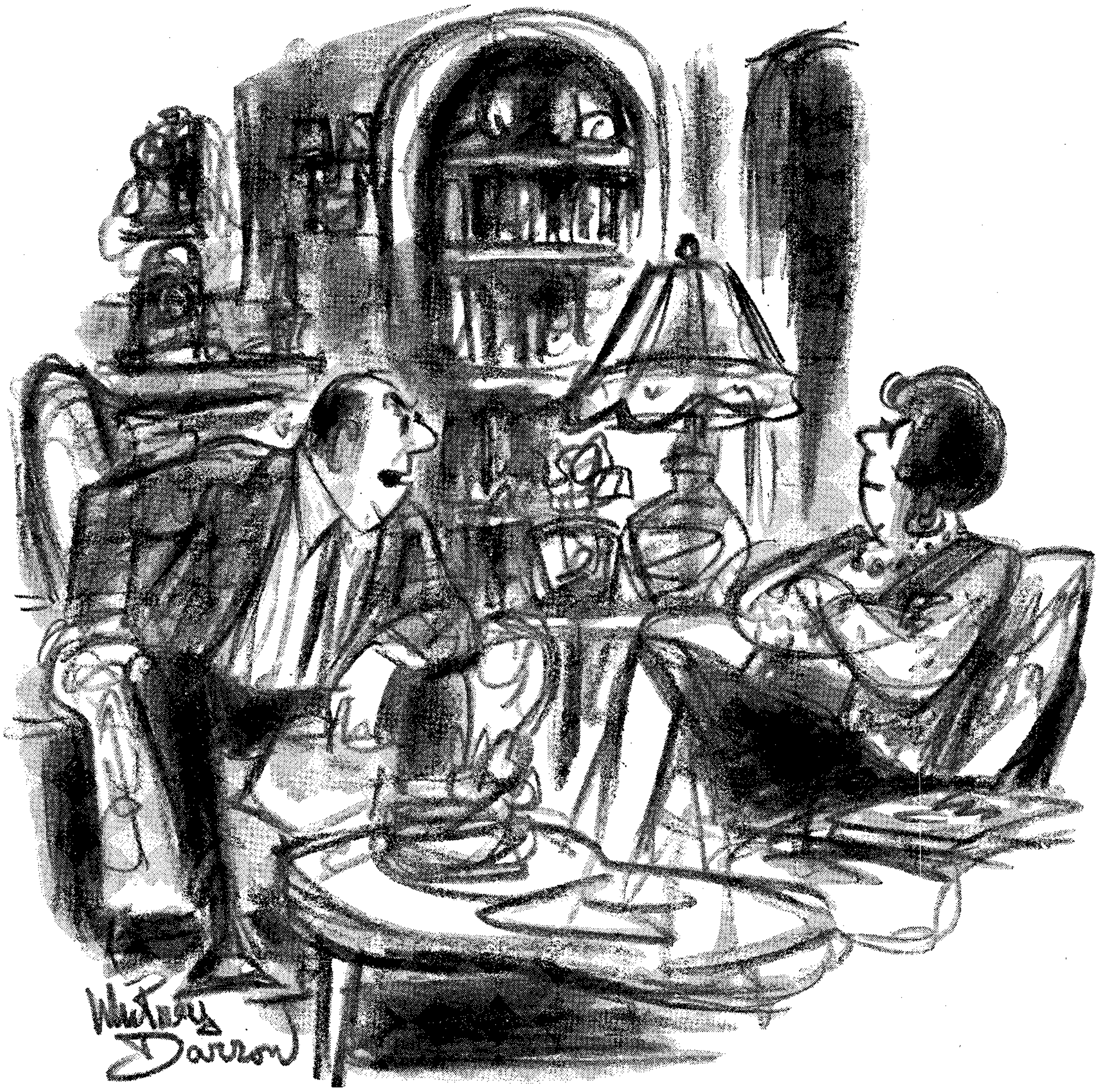
While Petrul was changing his shirt, we took a good look around us. No place in the city could claim to be more gymnasiumlike than the McBurney Y's seventh floor. It has a basketball court, the exercise mats, a rack for the medicine balls, chinning bars, a running track in the balcony, a pair of heavy-duty Everlast punching bags—the works. In one corner, near a punching bag, there is an upright piano. The piano, which was made by Hazelton Brothers, of Pennsylvania, is younger than Eubie Blake but several decades older than Marie Osmond. Except when Petrul's class is in session, the keyboard is kept padlocked. This discourages versatile pugilists who, en route from the heavy bag to the jump rope, might be tempted to remove their gloves and run through a couple of choruses of "Chopsticks."

Shortly before five-thirty, Petrul's accompanist, a young actor called Jim Corbett, approached the piano, unlocked the keyboard, tested the pedals and found them jammed, played a few notes and discovered that—as usual—the piano sounded as if a family of hamsters were having an argument inside, fiddled with the pedals some more, and finally got them to work. "People make a hobby out of kicking this piano," he said. "Music lovers, obviously." Petrul, meanwhile, was busy shooing away some basketball players who had lingered on the gym floor. Now Corbett, sitting at the piano, began to play "There's No Business Like Show Business." This was the cue for Petrul to begin a slow ceremonial jog, two laps of the gym floor, followed by an acolyte called Vince. Afterward, he mounted a low riser along one wall, extended his arms in front of him, jerked them back until his fists reached his chest, and announced, "O.K.! Under the armpits, up on the balls of the feet. Let's go!" Vince and the rest of the class members got going. Corbett played "La Cucaracha," and from there segued to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" to "Music! Music! Music!" to "The White Cliffs of Dover" to "Frankie and Johnny" to "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," all of them in a kerplunkety rhythm. As he did this, Petrul segued from jumping jacks to toe-touching to trunk twisters to airplane propellers to squat-thrusts. The forty members of the class—male and female but mostly male, and more post-middle-age than pre-middle-age—did their best to keep up with him. With eye and hand signals, he and Corbett regularly consulted about the proper tempo. When Corbett wove "Happy Birthday" into the medley, Petrul seemed not to notice. When he played "Oh, You Beautiful Doll"—as the class members lay prone and grabbed their ankles and rocked like cradles—anyone who had wind to spare sang along. The music and the exercises lasted, non-stop, for a half hour. At the conclusion, Corbett, as he always does, played six familiar chords, and the exhausted faithful stood up, bent their knees, squatted deeply, and jumped as high in the air as they could. They all landed on their feet, and then, as they always do, they applauded John Petrul, their conditioning man.

Vacs

THIS time, it was vacuum cleaners. *Self-propelled* vacuum cleaners. Single-Speed and Two-Speed Upright Self-Propelled Vacuum Cleaners, made by the Eureka Company, of Bloomington, Illinois.

"I get it—it's a space-saver," said



"Please don't inject Jane Fonda into an already difficult situation."

Rosalyn Abrevaya, of the magazine *Family Weekly*, at her first sight of the vacuum cleaner, displayed on a dais at a promotional luncheon being held at the Hotel Pierre. "Does 'self-propelled' mean you just turn it on and it vacuums all by itself?"

"That's what I thought at first, too," said a woman who was handing out luncheon name tags. "It goes by itself, but you have to guide it."

"Do you just guide it with one finger, or what?" asked Ms. Abrevaya.

"No, I think you need your whole hand," said the woman with the name tags.

"I've never been to Bloomington, but I've been to Polo, Illinois," said another woman. "It's a nice town. It's in the northwest corner of the state. My son and daughter-in-law live there."

"But, Colleen, I only swept with her once!" said a member of the Second City improvisational-comedy group, which was presenting a series of skits with a vacuum-cleaner motif.

"You know how to treat women. You know how to make a woman feel good," a woman said to a man who was taking pictures of the luncheon.

"And now, 'The Newlywed Feud'!" said a member of the Second City group.

"We expect big things from these vacs," said an executive of the Eureka Company.

". . . schnauzer!" said a member of the Second City group.

"There's great fishing in a lake just downstate from Bloomington, and it's year-round, too," said Tony Dorley, Eureka's assistant advertising manager. "You can catch crappie, bluegill, bass, pike, muskies, even in the winter. See, the lake is a cooling lake. Its water is used to cool the reactor at a nuclear power plant, so the water is always warm and the fishing is always great."

"A lot of you are probably wondering, 'What the hell am I doin' here?' " said Harold Schaefer, president of the Eureka Company, as he addressed the luncheon.

"I still think it would be great if it would vacuum all by itself," said Ms. Abrevaya.

"We have the lowest warranty return rate of any vacuum-cleaner company," said Harold Schaefer.

"We hope a lot of you stay and try these vacs out, so you can see what a tremendous product this really is," said another Eureka executive.

Several people did stay to try the vacuum cleaners out. The vacuum cleaners were plugged in and turned on. They were funnier when they were turned on.

Miss Jamaica

WE met the current Miss Jamaica ("Joan McDonald, twenty-three years old, dance instructor at Wolmer's Girls' School, in Kingston; ardent supporter of dance and the cultural arts; has an interest in foreign languages; has two brothers and two sisters") at a cocktail party the other day. Miss Jamaica, like most beauty queens, seemed vivid and buoyant. Her nails were very long, and they were painted with a red lustre polish. She wore a beige shirtwaist dress with buttons down the front, but the dress was buttoned only to halfway down the skirt. She wore brown shoes with very high heels. When Miss Jamaica laughed—and she laughed a lot—she bent over and snapped her fingers. Also, when Miss Jamaica laughed we saw that she had big, white, almost perfect teeth.

At the cocktail party with Miss Jamaica and her guests were newsmen carrying small Japanese cassette recorders with huge microphones. They asked Miss Jamaica questions about the political aspects of being Miss Jamaica. This annoyed Miss Jamaica slightly, and she made some little sounds (sucking air in through the mouth with teeth clenched).

Miss Jamaica asked her chaperon for a cigarette. Then she said, "I was chosen from a field of twenty contestants in Kingston. I won the best-personality and best-photogenic categories. I am a member of the Jamaica School of Dance. I am a lover of the cultural and performing arts. When I was a child, I was very athletic—more athletic than anything else. I was pushed into—nicely pushed into—this contest. I was in my dance class one evening when one of the coördinators begged me, actually begged me, to enter the contest. I decided I had nothing to lose by entering. Right? Aha. As a matter of fact, I do think that anyone who feels she has the potential to be a beauty queen should try—*without* being pushed, like me. Not that I didn't have any confidence, but I didn't see myself as being a beauty queen."

"What is your favorite color, Miss Jamaica?"

"Color? I don't have a favorite color as such, but I do find that pastels look very good on me."

"What foods do you like to eat?"

"I like to eat a little bit of everything. As you can see, I don't have to watch my weight. I eat everything in the book."

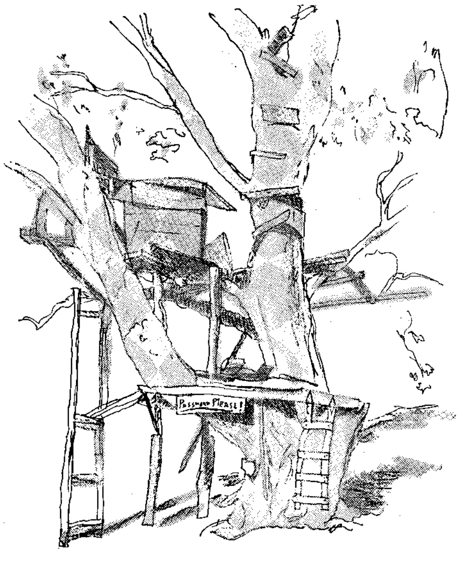
"What are some of the places that being Miss Jamaica has taken you?"

"I have been to Germany. I was in the Miss World contest. I didn't place, but I understand I was very well liked. In London, I danced in bare feet just outside the House of Commons. This is my first visit here. New York is too crowded and fast-moving. Today, I had lunch at the World Trade Center. I got to see a view of Manhattan. I didn't like it. It's too ugly. Where are the mountains?"

The Tree House

A MIDDLE-AGED friend who lives year-round in a summer community writes:

Last week was about the last chance to wander around here unimpeded by summer people—to go across back yards and around empty houses—so I went to look at a tree house I'd often noticed from the street but never examined close up. It was a complex scrap-wood structure built onto a tall swamp maple that stood behind a white house. It must have been built quite a few years ago—the wood had become the same silver-gray color as the rough bark of the tree. At the base of the trunk, there was a hinged ladder leading up to a platform of odd boards; next to it was a sign that said, in faded red letters, "PASSWORD PLEASE!" The ladder was obviously not designed to support fifty-year-olds in the heavyweight division, but I took a chance and started to ascend. Abruptly, a mourning dove came flapping out of the tree past my head, and flew away to a nearby garage. I reached the first platform; it was pretty solid. The next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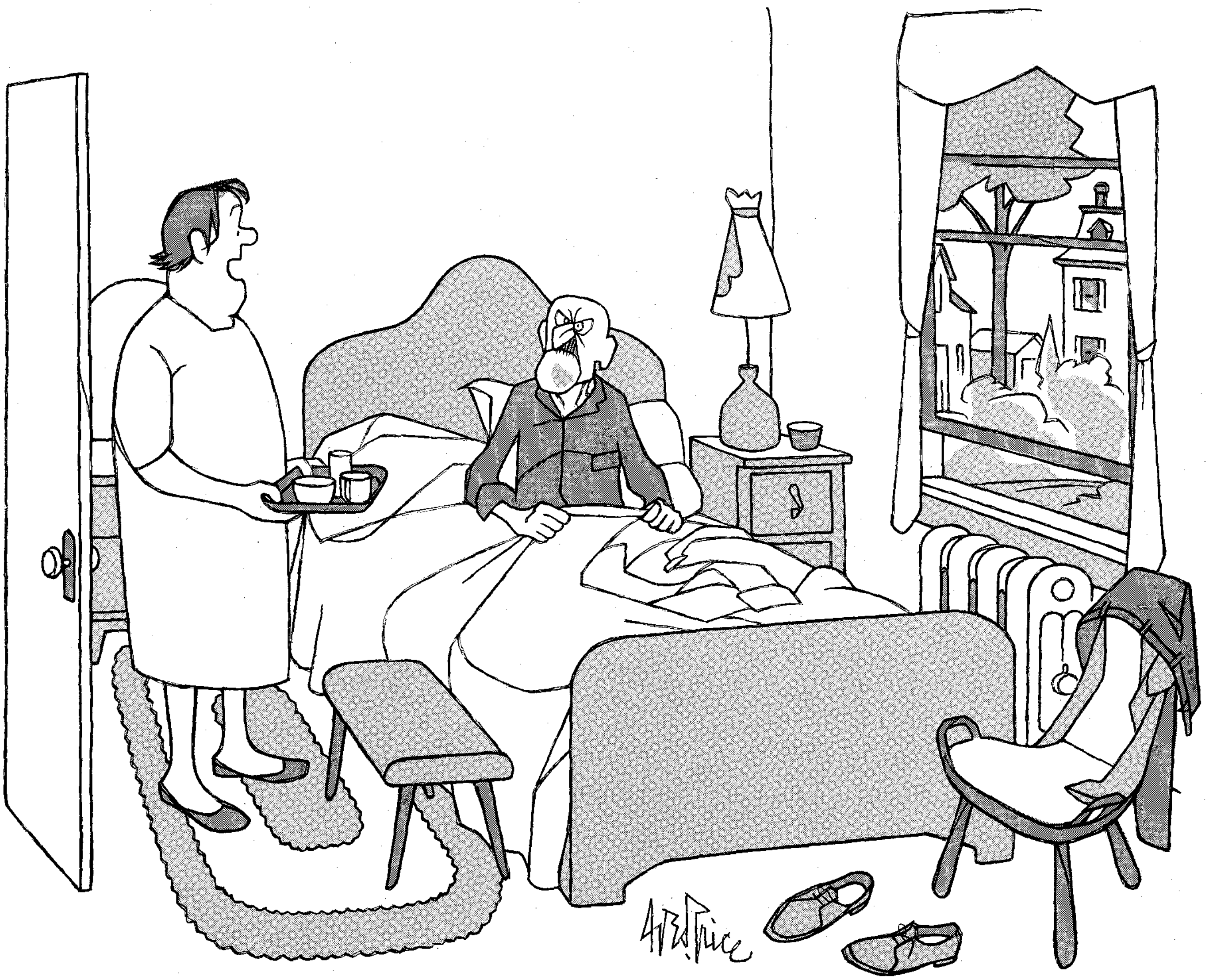

"I figured you were awake. A hush fell over the countryside."

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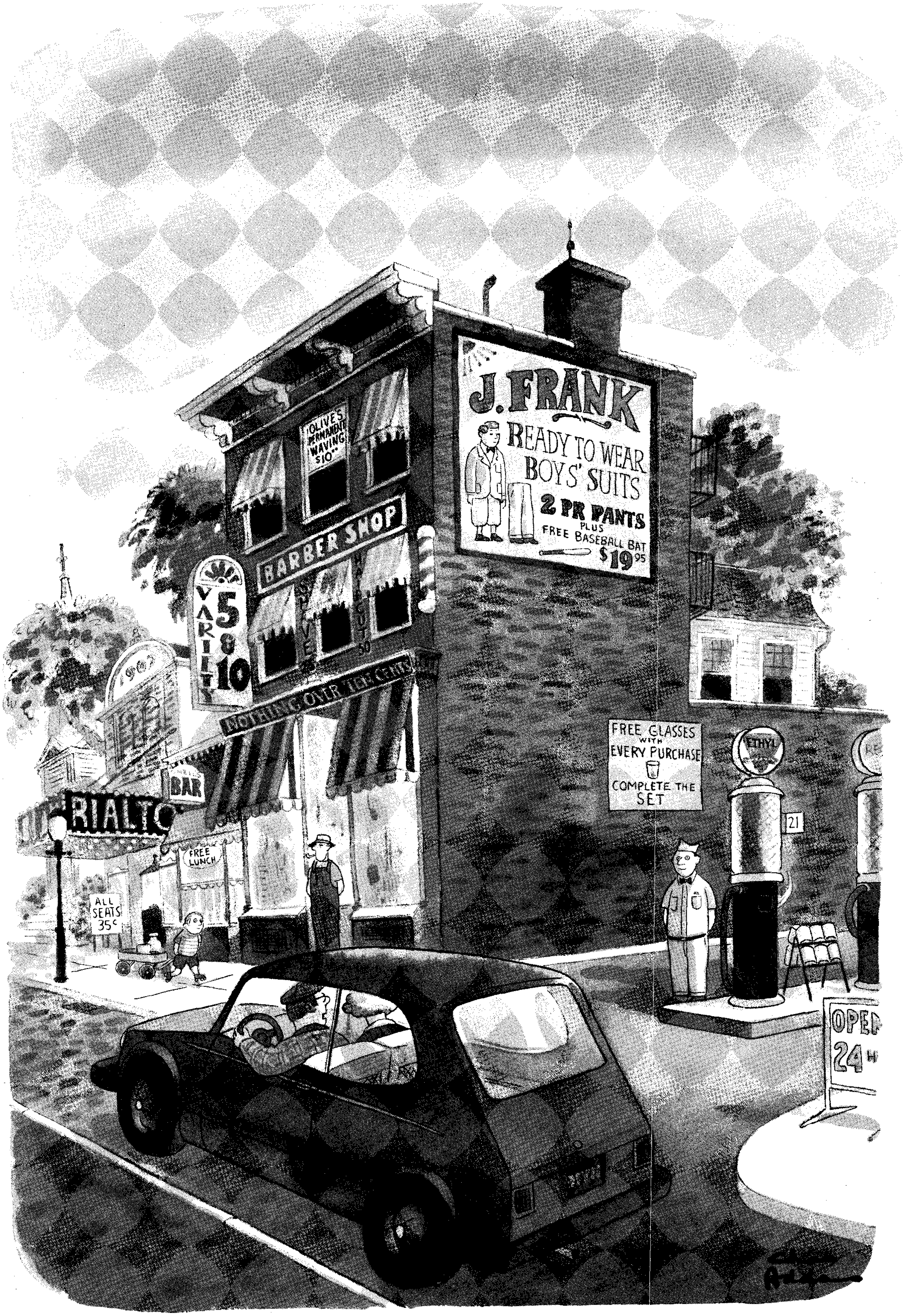
platform was at shoulder height, and on it were a free-form house about three feet by six, featuring a low roof of green asphalt material, and a semi-detached outbuilding with a venetian-blind wall. Exceptionally small red ants were racing around the platform. On the adjacent branches, hazardous avenues of boards led in all directions. I heaved myself up onto the second platform; now my eyes were on a level with the second-story windows of the empty white house. Overhead, narrow slats were nailed to the tree at roughly two-foot intervals—a primitive ladder leading upward. None of the slats looked safe. But the higher regions were inviting—a large, light umbrella of green leaves shivering in the breeze. It seemed possible that I could make the ascent by using the branches and avoiding the slats, so I took off my shoes and socks, and began to climb, grabbing a branch here, putting a foot there, using knees and elbows, and resting frequently while looking for the next good branch. Progress was slow. The number of substantial branches diminished as the height increased. Also, I was gasping and panting and shaking. At one rest stop, I encountered a small pool of brown, leaf-filled water in a hollow in a broken branch; it was a pleasant surprise. When, at last, I looked down, the upper platform was far below and very small; beneath it, the lawn appeared quite distant. Overhead, the stairway of slats continued eight or ten feet, to another platform—one that I had not noticed before. This was a triangular piece of plywood with room enough for three or four squirrels (maximum), yet there was a stack of bricks piled on it. Were they for a chimney after a house was built up there? Off to the right, five feet higher, there was still another platform, even smaller. Both perches were out of the question, personally, so, clutching the trunk, I looked out through the leaves at the scenery: roofs of houses angling this way and that; driveways; telephone poles; treetops; gardens; bits of lawn; and, in the distance, a pearly fragment of the sea. The breeze was stirring up the leaves all around me, and it felt good. Then I began the descent, hunting with my toes for the branches I had used on the way up. The techniques of tree travel, so useful forty years ago, had pretty much come back by now—the quick sense of what will support you and what won't; how to use a knee or shoulder for balance while standing on one branch and reaching for another—and so had the old sensations, such as the feel of gnarled bark, the way wood smells, and the look of elongated leaf shadows gliding up and down a trunk in response to a wind above. I finally got back down to the platform with the house on it, and put on my shoes and socks, and went down the ladder to the lawn.


J. FRANK
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2 PR PANTS
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PERMANENT
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BARBER SHOP
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RIALTO
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ALL SEATS 35¢
FREE GLASSES
WITH
EVERY PURCHASE
COMPLETE THE
SET
ETHYL
21
OPEN
24 H
Chas Addams

"It's a town that time forgot."

FRIEND TWIN

IT'S Friend Twin. Looks like a friend, feels like a friend, gives off a little sigh of pleasure when you do things together. Friend Twin asks about your screenplay, supports you while you lie in the giant redwood steaming appliance and enter altered states (face down in the steam, all senses distorted, your arms, your legs all gone); Friend Twin does not steal your screenplay while you lie in the redwood steaming appliance, does not talk to an agent behind your back, does not take your press contact to La Grinn, the new Chinese restaurant where the banquettes are lacquered and the food comes in lacquered crates just like the special crates you can lock yourself into for darkness-accommodation therapy, only small.

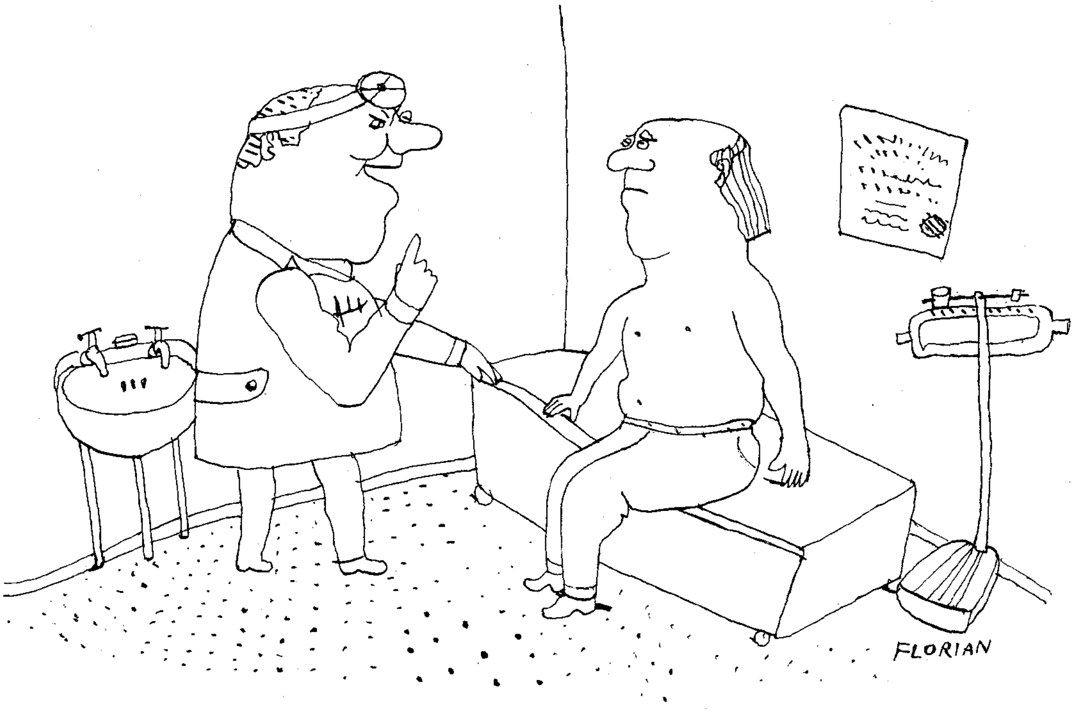
Friend Twin is so much like a real friend that once he's seated at table, most people can't tell the difference. Friend Twin raises his arm. Friend Twin brings his spoon to his soup. Friend Twin talks about the deal Freddy Friyn has made with Barbara Krearn, which cuts out Marty Rupp and everyone else who had to leave the studio because they took the old silver sconces from the walls—those solid-silver sconces Lewis Routh had put in in the great old days, when he wanted the studio to look just like a private home. We knew Marty was unscrewing the sconces, slipping them away, cutting them into tiny pieces and taking them out in his hands. Sometimes the edges were jagged and his hands were cut. That's how we caught Marty—by matching the blood on the bare places where the sconces had been with the blood type on his hand, in his hand, in the veins of his hand. Marty has a special blood type, and he brought that up in a play for sympathy. Also the fact that he's been under a lot of stress. Friend Twin is sympathetic. Friend Twin understands about stress. Also, he knows all the gossip.

That's the thing to remember about Friend Twin. Maintenance is way down—he stays under the floorboards, up in the cramped bedrooms, anywhere, without complaint—but even so, he knows all the gossip. With a real friend, you'd have to teach him all the gossip and then you'd have to deal with his legitimate human needs. You'd have to listen to a lot of swinish talk about What I want blah blah blah, you never think about me fulfilling my needs blah blah blah, I want time to fire my beautiful blue pots in my kiln blah blah. Friend Twin has no needs. Friend Twin has no legitimate human aspirations. Friend Twin only wants to please. And he wants you to know the latest gossip—about the remake of "Woman Luck" with an all-woman cast, with Sally Undorn as the bitch and Fraan Harvey as the girl who has the wasting disease and Polly Morfer as the little one who has a lapse. He wants you to know. And he wants to help. Friend Twin only wants to help.

Friend Twin wants to know about any sexual quirks. Friend Twin is not judgmental. Friend Twin will stay quiet and watch. Or say what is appropriate. Friend Twin wants to help clean up. No matter what the accumulation. No matter how it looks. Friend Twin makes a note of it. But what do you care about that? It's natural that Friend Twin should make a note, keep it in mind, store it for later. Friend Twin only wants to preserve the link without imposing.

Remember when you left for a weekend? Spent the weekend in the black crate, deprived every sense of its function, lay there for days, waiting for the arms to disappear, for the legs to disappear, to feel that absence? Remember how your *old* friend—who came from where? the upper peninsula of Michigan, was it?—remember how your old friend stole into your apartment while you were gone and took your screenplay behind your back to the Ursa Company, the new company formed by the people who had the backing of people who couldn't come to town, exactly, who had to stay at a distance, but who had money, so much money? Can you see your old friend walking in the door? Friend Twin wouldn't do that. Instead, Friend Twin would help plan a dinner dance. Just for you, in your honor. Friend Twin has style. Friend Twin has class. Friend Twin knows the attractive caftans from the ones so ugly they eat into the skin. Friend Twin has so much style that sometimes he seems almost British. Oh, not the old British—Duke Marquis Earl—not that. The other British—all the same skill with artifacts, all that tight edge, but loathing the Dukes and the Marquises, and the Earls, hating the way the light hits the water, but willing to help out with pleasure. Friend Twin knows what you want. Friend Twin knows what you *have* wanted, don't forget that. Don't underestimate Friend Twin. Friend Twin will stand perfectly still, holding your caftan, but Friend Twin has his options, with all he knows.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW



"Frumble, there's only one cure for what ails you. Get up and boogie."

THE GHOST WRITER

PART TWO

Nathan Dedalus

WHO could have slept after that? I didn't even turn the lamp off to try. For the longest time I just stared at E. I. Lonoff's tidy desk: neat piles of typing paper, each stack a different pale color—for different drafts, I assumed. Finally I got up and, sacrilege though it surely was, sat on his typing chair in my undershorts. No wonder his back hurt. It wasn't a chair made for relaxing in, not if you were his size. Lightly I touched my fingers to his portable-typewriter keys. Why a portable for a man who went nowhere? Why not a machine on the order of a cannonball, black and big and built to write for all time? Why not a comfortable padded executive's chair to lean back in and think? Why not indeed.

Pinned to the bulletin board beside his desk—the cell's only real embellishments—were a little wall calendar from the local bank and two annotated index cards. One card bore a fragmentary sentence ascribed to "Schumann, on Chopin's Scherzo No. 2 in B flat minor, Op. 31." It read, ". . . so overflowing with tenderness, boldness, love, and contempt that it may be compared, not inappropriately, to a poem by Byron." I didn't know what to make of it there—or rather, what Lonoff made of it—until I remembered that Amy Bellette could play Chopin with great charm. Maybe it was she who had typed it out for him, scrupulous attribution and all—enclosing it, perhaps, with the gift of a record so that in the late afternoons he could listen to Chopin even when she was no longer around. Perhaps it was this very line she'd been musing upon when I first saw her on the study floor: musing because the description seemed as pertinent to herself as to the music. . . .

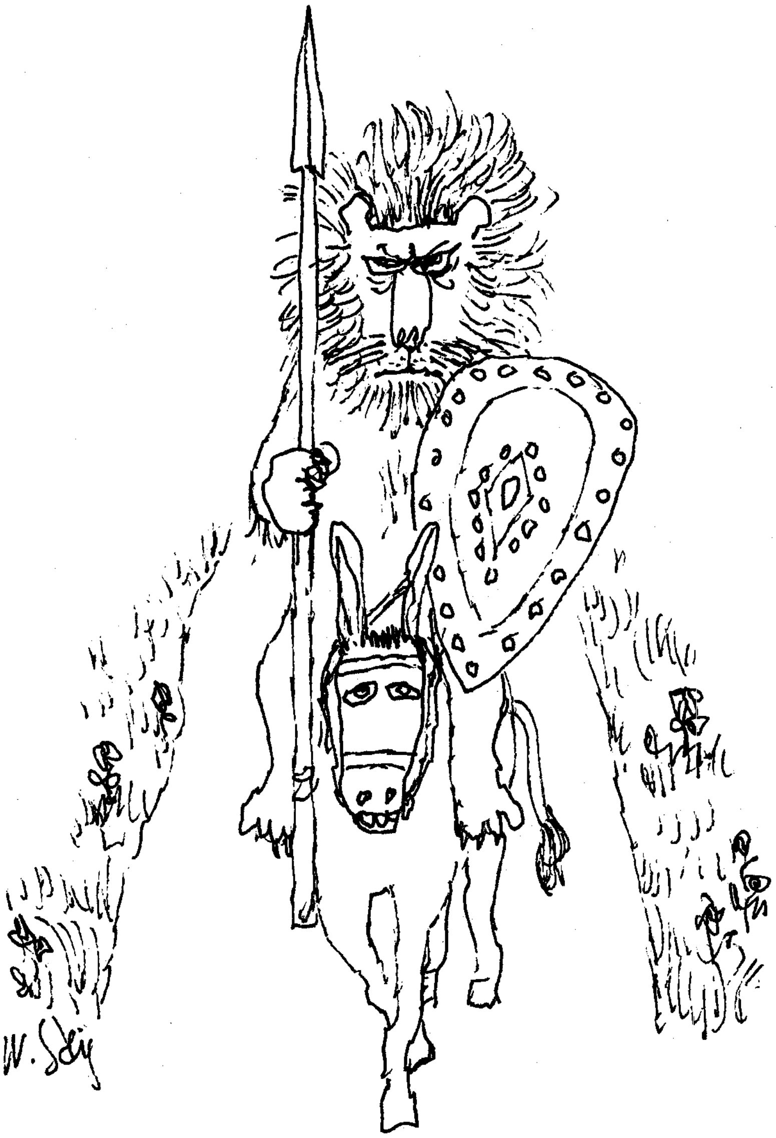
If displaced, what had become of her family? Murdered? Did that explain her "contempt"? But for whom the overflowing love, then? Him? If so, the contempt might well be for Hope. If so, if so.

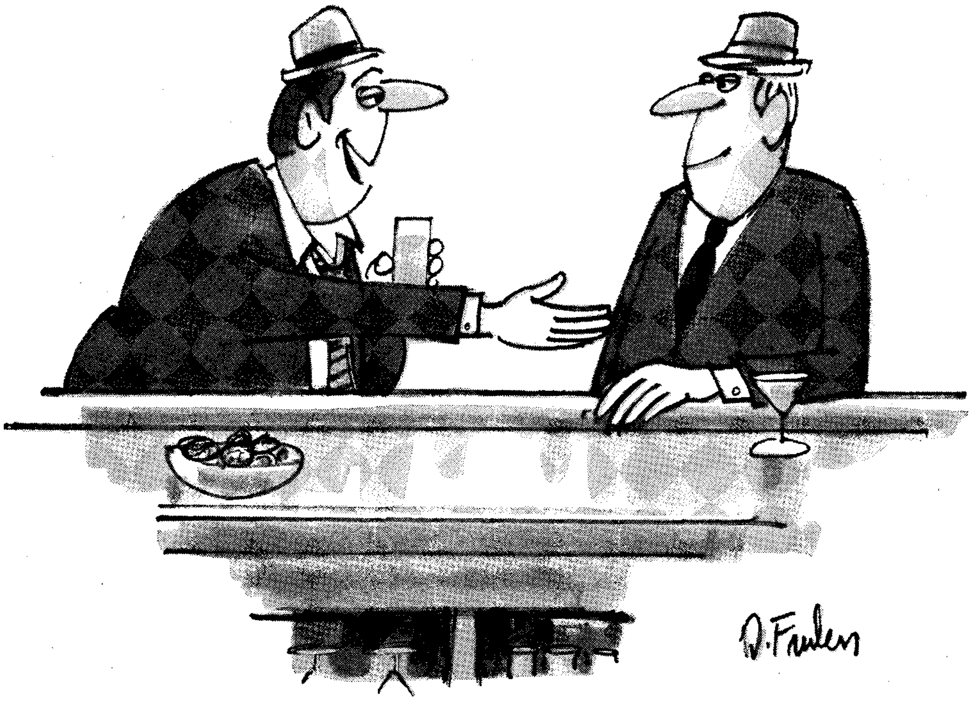
It required no ingenuity to guess the appeal of the quotation typed on the other card. After what Lonoff had been telling me all evening, I could understand why he might want these three sentences hanging over his head while beneath them he sat turning his own sentences around. "We work in the dark—we do what we can—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art." Sentiments ascribed to a story I did not know by Henry James, "The Middle Years." But "the madness of art"? I would have thought the madness of everything but art. The art was what was sane, no? Or was I missing something? Before the night was over, I was to read "The Middle Years" twice through, as though preparing to be examined on it in the morning. But that was canon law to me then: ready to write a thousand words on "What does Henry James mean by 'the madness of art'?" if the question should happen to turn up on my paper napkin at breakfast.

Photographs of Lonoff's children were set out on a bookshelf behind the typing chair: one male, two females, not a trace of the paternal genes in any of their bones. One of the girls, a fair, freckled maiden in horn-rimmed glasses, looked, in fact, much as her shy, studious mother probably did back in her art-school days. Beside her photo in the twin frame was a postcard that had been mailed from Scotland to Massachusetts one August day nine years earlier, addressed to the writer alone. This perhaps accounted for its status as a memento to be preserved under glass. Much about his life indicated that communicating with his children had been no easier for him than having enough opinions for Manhattan in the thirties. "Dear Pop, We are now in Banffshire (Highlands) and I am standing amidst the wreck of Balvenie Castle, Dufftown, where Mary Stuart once stayed. Yesterday we biked to Cawdor (Thane of Cawdor, c. 1050, Shakespeare's Macbeth) where Duncan was murdered. See you soon, Love, Becky."

Also directly behind his desk were several shelves of his works in foreign translation. Seating myself on the floor, I tried translating from French and German sentences that I had read first in Lonoff's English. With the more exotic tongues the most I could do was try to spot his characters' names in the hundreds of indecipherable pages. Pechter. Marcus. Littman. Winkler. There they were, surrounded on all sides by Finnish.

And which language was hers? Portuguese? Italian? Hungarian?





"Put 'er there, pal. Any friend of nuclear power is a friend of mine."

In which did she overflow like a poem by Byron?

On a large lined pad that I took from my briefcase, a bulging *Bildungsroman* briefcase—ten pounds of books, five obscure magazines, and easily enough paper to write the whole of my first novel if it should happen to come to me while riding back and forth on the bus—I began methodically to list everything on his bookshelves I had not read. There was more German philosophy than I had been expecting, and only halfway down the page I already seemed to have sentenced myself to a lifetime at hard labor. But, worthily, I kept going—to the accompaniment of the words with which he had commended me before going up to his reading. That, and the toast, had been echoing in my head for an hour. On a clean sheet of paper I finally wrote down what he'd said, so as to see exactly what he'd meant. All he'd meant.

As it turned out, I wanted someone else to see as well, for soon I had forgotten the forthcoming ordeal with Heidegger and Wittgenstein, and was seated with my pad at Lonoff's desk, struggling to explain to my father—the foot-doctor father, the first of my fathers—the "voice" that, according to no less a vocalist than E. I. Lonoff, started back of my knees and reached above my head. The letter was overdue. Three weeks now he had been waiting for some enlightened sign of contrition for the offenses I had begun to commit against my greatest supporters. And for three weeks I had let him stew, if that is how you describe being yourself unable to think of little else upon awakening from bad dreams at 4 A.M.

OUR trouble had begun when I gave my father the manuscript of a story based upon an old family feud in which he had played peacemaker for nearly two years before the opponents ended up shouting in court. The story was the most ambitious I had written—some fifteen thousand words—and as I saw it, my motives for sending it to him were no less benign than those I'd had in college, when I mailed home poems for the family to read even before they appeared in the student verse magazine. It wasn't trouble I was looking for but admiration and praise. Out of the oldest and most ingrained of habits, I wanted to please them and make them proud.

That wasn't hard, either. For years I had been making him proud just by sending along clippings for his "files," a voluminous accumulation of magazine and newspaper articles—including an unbroken series of transcripts of "America's Town Meeting of the Air"—on what he called "vital issues." Whenever I was home on a visit, my mother, who could repeat herself, would invariably remind me—with her own deeply satisfied look—of the thrill it gave to him to say to his patients (after working them around to the vital issue on his mind), "I just got something in the mail this morning on that very subject. My son Nathan saw it at college. He's out at the University of Chicago. Straight A's in everything. Went out there when he was sixteen—special program. Well, he saw it in one of the Chicago papers and sent it on for my files."

Oh, what sitting ducks I had for parents! A son of theirs would have had to be a half-wit or a sadist *not* to make them proud. And I was neither; I was dutiful and thoughtful, and too excited with myself in flight to be ungrateful for the boost I'd begun with. Despite the flaming wrangles of my adolescence—weekend night hours, fashions in footwear, the unhygienic high-school hangout, my alleged but ceaselessly disavowed penchant for the last word—we had emerged from our fifty textbook scenes of domestic schism much the same close family bound by the same strong feelings. I'd slammed a lot of doors and declared a few wars, but still I loved them like their child. And whether or not I wholly knew just how extensive the addiction, I was much in need of their love for me, of which I assumed there was an inexhaustible supply. That I couldn't—wouldn't?—assume otherwise goes a long way toward explaining why I was naïve enough to expect nothing more than the usual encouragement for a story that borrowed from our family history instances of what my exemplary father took to be the most shameful and disreputable transgressions of family decency and trust.

The facts I had begun my story with were these:

A great-aunt of mine, Meema Chaya, had left for the education of two fatherless grandsons the pot of money she had diligently hoarded away as a seamstress to Newark's upper crust. When Essie, the widowed mother of the twin boys, attempted to invade the trust to send them from college to medical school, her younger brother, Sidney, who was to inherit the money remaining in Meema Chaya's estate upon conclusion of the boys' higher education, had sued to stop her. For four years Sidney had been waiting for Richard and Robert to graduate from Rutgers—waiting mostly in poolrooms and saloons, to hear the family tell it—so he could buy a downtown parking lot with his legacy. Loudly—his way—Sidney proclaimed that he was not about to postpone the good life just so there could be two more fancy doctors driv-

THE NIGHT EXPRESS

That moment we neared the reservoir,
Dry wit dried up, aware that water
Was no longer there for the taking. Hazel
And birch, those secret, solitary drinkers,
Were suddenly duplicated everywhere,
Even the ground consuming its potion.
The word on every lip was "parched."
Could the desert be a stone's throw away,
As so many people had guessed? In her bath,
The old lady down the road was appalled
To find herself knee-deep in rust,
This after years of a limpid clearness,
Soap beautifully wrapped and scented—
It was better than a sojourn at a thousand spas.
The sodas of the springs, the dew
Knew they were doomed not to be, feather-
Bedders of a union that had seen its day.
And so moisture, morning mist, and streaks
Of rain became so rare collectors
Held out cans especially designed
To catch every drop of the cold sweat
Of the night express as it went roaring by.

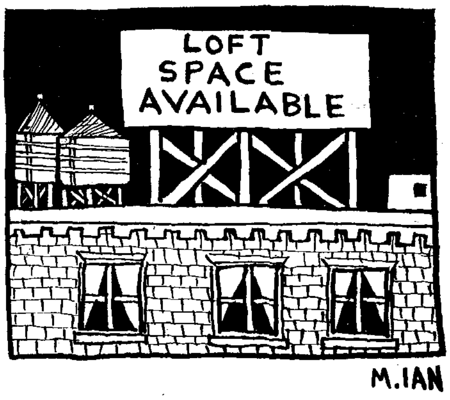
—Howard Moss

• •

ing Caddies around South Orange. Those in the family who detested Sidney's womanizing and his shady friends immediately lined up in support of the boys and their dignified aspirations, leaving Sidney with a phalanx consisting of his ill-used, timid wife, Jenny, and his mysterious Polish tootsie, Annie, whose scandalously florid schmattas were much discussed, if never once seen, at family weddings, funerals, etc. Also in the phalanx, for all it was worth to him, was me. My admiration was long-standing, dating back to Sidney's Navy days, when he had won four thousand dollars on the homeward journey of the battleship Kansas, and was said to have thrown into the South Pacific, for the sharks to dispose of, a Mississippi sore loser who at the end of an all-night poker game had referred to the big winner as a dirty Jew. The lawsuit, whose outcome hinged on how exhaustive Meema Chaya had meant to be in her will with the ringing words "higher education," was eventually decided by the judge—a goy—in Sidney's favor, though within only a few years the Raymond Boulevard parking lot bought with his inheritance became such a hot piece of real estate that it was nationalized out from under him by the Mob. For his trouble they gave Sidney a tenth of what it was worth, and shortly thereafter his heart broke like a balloon in the bed of yet another overdressed bimbo not of our persuasion. My cousins Richard and Robert were meanwhile being put through medical school by their iron-willed mother. After she lost the lawsuit, Essie quit her job at a downtown department store and for the next ten years went to work on the road selling shingles and siding. So iron-willed was she that by the time she had finally bought carpeting and venetians for the new offices leased for Richard and Robert in suburban north Jersey, there was hardly a working-class neighborhood in the state that she hadn't left encased in asphalt. Out canvassing one hot afternoon during the twins' interneship, Essie had decided to spend an hour in an air-cooled Passaic movie theatre. In her thousands of days and nights finding leads and closing deals, this was said to be the first time ever that she had stopped to do anything other than eat and call the boys. But now residencies in orthopedics and dermatology were only just around the corner, and the thought of their advent, combined with the August heat, made her a little light-headed. In the dark movie theatre, however, Essie hadn't even had time to mop her brow before a fellow in the next seat put his hand on her knee. He must have been a very lonely fellow—it was a very stout knee; nonetheless, she broke the hand for him, at the wrist, with the hammer carried in her purse all these years to protect herself and the future of two fatherless sons. My story, entitled "Higher Education," concluded with Essie taking aim.

"Well, you certainly didn't leave anything out, did you?"

Thus began my father's critique on the Sunday I'd come to say goodbye before leaving for the winter at Quahsay. Earlier in the day, along with a favorite aunt and uncle and a childless neighbor couple—also called "Aunt" and "Uncle" by me since the cradle—I had partaken of our family's traditional Sunday brunch. Fifty-two Sundays a year, for most of my lifetime, my father went out to the corner for the smoked fish and the warm rolls, my brother and I set the table and squeezed the juice, and for three hours my mother was unemployed in her own house. "Like a queen" was how she described the predicament. Then, after my parents had read the Newark Sunday papers and listened on the radio to "The Eternal Light"—great moments from Jewish history in weekly half-hour dramatizations—we two boys were rounded up and the four of us set off in the car to visit relatives. My father, long in contention with an opinionated older brother for the vacant position of family patriarch, generally delivered a hortatory sermon somewhere along the way to somebody who seemed to him to need it, and then we drove home. And always at dusk, before we reassembled around the kitchen table to observe the Sunday-evening rites—to partake of the sacred delicatessen supper, washed down with sacramental soda pop; to await together the visitation from heaven of Jack Benny, Rochester, and Phil Harris—the "men," as my mother called us, went off for their brisk walk to the nearby park. "Hi, Doc—how are you?" So the neighbors we passed along the way always greeted my popular and talkative father, and though he seemed never to be bothered by it, for a time his class-conscious little boy used to think that if only there had been no quotas and he'd become a *real* physician, they would have greeted him as "Doctor Zuckerman." "Doc" was what they called the pharmacist who made milkshakes and sold cough drops.



"Well, Nathan," began my father,

"Hi. We're Ted and Maggie Wilkins. The Chases couldn't make it tonight and asked us to fill their slot."

"you certainly didn't leave anything out, did you?"

I was by then a little weary from doing my duty and anxious to leave for New York to pack for Quahsay. My brunch-time visit had now lasted the entire day, and, to my surprise, had been marked by the comings and goings of numerous relatives and old family friends dropping by seemingly just to see me. Kibitzing, reminiscing, swapping dialect jokes, and munching too much fruit, I had hung around until the company began to leave, and then had stayed on, at my father's request, so that he could give me his thoughts on my story. Portentously he said he wanted an hour with me alone.

At four that afternoon, in our coats and scarves, the two of us set out for the park. Every half hour a New York bus stopped just by the park gateway on Elizabeth Avenue, and my plan was to catch one after he'd had his say.

"I left a lot of things out." I pretended to be innocent of what he meant—as innocent as when I'd sent him the story, though the moment he'd spoken in the house of giving me his "thoughts" (rather than his pat on the head), I realized immediately how mindless I had been. Why hadn't I waited to see if I could even get it published, and then shown him the story already in print? Or would that only have made it worse? "Things had to be left out—it's only fifty pages."

"I mean," he said sadly, "you didn't leave anything disgusting out."

"Did I? Didn't I? I wasn't thinking along those lines, exactly."

"You make everybody seem awfully greedy, Nathan."

"But everybody was."

"That's one way of looking at it, of course."

"That's the way you looked at it yourself. That's why you were so upset that they wouldn't compromise."

"The point is there is far more to our family than this. And you know that. I hope that today reminded you of the kind of people we are. In case in New York you've forgotten."

"Dad, I had a good time seeing everybody. But you didn't have to give me a refresher course in the family's charms."

But on he went. "And people who are crazy about you. Is there anybody who came into the house today whose face didn't light up when they laid eyes on you? And you couldn't have been kinder, you couldn't have been a sweeter boy. I watched you with your family and with all our old dear friends, and I thought to myself, Then what is this story all about? Why is he going on like this about ancient history?"

"It wasn't ancient history when it happened."

"No, then it was nonsense."

"You didn't seem to think so. You were running from Essie to Sidney for over a year."

"The fact remains, son, there is more to the family—much, much more—than is in this story. Your great-aunt was as kind and loving and hardworking a woman as you could ever meet in this world. Your grandmother and all her sisters were, every last one of them. They were women who thought only of others."

"But the story is not about them."

"But they are *part* of the story. They are the *whole* story as far as I'm concerned. Without them there would be no story at all! Who the hell was Sidney? Does anybody in his right mind even think about him any longer? To you, as a boy, I suppose he was an amusing character, somebody to get a kick out of, who came and went. I can understand how that would be: a big six-foot ape in bell-bottom trousers, clanking his ID bracelet and talking a mile a minute as though he was Admiral Nimitz and not just the nobody who swabbed the deck. Which is all he ever was, of course. I remember how he came to the house and got down on the floor and taught you and your little brother to roll dice. As a joke. I wanted to throw the lummox out on his ear."

"I don't even remember that."

"Well, I do. I remember plenty. I remember it all. To Meema Chaya Sidney was never anything but heartache. Little children don't realize that underneath the big blowhard who rolls on the floor and makes them laugh, there can be somebody who makes other people cry. And he made your great-aunt cry plenty, and from the time he was old enough to go into the street, looking for grief to give her. And still, *still*, that woman left him that chunk of her hard-earned dough, and prayed that somehow it would help. She rose above all the misery and the shame he had caused her—just like the wonderful woman that she was. 'Chaya' means life, and that is what she had in her to give to everybody. But that you leave out."

"I didn't leave it out. I suggest as much about her on the first page. But you're right—I don't go into Meema Chaya's life."

"Well, that would be some story."

"Well, that isn't this story."

"And do you fully understand what a story like this story, when it's published, will mean to people who don't know us?"

We had by now descended the long incline of our street and reached Elizabeth Avenue. No lawn we passed, no driveway, no garage, no lamppost, no little brick stoop was without its power over me. Here I had practiced my side-arm curve, here on my sled I'd broken a tooth, here I had copped my first feel, here for teasing a friend I had been slapped by my mother, here I had learned that my grandfather was dead. There was no end, really, to all I could remember happening to me on this street of one-family brick houses more or less like ours, owned by Jews more or less like us, to whom six rooms with a "finished" basement and a screened-in porch on a street with shade trees was something never to be taken for granted, given the side of the city where they'd started out.

Across the wide thoroughfare was the entrance to the park. There my father used to seat himself—each Sunday the same bench—to watch my brother and me play tag, yelling our heads off after hours of good behavior with grandparents, great-aunts and great-uncles, ordinary aunts and uncles—sometimes it seemed to me that there were more Zuckermans in Newark than Negroes. I wouldn't see as many of them in a year as I saw cousins on an ordinary Sunday driving around the city with my father. "Oh," he used to say, "how you boys love to shout," and with one hand for each son's head would smooth back our damp hair as we started out of the park and back up the familiar hill where we lived. "Any game with shouting in it," he would tell our mother, "and these two are in seventh heaven." Now my younger brother was knuckling under to the tedium of a pre-dental course, having surrendered (to my father's better judgment) a halfhearted dream of a career as an actor—and I? I apparently was shouting again.

I said, "I think maybe I'll just get the bus. Maybe we should skip the park. It's been a long day, and I have to go home and get ready to leave for Quahsay tomorrow."

"You haven't answered my question."

"It wouldn't be useful, Dad. The best thing now is to put the story in the mail and send it back to me—and try to forget it."

My suggestion triggered a light, sardonic laugh from my father.

"All right," I said sharply, "then don't forget it."

"Calm down," he replied. "I'll walk you to the bus. I'll wait with you."

"You really ought to go home. It's getting cold."

"I'm plenty warm," he informed me.

We waited in silence at the bus stop.

"They take their time on Sundays," he finally said. "Maybe you should come home and have dinner. You could catch one first thing in the morning."

"I've got to go to Quahsay first thing in the morning."

"They can't wait?"

"I can't," I said.

I stepped out into the street to watch for the bus.

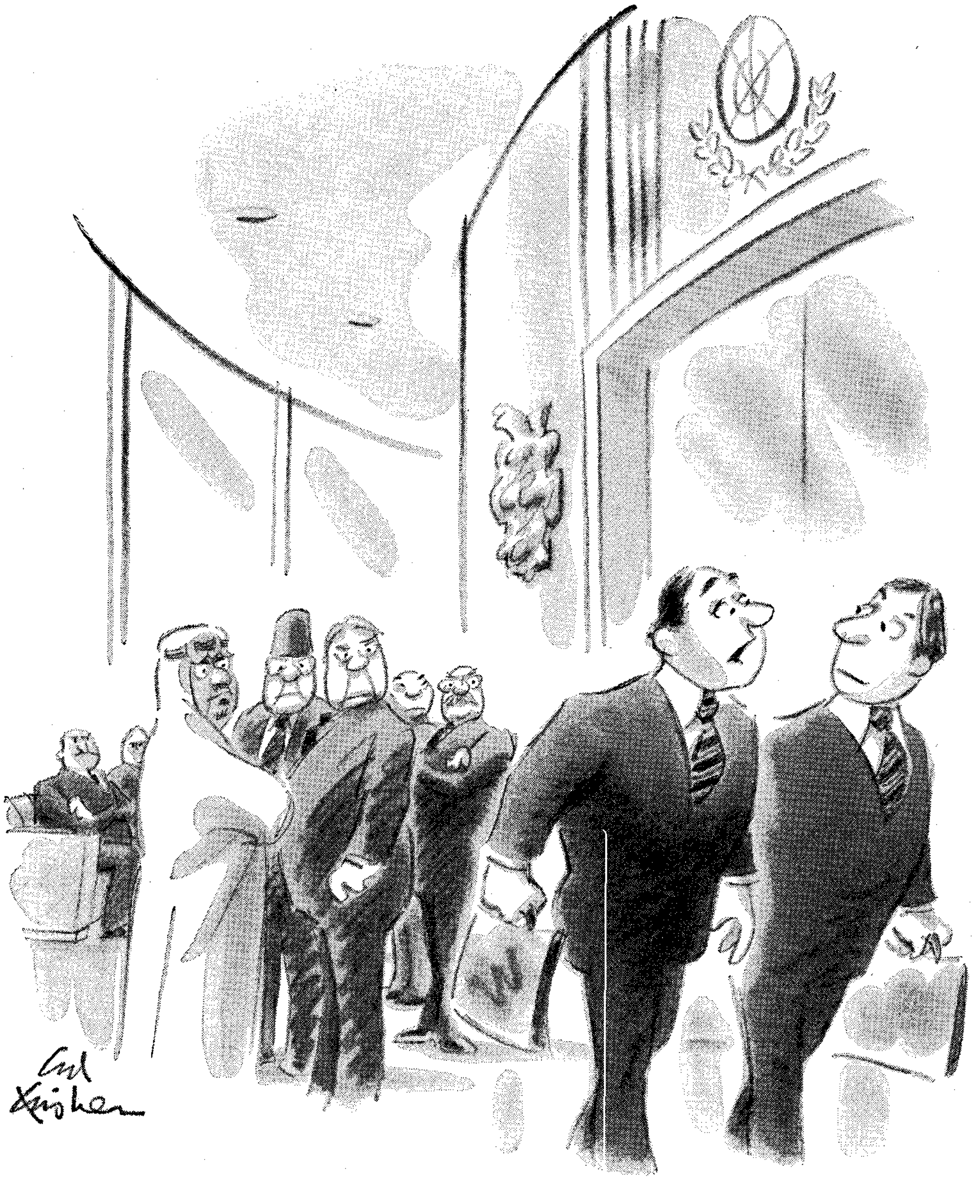
"You're going to get yourself killed out there."

"Perhaps."

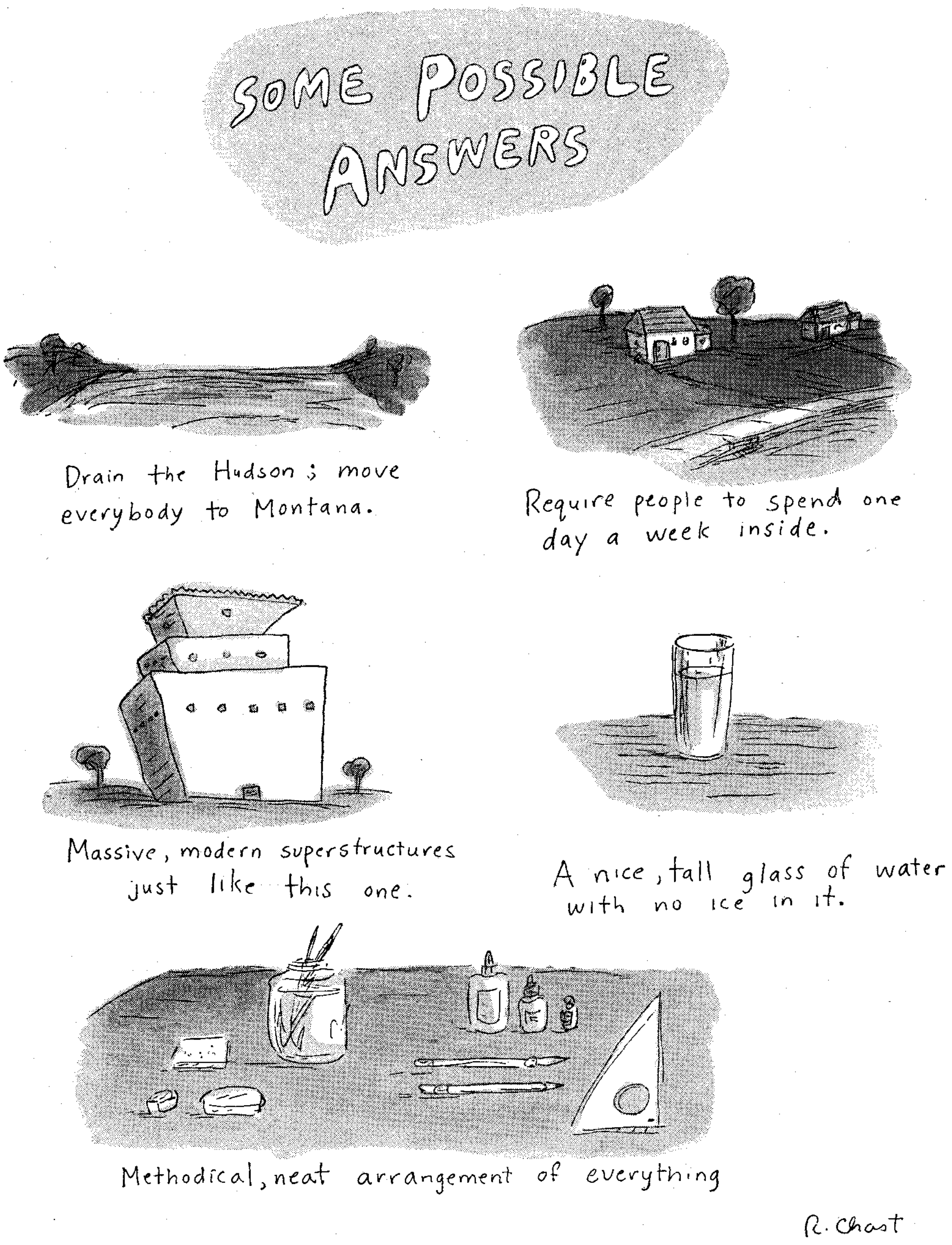
"So," he said, when at last, in my own sweet time, I came back up on the curb, "what do you do with the story now? Send it to a magazine?"

"It's long for a magazine. Probably no magazine will publish it."

"Oh, they'll publish it. *The Saturday Review* has put you on the map.



"Honestly! Some days you can't say anything to anybody that isn't construed as interference in the internal affairs of sovereign nations!"


SOME POSSIBLE ANSWERS
Drain the Hudson; move everybody to Montana.
Require people to spend one day a week inside.
Massive, modern superstructures just like this one.
A nice, tall glass of water with no ice in it.
Methodical, neat arrangement of everything
R. Chast

• •

That was a wonderful writeup, a terrific honor to be chosen like that at your age."

"Well, we'll see."

"No, no. You're on your way. *The Saturday Review* never sold so many copies in north Jersey as when your picture was in it. Why do you think everybody came by today—Frieda and Dave, Aunt Tessie, Birdie, Murray, the Edelmans? Because they saw your picture and they're proud."

"They all told me."

"Look, Nathan, let me have my say. Then you can go, and up there at the artists' colony maybe you'll think over in peace and quiet what I'm trying to get you to understand. If you were going to turn out to be nobody, I wouldn't be taking this seriously. But I do take you seriously—and you have to take yourself seriously, and what you are doing. Stop looking for that goddam bus and listen to me, *please*. You can catch the *next* bus! Nathan, you are not in school anymore. You are the older brother and you are out in the world and I am treating you accordingly."

"I understand that. But that doesn't mean that we can't disagree. That's what it *does* mean."

"But from a lifetime of experience I happen to know what ordinary people will think when they read something like this story. And you don't. You can't. You have been sheltered from it all your life. You were raised here in this neighborhood where you went to school with Jewish children. When we went to the shore and had the house with the Edelmans, you were always among Jews, even in the summertime. At Chicago your best friends who you brought home were Jewish boys, always. It's not your fault that you don't know what Gentiles think when they read something like this. But I can tell you. They don't think about how it's a great work of art. They don't know about art. Maybe I don't know about art myself. Maybe none of our family does, not the way that you do. But that's my point. People don't read art—they read about *people*. And they judge them as such. And how do you think they will judge the people in your story, what conclusions do you think they will reach? Have you thought about that?"

"Yes."

"And what have you concluded?"

"Oh, I can't put it into one word, not out here in the street. I didn't write fifteen thousand words so as now to put it into one word."

"Well, I can. And the street isn't a bad place for it. Because I know the word. I wonder if you fully understand just how very little love there is in this world for Jewish people. I don't mean in Germany, either, under the Nazis. I mean in run-of-the-mill Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Nice Guy, who otherwise you and I consider perfectly harmless. Nathan, it is there. I guarantee you it is there. I *know* it is there. I have seen it, I have felt it, even when they do not express it in so many words."

"But I'm not *denying* that. Why did Sidney throw that redneck off his ship—?"

"Sidney," he said furiously, "never threw any redneck off any ship! Sidney threw the bull, Nathan! Sidney was a petty hoodlum who cared about nobody and nothing in this world but the good of Sidney!"

"And who actually existed, Dad—and no better than I depict him!"

"Better? He was worse! How rotten he was you don't *begin* to know. I could tell you stories about that bastard that would make your hair stand on end."

"Then where *are* we? If he was *worse*— Oh, look, we're not getting anywhere. Please, it's getting dark, it's going to snow—*go home*. I'll write when I get up there. But there is no more to say on this subject. We just disagree, period."

"All right!" he said crisply, "all right!" but only, I knew, to defuse me for the moment.

"Dad, go home, please."

"It won't hurt if I wait with you. I don't like you waiting out here by yourself."

"I can manage perfectly well out

here by myself. I have for years now."

Some five minutes later, blocks away, we saw what looked like the lights of the New York bus.

"Well," I said, "I'll be back down in a few months. I'll keep in touch, I'll phone—"

"Nathan, your story, as far as Gentiles are concerned, is about one thing and one thing only. Listen to me, before you go. It is about kikes. Kikes and their love of money. That is all our good Christian friends will see, I guarantee you. It is not about the scientists and teachers and lawyers they become and the things such people accomplish for others. It is not about the immigrants like Chaya who worked and saved and sacrificed to get a decent footing in America. It is not about the wonderful peaceful days and nights you spent growing up in our house. It is not about the lovely friends you always had. No, it's about Essie and her hammer, and Sidney and his chorus girls, and that shyster of Essie's and his filthy mouth, and, as best I can see, about what a jerk I was begging them to reach a decent compromise before the whole family had to be dragged in front of a goyisher judge."

"I didn't depict you as a jerk. Christ, far from it. I thought," I said angrily, "I was administering a bear hug, to tell you the truth."

"Oh, did you? Well, it didn't come out that way. Look, son, maybe I *was* a jerk, trying to talk sense to such people. I don't mind being made a little fun of—that couldn't bother me less. I've been around in life. But what I can't accept is what you don't see—what you don't *want* to see. This story isn't us, and what is worse, it isn't even *you*. You are a loving boy. I watched you like a hawk all day. I've watched you all your life. You are a good and kind and considerate young man. You are not somebody who writes this kind of story and then pretends it's the truth."

"But I *did* write it." The light changed, the New York bus started toward us across the intersection—and he threw his arms onto my shoulders. Making me all the more belligerent. "I *am* the kind of person who writes this kind of story!"

"You're not," he pleaded, shaking me just a little.

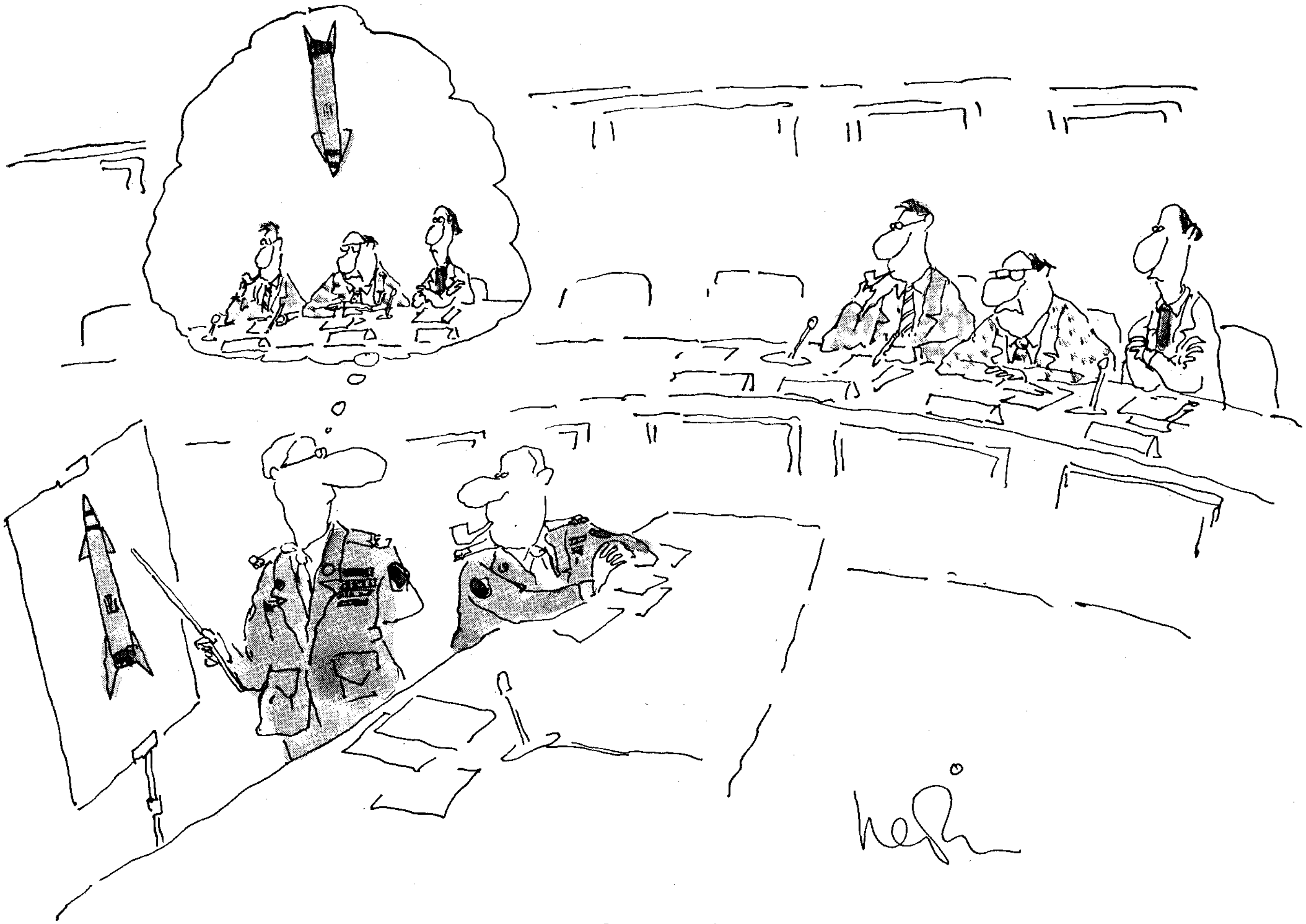
But I hopped up onto the bus, and then behind me the pneumatic door, with its hard rubber edge, swung shut with what I took to be an overly appropriate thump, a symbol of the kind you leave out of fiction. It was a sound that suddenly brought back to me the prizefights at the Laurel Garden, where once a year my brother and I used to wager our pennies with one another, each of us alternately backing the white fighter or the colored fighter, while Doc Zuckerman waved hello to his few acquaintances in the sporting crowd, among them, on one occasion, Meyer Ellenstein, the dentist who became the city's first Jewish mayor. What I heard was the heartrending thud that follows the roundhouse knockout punch, the sound of the stupefied heavyweight hitting the canvas floor. And what I saw, when I looked out to wave goodbye for the winter, was my smallish, smartly dressed father—turned out for my visit in a new "fingertip" car coat that matched the coffee-toned slacks and the checkered peaked cap, and wearing, of course, the same silver-rimmed spectacles, the same trim little mustache that I had grabbed up at from the crib; what I saw was my bewildered father, alone on the darkening street corner by the park that used to be our paradise, thinking himself and all of Jewry gratuitously disgraced and jeopardized by my inexplicable betrayal.

Nor was that the end. So troubled was he that several days later, against the counsel of my mother, and after an unpleasant phone conversation with my younger brother, who warned him from Ithaca that I wasn't going to like it when I found out, he decided to seek an audience with Judge Leopold Wapter—after Ellenstein and Rabbi Joachim Prinz perhaps the city's most admired Jew.

Wapter had been born of Galician Jews in the slums adjacent to the city's sweatshops and mills some ten years before our family arrived there from Eastern Europe in 1900. My father still remembered having been rescued by one of the Wapter brothers—it could have been the future jurist himself—when a gang of Irish hooligans were having some fun throwing the seven-year-old mocky up into the air in a game of catch. I had heard this story more than once in my childhood, usually when we drove by the landscaped gardens and turreted stone house on Clinton Avenue where Wapter lived with a spinster daughter—one of the first Jewish students at Vassar College to earn the esteem of her Christian teachers—and his wife, the department-store heiress, whose philanthropic activities had given her family name the renown among the Jews of Essex County that it was said to have in her native Charleston. Because the Wapters occupied a position of prestige and authority rather like that accorded in our household to President and Mrs. Roosevelt, I used to imagine her, when I was a small boy, going around wearing Mrs. Roosevelt's dowager hats and dresses and, oddly for a Jewish woman, speaking in the First Lady's awesome Anglified tones. It did not seem to me that, coming from South Carolina, she could really *be* Jewish. Which was exactly what she thought about me, after reading my story.

To approach the judge, my father had first to put in a call to a lofty cousin of ours—an attorney, suburbanite, and former Army colonel who had been president for

IDEAL VACATION No. 1



several years of the judge's stately Newark temple. Cousin Teddy had already helped him to the judge once before, back when my father had gotten it into his head that I should be one of the five youngsters for whom each year Wapter wrote letters of recommendation to college admissions officers which—it was said—never failed to do the trick. To go up before Judge Wapter I had to wear a blue suit on a bus in broad daylight and then, from where the bus left me off at the Four Corners (our Times Square), walk all the way up Market Street through throngs of shoppers, whom I imagined dropping in their tracks at the sight of me out in my only dress suit at that hour. I was to be interviewed at the Essex County Courthouse, in his "chambers," a word that had been intoned to relatives on the phone so frequently and with such reverence by my mother during the preceding week that it may well have accounted for the seven visits I made to our bathroom before I could get myself buttoned for good into the blue suit.

Teddy had telephoned the night before to give me some tips on how to conduct myself. This explained the suit and my father's black silk socks, which I was wearing held up with a pair of his garters, and also the initialled briefcase, a grade-school graduation present that I had never removed from the back of my closet. In the gleaming briefcase I carried ten typewritten pages I had written for International Relations the year before on the Balfour Declaration.

As instructed, I "spoke up" right away and offered to show the judge the essay. To my relief, his chambers had turned out to be one room, not ten—and a room no more grand than the principal's office in our high school. Nor did the tanned, plumpish, cheery judge have the shock of white hair I had been expecting. And though not as small as my father, he still was easily a foot shorter than Abraham Lincoln, whose bronze statue you pass coming into the courthouse. He actually looked years younger than my anxious father, and not half as serious. Reputedly an excellent golfer, he was probably either on his way to or from a game; that's how I later came to terms with his Argyle socks. But when I first noticed them—as he leaned back in his leather chair to flip through my essay—I was shocked. It was as though he were the callow, unworldly applicant and I, with my father's garters pulled tight as a tourniquet, were the judge. "May I keep this for now, Nathan?" he asked, turning with a smile through my pages of *op. cits.* and *ibids.* "I'd like to take it home for my wife to see." Then began the inquiry. I had prepared myself the night before (at Teddy's suggestion) by reading through the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and the editorial page of the Newark *Evening News*. The members of Truman's Cabinet and the majority and minority leaders of both houses of Congress I of course knew already by heart, though before bed I had gone over them out loud with my mother just to help her relax.

To the judge's questions I gave the following answers:

Journalist. The University of Chicago. Ernie Pyle. One brother, younger. Reading—and sports. The Giants in the National League and the Tigers in the American. Mel Ott and Hank Greenberg. Li'l Abner. Thomas Wolfe. Canada; Washington, D.C.; Rye, New York; New York City itself; Philadelphia; and the Jersey shore. No, sir, never to Florida.

When the judge's secretary made public the names of Newark's five Jewish boys and girls whose college applications Wapter would endorse, mine was one.

I never saw the judge again, though

to please my father I had sent my sponsor a letter from the University of Chicago during orientation week of my freshman year, thanking him again for all he had done on my behalf. The letter I received from Wapter some seven years later, during my second week as a guest at Quahsay, was the first I knew of their meeting to talk about "Higher Education."

Dear Nathan:

My familiarity with your fine family goes back, as you must know, to the turn of the century on Prince Street, where we were all poor people in a new land, struggling for our basic needs, our social and civil rights, and our spiritual dignity. I still remember you as one of the outstanding Jewish graduates of our Newark public-school system. I was most pleased to hear from your father that your college record was at the same high level of achievement that you had maintained throughout your school career here, and that you are already beginning to gain recognition in the field of short-story writing. Since there is nothing a judge likes better than to be right from time to time, I was delighted to know that my confidence in you as a high-school senior has already been substantiated in the larger world. I expect that your family and your community can look forward to great achievements by you in the not too distant future.

Your father, knowing of my interest in the development of our outstanding young people, recently asked if I would take time out from my judicial duties to write you with my candid opinion of one of your short stories. He informed me that you are soon to submit the short story entitled "Higher Education" to a leading national magazine, and he wanted to know whether I thought the story contained material suitable for such a publication.

In our lengthy and interesting conversation here in my chambers, I informed him that classically, down through the ages and in all countries, the artist has always considered himself beyond the mores of the community in which he lived. Great artists, as history reveals, have been harshly persecuted time and again by the frightened and ill-educated, who do not understand that the artist is a special individual with a unique contribution to make to mankind. Socrates was considered an enemy of the people and a corrupter of the young. The Norwegian playwright and Nobel Prize winner Henrik Ibsen was forced into exile because his countrymen failed to understand the profound truth of his great dramas. I explained to your father that I for one would never want to be allied with the intolerance shown by the Greeks toward Socrates, or by the Norwegians toward Ibsen. On the other hand, I do believe that like all men, the artist has a responsibility to his fellow-man, to the society in which he lives, and to the cause of truth and justice. With that responsibility and that alone as my criterion, I would attempt to give him an opinion on the suitability for publication in a national magazine of your latest fictional effort.

CHARM

Quaint, quaint,
how the little white fishermen's houses
spill downhill
like a stack of antique porcelain
till the sea stops them.
It is not sympathetic,
shuffling and muttering in its crooked frill.

There is cause for alarm.
The streets, for instance, wear
cobbles
and are far too steep, narrow, and tortuous
for cars to walk on,
though in summer, a lady tells us,
there are donkeys
to carry the curious
in and out and up and down
the charm.
In this mixed season,
apparently,
donkeys are not on.

Neither are there ices,
although a printed card, "ICES,"
is pasted discreetly
on the bottle-green diamond-paned priceless-
ness of the sweetshop door.
A tearoom, exiled to the car park,
closes at four.

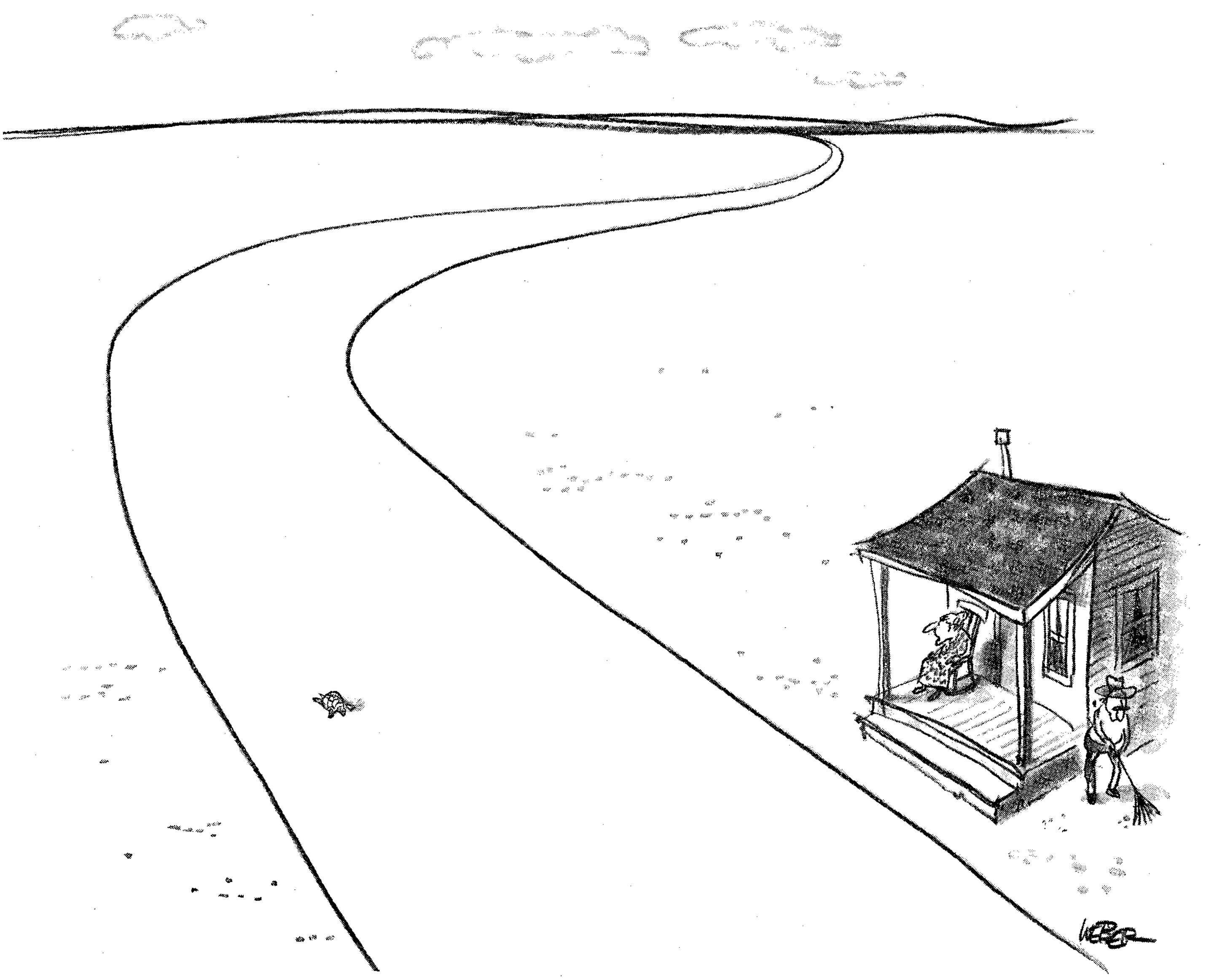
Those children, though, seem not to mind.
They tack down cheerfully to the harbor—
a noise like engines—
getting smaller and smaller
as the cluster of fisher-knit tourists
grows restlessly larger
near the not-quite-open-yet bar
of the old New Inn.

"Quick, look!" A gash in the sky,
and amazingly caught in slant sunlight
is a charm of goldfinches . . . and away . . .
Then the long low horizon closes
its eyelid on the day,
though you can still see down to the shore
where the children have discovered . . .
it could be an eel or a large fish . . .
no, it's a sea-frayed rope, thick as a wrist,
perhaps from the war.

—Anne Stevenson

• •

Attached you will find a questionnaire about your story, prepared jointly by my wife and myself. Because of Mrs. Wapter's interest in literature and the arts—and because I did not think it fair to rely solely upon my reading—I have taken the liberty of securing her opinion. These are serious and difficult questions to which Mrs. Wapter and I would like you to give



"Heads up, Homer! Here comes the passing parade!"

• •

just one hour of your time. We don't want you to answer them to our satisfaction—we want you to answer them to your own. You are a young man of great promise and, we all think, of potentially great talent. But with great talent come great responsibilities, and an obligation to those who have stood behind you in the early days so that your talent might come to fruition. I would like to think that if and when the day should dawn that you receive *your* invitation to Stockholm to accept a Nobel Prize, we will have had some small share in awakening your conscience to the responsibilities of your calling.

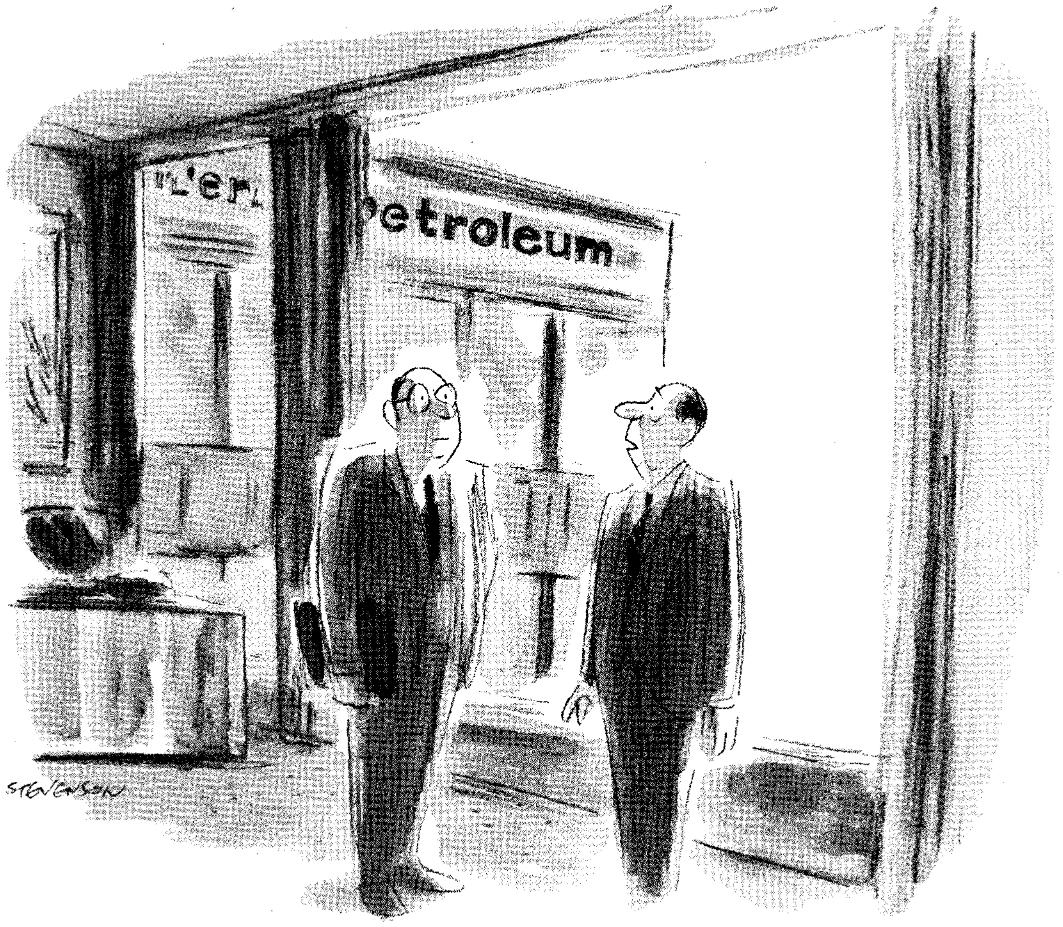
Sincerely yours,
LEOPOLD WAPTER

P.S. If you have not yet seen the Broadway production of "The Diary of Anne Frank," I strongly advise that you do so. Mrs. Wapter and I were in the audience on opening night; we wish that Nathan Zuckerman could have been with us to benefit from that unforgettable experience.

The sheet of questions prepared for me by the Wapters read as follows:

TEN QUESTIONS
FOR NATHAN ZUCKERMAN

1. If you had been living in Nazi Germany in the thirties, would you have written such a story?
2. Do you believe Shakespeare's Shylock and Dickens' Fagin have been of no use to anti-Semites?
3. Do you practice Judaism? If so, how? If not, what credentials qualify you for writing about Jewish life for national magazines?
4. Would you claim that the characters in your story represent a fair sample of the kinds of people that make up a typical contemporary community of Jews?
5. In a story with a Jewish background, what reason is there for a description of physical intimacy between a married Jewish man with an unmarried Christian woman? Why in a story with a Jewish background must there be (a) adultery; (b) incessant fighting within a family over money; (c) warped human behavior in general?
6. What set of aesthetic values makes you think that the cheap is more valid than the noble and the slimy is more truthful than the sublime?
7. What in your character makes you associate so much of life's ugliness with Jewish people?
8. Can you explain why in your story, in which a rabbi appears, there is nowhere the grandeur of oratory with which Stephen S. Wise and Abba Hillel Silver and Zvi Masliansky have stirred and touched their audiences?
9. Aside from the financial gain to yourself, what benefit do you think



"Just between us, Don, __are__ we ripping off the public?"

publishing this story in a national magazine will have for (a) your family; (b) your community; (c) the Jewish religion; (d) the well-being of the Jewish people?

10. Can you honestly say that there is anything in your short story that would not warm the heart of a Julius Streicher or a Joseph Goebbels?

Three weeks after hearing from the judge and Mrs. Wapter, and only days before my visit to Lonoff, I was interrupted around noon by the Colony secretary. She had come out to my cabin in her coat, apologizing for the disturbance but saying that I had a long-distance phone call that had been described by the other party as an emergency.

When my mother heard my voice, she began to cry. "I know it's wrong to bother you," she said, "but I can't take any more. I can't take another night of it. I can't sit through another meal."

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"Nathan, did you or didn't you get a letter from Judge Wapter?"

"Oh, I got it all right."

"But—" she was flabbergasted—"then why didn't you answer it?"

"He should not have gone to Wapter with that story, Mother."

"Oh, darling, maybe he shouldn't. But he did. He did because he knows you respect the judge—"

"I don't even *know* the judge."

"That's not *true.* He did so much for you when you were ready for college. He gave you such a wonderful boost. It turns out that in his files he still had the essay you wrote on the Balfour Declaration in high school. His secretary took out the files and there it was. Daddy saw it, right in his chambers. Why you haven't given him the courtesy of a reply . . . Daddy is beside himself. He can't believe it."

"He'll have to."

"But all he wanted was for you not to bring yourself harm. You know that."

"I thought it was the harm I was going to do the Jews that you're all worried about."

"Darling, please, for my sake, why won't you answer Judge Wapter? Why won't you give him the hour he asks for? Surely you have an hour where you are to write a letter. Because you cannot, at the age of twenty-three, ignore such a person. You cannot make enemies at twenty-three of people who are so admired and loved, and by Gentiles too."

"Is that what my father says?"

"He says so much, Nathan. It's been three *weeks* now."

"And how does he even know I haven't answered?"

"From Teddy. He didn't hear from you, so finally he called him. You can well imagine. Teddy is a little fit to be tied. He's not used to this treatment either. After all, he also extended himself on our behalf when you wanted to go to Chicago."

"Ma, I hate to suggest this, but it could be that the judge's famous letter, procured after great ass-kissing all around, had about as much effect on the University of Chicago as a letter about my qualifications from Rocky Graziano."

"Oh, Nathan, where's your humility, where's your modesty—where's the courtesy you have always had?"

"Where are my father's *brains!*"

"He only wants to *save* you."

"From what?"

"*Mistakes.*"

"Too late, Mother. Didn't you read the Ten Questions for Nathan Zuckerman?"

"Dear, I did. He sent us a copy—and the letter too."

"The Big Three, Mama! Streicher, Goebbels, and your son! What about the *judge's* humility? Where's *his* modesty?"

"He only meant that what happened to the Jews—"

"In Europe—not in Newark! We are not the wretched of Belsen! We were not the victims of that crime!"

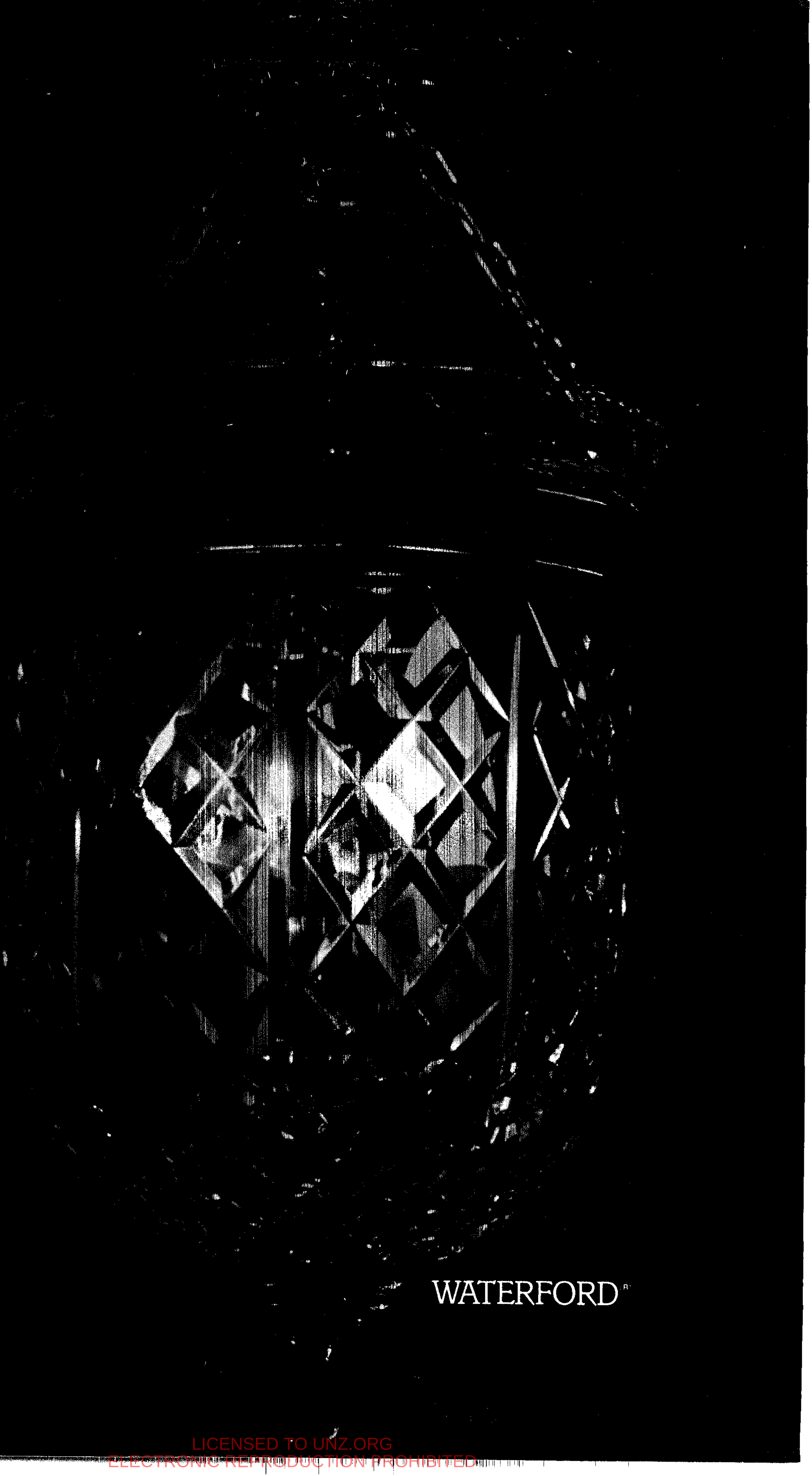
"But we *could* be—in their place we *would* be. Nathan, violence is nothing new to Jews, you *know* that!"

"Ma, you want to see physical violence done to the Jews of Newark, go to the office of the plastic surgeon where the girls get their noses fixed. That's where the Jewish blood flows in Essex County, that's where the blow to them is delivered—with a mallet! To their bones—and to their pride!"

"Please, don't shout at me. I'm not up to all of this, please—that's why

LIGHT
A CRYSTAL
FIRE.

The light
of the stars.
The light
of the sun.
The light
of a lantern
by Waterford.
Fire born
of fire.
A legend
blown by
mouth & cut
wholly by
hand,
with heart.
Waterford Crystal,
225 Fifth Ave.,
New York 10010



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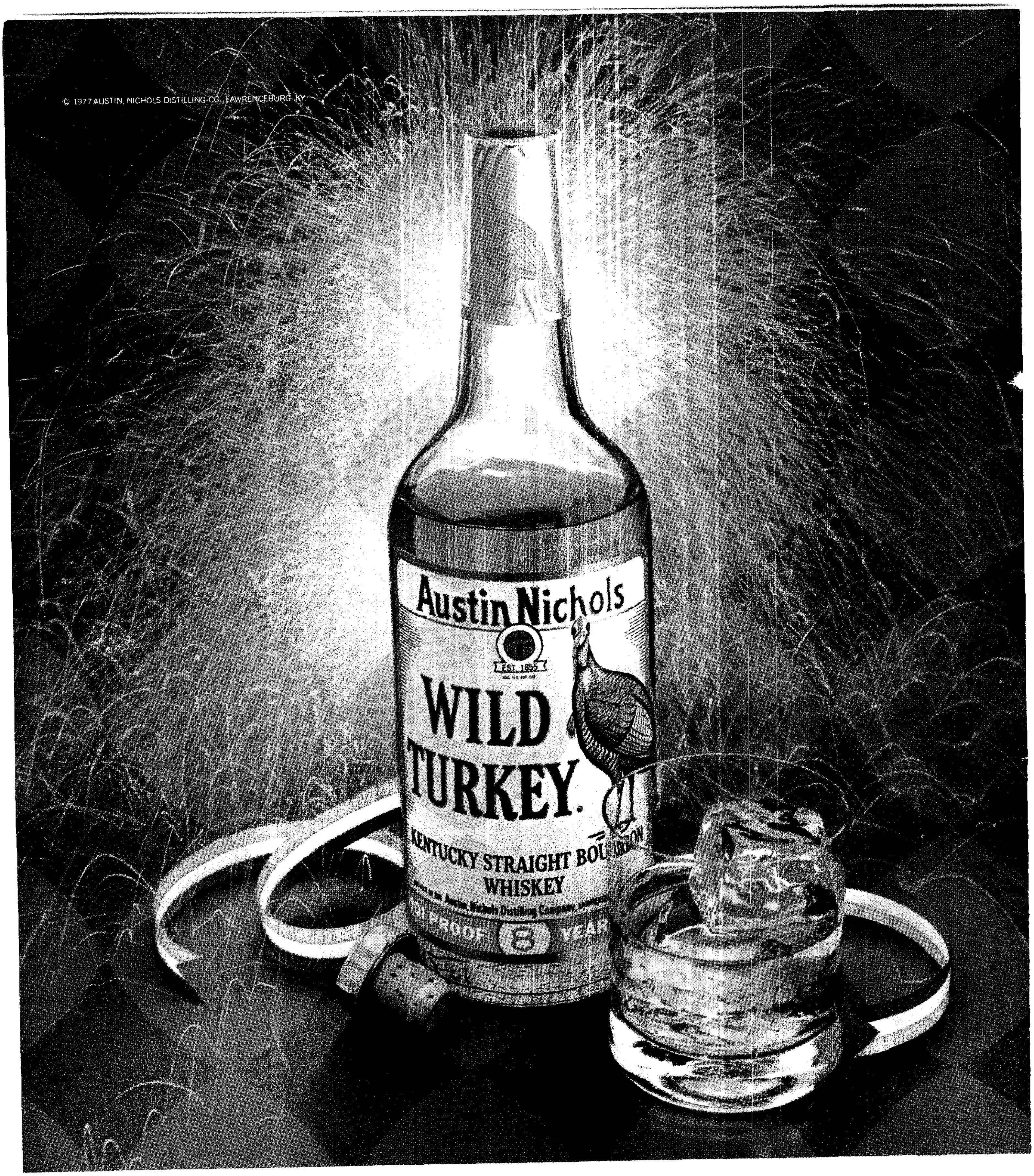
Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
Austin, Nichols Distilling Company
101 PROOF
8
YEAR

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HAVE A WILD BIRTHDAY, AMERICA.

In 1776, Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country.

The Wild Turkey later went on to become the proud symbol of our country's finest Bourbon.

Have it on hand for a Wild celebration of America's 203rd birthday!

I'm calling. Judge Wapter did not mean *you* were Goebbels. God forbid. He was only a little shocked still from reading your story. We all were, you can understand that."

"Oh, maybe then you all shock a little too easily. Jews are heirs to greater shocks than I can possibly deliver with a story that has a sharpie in it like Sidney. Or Essie's hammer. Or Essie's lawyer. You know as much yourself. You just *said* as much."

"Oh, darling, then tell the judge that. Just tell him that, the way you told it to me, and that'll do it. Your father will be happy. Write him *something*. You can write such wonderful and beautiful letters. When Grandma was dying, you wrote her a letter that was like a poem. It was like—like listening to French, it was so beautiful. What you wrote about the Balfour Declaration was so beautiful when you were only fifteen years old. The judge gave it back to Daddy, and said he still remembered how much it had impressed him. He's not against you, Nathan. But if you get your back up and show disrespect, then he will be. And Teddy too, who could be such a help."

"Nothing I could write Wapter would convince him of anything. Or his wife."

"You could tell him you went to see 'The Diary of Anne Frank.' You could at least do that."

"I didn't see it. I read the book. *Everybody* read the book."

"But you liked it, didn't you?"

"That's not the issue. How can you *dis*like it? Mother, I will not prate in platitudes to please the adults!"

"But if you just said that, about reading the book, and liking it . . . Because Teddy told Daddy—well, Nathan, is this true?—that to him it looks like you don't really like Jews very much."

"No, Teddy's got it confused. It's him I don't like very much."

"Oh, darling, don't be clever. Don't start that last-word business, please. Just answer me—I'm so confused in the middle of all this. Nathan, tell me something."

"What?"

"I'm only quoting Teddy. Darling . . ."

"What is it, Ma?"

"Are you really anti-Semitic?"

"I'll leave it to you. What do you think?"

"Me? I never heard of such a thing. But Teddy . . ."

"I know, he's a college graduate and lives with wall-to-wall carpeting in Millburn. But they come pretty stupid too."

"Nathan!"

"Sorry, but that's my opinion."

"Oh, I don't know anything anymore—all this from that story! Please, if you will not do anything else I ask, at least phone your father. He's been waiting for something for three whole weeks now. And he's a doer, your father, he's not a man who knows how to wait. Darling, phone him at his office. Phone him now. For me."

"No."

"I beg of you."

"No."

"Oh, I can't believe this is you."

"It *is* me!"

"But—what about your father's love?"

"I am on my own!"

IN Lonoff's study that night, I began letter after letter explaining myself to my father, but each time I got to the point of repeating E. I. Lonoff's praise for my work, I tore the thing up in a rage. I owed no explanations, and he wouldn't buy those I offered anyway, if he even understood them. Because my voice started back of my knees and reached above my head wasn't going to make him any happier about my informing on those unsavory family miscreants who were nobody's business but our own. Nor would it help to argue that Essie wielding her hammer came off in my story as something more impressive than an embarrassment; that wasn't what other people were going to say about a woman who behaved like that and then expressed herself in a court of law like a man in a barroom brawl. Nor would a spin through the waxworks of my literary museum—from Babel's Odessa gangsters to Abravanel's Los Angeles worldlings—convince him that I was upholding the responsibilities placed on me by his hero, the judge. Odessa? Why not Mars? He was talking about what people would say when they read that story in north Jersey, where we happened to come from. He was talking about the goyim, who looked down on us with enough unearned contempt already, and who would be only too pleased to call us all kikes because of what I had written for the whole world to read about Jews fighting over money. It was not for me to leak the news that such a thing could possibly happen. That was worse than informing—that was collaborating.

d.ehrenberg

Oh, this is useless, I thought, this is idiotic—and tore up yet another half-finished letter in my defense. That the situation between us had deteriorated so rapidly—by his going to Wapter with my story, and by my refusal to justify myself to my elders—was as it had to be, sooner or later. Hadn't Joyce, hadn't Flaubert, hadn't Thomas Wolfe, the romantic genius of my high-school reading list, all been condemned for disloyalty or treachery or immorality by those who saw themselves as slandered in their works? As even the judge knew, literary history was in part the history of novelists infuriating fellow-countrymen, families, and friends. To be sure, our dispute hadn't achieved the lustre of literary history quite yet, but still, writers weren't writers, I told myself, if they didn't have the strength to face the insolubility of that conflict and go on.

But what about sons? It wasn't Flaubert's father or Joyce's father who had impugned me for my recklessness—it was my own. Nor was it the Irish he claimed I had maligned and misrepresented, but the Jews. Of which I was one. Of which, only some five thousand days past, there had been millions more.

Yet each time I tried again to explain my motives, the angrier with him I became. It's you who humiliated yourself—now live with it, you moralizing ass! Wapter, that know-nothing windbag! That dopey pillar! And the pious belle with her love for the arts! Worth ten million and she chides *me* about "financial gain"! And Abba Hillel Silver on top of that! Oh, don't waste time on prodigal me about Rabbi Silver's grandeur, lady, tell my late cousin Sidney and his friends in the Mob—quote Zvi Masliansky to them, like you do at the country club on the eighteenth hole!

At around eleven I heard the town snowplow clearing the unpaved road beyond the apple orchard. Later a pickup truck with a snow blade clamped to the front end charged into the driveway and shoved the evening's snowfall into the orchard atop the snowfall of the previous thirty nights. The little Renault arrived last, swerving slowly into the driveway about half an hour later, one beam on high, the other dim, and with half-dead windshield wipers.

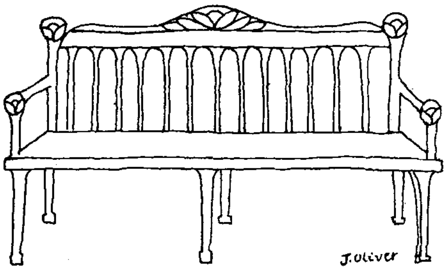
At the first sound of her car returning, I had flipped off all my lights and crawled to the study window on my knees so as to watch her make her way toward the house. For I had not stayed awake simply because I couldn't forget my father's disapproval or E. I. Lonoff's toast—I also had no intention of being unconscious when the enchanting and mysterious houseguest (all the more alluring, of course, as Hope's imagined erotic rival) got back to change into her nightdress on the floor above me. What I would be able to do about this I had no idea. However, just to be awake and unclothed in one bed while she was awake and nearly unclothed in another was better than nothing. It was a start.

But predictably, it was worse than nothing and the start of little that was new. The lantern on the half-buried lamppost between the house and the car shed went dark, and then, from where I was kneeling beside the study door, I heard her enter the house. She moved through the hallway and up the carpeted stairs—and that was the last of her that I saw or heard until about an hour later, when I was privileged to audit another astounding course, this one in the adult evening division of the Lonoff School of the Arts. The rest of what I'd been waiting up for I had, of course, to imagine. But that is easier work by far than making things up at the typewriter. For that kind of imagining you don't have to have your picture in *The Saturday Review*. You don't even have to know the alphabet. Being young will usually get a fellow through with flying colors. You don't even have to be young. You don't have to be anything.

Virtuous reader, if you think that after intercourse all animals are sad, try masturbating on the daybed in E. I. Lonoff's study and see how you feel when it's over. To expiate my sense of utter shabbiness, I immediately took to the high road and drew from Lonoff's bookshelves the volume of Henry James stories containing "The Middle Years," the source of one of the two quotations pinned to the bulletin board. And there where I had indulged myself in this most un-Jamesian lapse from the amenities, I read the story two times through, looking to discover what I could about the doubt that's the writer's passion, the passion that's his task, and the madness of—of all things—art.

Dencombe, a novelist "who had a reputation," is convalescing from a debilitating ailment at an English health resort when a copy of his latest book, "The Middle Years," arrives from his publisher. Seated alone on a bench looking out to sea, Dencombe reluctantly opens the book—to discover what he believes is the artistic distinction that had always evaded him. His genius has flowered, however, just when he no longer has the strength to develop a " 'last manner' . . . into which his real treasure would be gathered." That would require a second existence, and everything tells him that the first one is nearly over.

While fearfully contemplating the end of his life, Dencombe is joined on the bench by a garrulous young stranger carrying his own copy of "The Middle Years." He begins to speak ardently of Dencombe's achievement to the mild gentleman who he finds has also been reading the new novel. The admirer—"the greatest admirer . . . of whom it was supposable he might boast"—is Dr. Hugh, the physician to a rich, eccentric English countess, who is at the hotel, like Dencombe, to recover from some grave illness. Inflamed with passion for "The Middle Years," Dr. Hugh opens the book to read aloud a particularly beautiful passage; but having mistakenly seized Dencombe's copy rather than his own, he discovers that the printed text has been altered in a dozen places by a pencil. With this, the anonymous and ailing author on the brink of being discovered—"a passionate corrector" never able to arrive at a final form—feels his sickness sweeping over him and loses consciousness.



In the days that follow, Dencombe, bedridden, hopes that some remedy miraculously concocted by the attentive young physician will restore his strength. However, when he learns that the countess plans to disinherit Dr. Hugh of a magnificent fortune if he continues to neglect her for the novelist, Dencombe encourages Dr. Hugh to follow her to London. But Dr. Hugh cannot overcome his passionate idolatry, and by the time he acts on Dencombe's advice to hurry to his employer, he has already suffered "a terrible injury" for which Dencombe almost believes himself to be responsible: the countess has died, in a relapse brought on by her jealousy, bequeathing to the young physician not a penny. Says Dr. Hugh, returning from her grave to the dying soul whom he adores, "I had to choose."

"You chose to let a fortune go?"

"I chose to accept, whatever they might be, the consequences of my in-

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TREE FERNS

They were the local Ohio palm, tropic in the heat of trains.
They could grow in anything—pitch, whole grain,
cinders, ash and rust, the dirt
dumped back of the foundry, what

the men wore home. Little willows,
they were made to be brushed back by the traffic of boxcars
the way wind will dust the shade
of the small part of a river. They'd

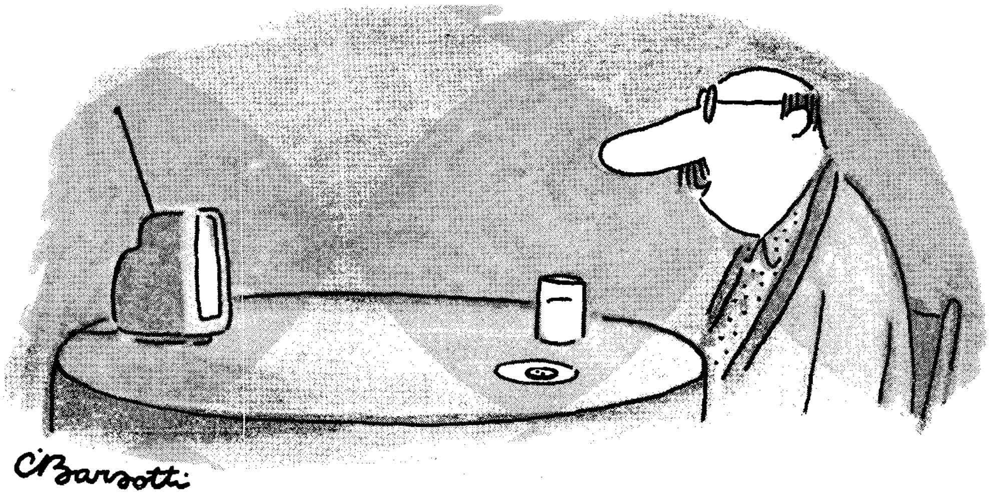
go from almost green to almost gray with each long passing,
each leaf, each branch a stain
on the winded air. They were too thin
for rain—nothing could touch them.

So we'd start with pocketknives, cutting and whittling them down
from willow, palm, or any other name.
They were what they looked like. Horsewhip, whipweed.
They could lay on a fine welt if you wanted.

And on a hot, dry day, July, they could all but burn.
At a certain age you try to pull all kinds of things
out of the ground, out of the loose gravel thrown by trains.

Or break off what you can and cut it clean.

—Stanley Plumly



"You mean to tell me it does all that for only $14.95?"

• •

fatuation," smiled Doctor Hugh. Then, as a larger pleasantry: "The fortune be hanged! It's your own fault if I can't get your things out of my head."

A thin black line had been drawn beneath the "pleasantry" in Lonoff's book. In script so tiny it was almost unreadable, the writer had noted beside it a droll pleasantry of his own: "And also your fault if I can."

From there on, down both margins of the final page describing Dencombe's death, Lonoff had penned three vertical lines. Nothing resembling drollery here. Rather, the six surgically precise black lines seemed to simulate the succession of fine impressions that James's insidious narrative about the novelist's dubious wizardry had scored upon Lonoff's undeluded brain.

After Dencombe has learned the consequences of the young man's infatuation—consequences so utterly irreconcilable with his own honorable convictions that Dencombe, upon hearing of his place in it all, utters "a long bewildered moan"—he lies "for many hours, many days . . . motionless and absent."

At the last he signed to Doctor Hugh to listen and, when he was down on his knees by the pillow, brought him very near. "You've made me think it all a delusion."

"Not your glory, my dear friend," stammered the young man.

"Not my glory—what there is of it! It *is* glory—to have been tested, to have had our little quality and cast our little spell. The thing is to have made somebody care. You happen to be crazy of course, but that doesn't affect the law."

"You're a great success!" said Doctor Hugh, putting into his young voice the ring of a marriage-bell.

Dencombe lay taking this in; then he gathered strength to speak once more. "A second chance—*that's* the delusion. There never was to be but one. We work in the dark—we do what we can—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art."

"If you've doubted, if you've despaired, you've always 'done' it," his visitor subtly argued.

"We've done something or other," Dencombe conceded.

"Something or other is everything. It's the feasible. It's *you!*"

"Comforter!" poor Dencombe ironically sighed.

"But it's true," insisted his friend.

"It's true. It's frustration that doesn't count."

"Frustration's only life," said Doctor Hugh.

"Yes, it's what passes." Poor Dencombe was barely audible, but he had marked with the words the virtual end of his first and only chance.

Within moments of hearing muffled voices coming from above my head, I stood up on the daybed—my finger still holding my place in the book—and, stretching to my full height, tried to make out what was being said up there and by whom. When that didn't help, I thought of climbing onto Lonoff's desk; it was easily a foot or so higher than the daybed and would put my ear only inches from the room's low ceiling. But if I should fall, if I should alter by a millimetre the placement of his typing paper, if somehow I should leave footprints—no, I couldn't risk it and shouldn't even have been thinking of it. I had gone far enough already by expropriating the corner of the desk to compose my half-dozen unfinished letters home. My sense of propriety, not to mention the author's gracious hospitality, required me to restrain myself from committing such a sordid, callow little indecency.

But in the meantime I had done it.

A woman was crying. Which one, over what, who was there comforting her—or causing the tears? Just a little higher and maybe I could find out. A thick dictionary would have been perfect, but Lonoff's Webster's was down on a shelf of fat reference books level with the typing chair, and the best I could manage under pressure was to gain another couple of inches by kneeling to insert between the desk and my feet the volume of stories by Henry James.

Ah, the unreckoned consequences, the unaccountable uses of art! Dencombe would understand. James would understand. But would Lonoff? *Don't fall.*

"Now you're being sensible." Lonoff was the speaker. "You had to see for yourself, and so you saw."

A light thud directly overhead. Someone had dropped into a chair. The weary writer? In his bathrobe now, or still in his suit and tie and polished shoes?

Then I heard Amy Bellette. And what was *she* wearing at this hour? "I saw nothing—only more misery either way. Of course I can't live here—but I can't keep living there, either. I can't live anywhere. I can't *live.*"

"Quiet down. She's had it for today. Let her rest, now that she's asleep."

"She's ruining everyone's life."

"Don't blame her for what you hold against me. I'm the one who says no around here. Now *you* go to sleep."

"I can't. I don't want to. We can talk."

"We've talked."

Silence. Were they down on their knees listening through the old floorboards for *me?* Then they had long since heard my drumming heart.

Bedsprings! Lonoff climbing in beside her!

But it was Amy getting out of bed I heard, not Lonoff climbing in. Her feet lightly crossed the floor, only inches above my lips.

"I love you. I love you so, Dad-da. There's no one else like you. They're all such *dopes.*"

"You're a good girl."

"Let me sit on your lap. Just hold me a minute and I'll be fine."

"You're fine now. You're always fine in the end. You're the great survivor."

"No, just the world's strongest weakling. Oh, tell me a story. Sing me a song. Oh, imitate the great Durante, I really need it tonight."

At first it sounded like somebody coughing. But then I could hear that, yes, he was singing to her, very quietly, in the manner of Jimmy Durante. "—So I ups to him, and he ups to me—" I could catch just the one line, but that was enough for me to recall the song itself being sung by Durante on his radio show, in the celebrated raffish voice, and with the hoarse, endearing simple-hearted delivery that the famous author was now impersonating overhead.

"More," said Amy.

Was she now on his lap? Amy in her nightie and Lonoff in his suit?

"You go to sleep," he told her.

"More. Sing 'I Can Do Without Broadway.' "

" 'Oh, I know don well I can do widout Broadway—*but* . . . can Broadway do widout meeeee? . . .' "

"Oh, Manny, we could be so happy—in Florence, my sweetest, we could come out of hiding."

"We're not in hiding. We never have been."

"No, not when it's like this. But otherwise it's all so false and wrong and lonely. We could make each other so happy. I wouldn't be your little girl over there. I would when we played, but otherwise I'd be your wife."

"We'd be what we've always been. Stop dreaming."

"No, *not* so. Without her—"

"You want a corpse on your conscience? She would be dead in a year."

"But I have a corpse on my conscience." The floor creaked where her two feet had suddenly landed. So she *had* been on his lap! "Look!"

"Cover yourself."

"My corpse."

Scuffing on the floorboards. The heavy tread of Lonoff on the move.

"Good night."

"Look at it."

"Melodrama, Amy. Cover up."

"You prefer tragedy?"

"Don't wallow. You're not convincing. Decide not to lose hold—and then don't."

"But I'm going crazy! I cannot live apart from you! I don't know how. Oh, why didn't I take that job—and move back! And the hell with her!"

"You did the right thing. You know just what to do."

"Yes, give things up!"

"Dreamy things, correct."

"Oh, Manny, would it kill you just to kiss my breasts? Is that dreamy too? Would it cause the death of anyone if you just did that?"

"You cover yourself now."

"Dad-da, *please*."

But next I heard Lonoff's carpet slippers—yes, he was out of his suit, dressed for bed—padding through the upstairs corridor. Soundlessly as I could, I slipped down from the desk and made my way on my toes to the daybed, where, from the sheer physical effort that had gone into my acrobatic eavesdropping, I collapsed. My astonishment at what I'd overheard, my shame at this unpardonable breach of his trust, my relief at having escaped undiscovered—all that turned out to be nothing, really, beside the frustration I soon began to feel over the thinness of my imagination and what that promised for the future. Dad-da, Florence, the great Durante; her babyishness and desire, his mad, heroic restraint— Oh, if only I could have imagined the scene I'd overheard! If only I could invent as presumptuously as real life! If one day I could just *approach* the originality and excitement of what actually goes on! But if I ever did, what then would they think of me, my father and his judge? How would my elders hold up against that? And if they couldn't, if the blow to their sentiments was finally too wounding, just how well would I hold up against being hated and reviled and disowned?

Femme Fatale

It was only a year earlier that Amy had told Lonoff her whole story. Weeping hysterically, she had phoned him one night from the Biltmore Hotel in New York; as best he could understand, that morning she had come down alone on a train from Boston to see the matinée performance of a play, intending to return home again by train in the evening. Instead, after coming out of the theatre, she had taken a hotel room, where ever since she had been "in hiding."

At midnight, having only just finished his evening's reading and gone up to bed, Lonoff got into his car and drove south. By four he had reached the city, by six she had told him that it was the dramatization of Anne Frank's diary she had come to New York to see, but it was midmorning before she could explain even somewhat coherently her connection with this new Broadway play.

"It wasn't the play—I could have watched that easily enough if I had been alone. It was the people watching with me. Carloads of women kept pulling up to the theatre, women wearing fur coats, with expensive shoes and handbags. I thought, This isn't for me. The billboards, the photographs, the marquee, I could take all that. But it was the women who frightened me—and their families and their children and their homes. Go to a movie, I told myself, go instead to a museum. But I showed my ticket, I went in with them, and of course it happened. It had to happen. It's what happens there. The women cried. Everyone around me was in tears. Then at the end, in the row behind me, a woman screamed, 'Oh, no.' That's why I came running here. I wanted a room with a telephone in it where I could stay until I'd found my father. But all I did once I was here was sit in the bathroom thinking that if he knew, if I told him, then they would have to come out on the stage after each performance and announce, 'But she is really alive. You needn't worry, she survived, she is twenty-six now, and doing very well.' I would say to him, 'You must keep this our secret—no one but you must ever know.' But suppose he was found out? What if we both were? Manny, I couldn't call him. And I knew I couldn't when I heard that woman scream 'Oh, no.' I knew then what's been true all along: I'll never see him again. I have to be dead to everyone."

Amy lay on the rumpled bed, wrapped tightly in a blanket, while Lonoff listened in silence from a chair by the window. Upon entering the unlocked room, he had found her sitting in the empty bathtub, still wearing her best dress and her best coat: the coat because she could not stop trembling, in the tub because it was the farthest she could get from the window, which was twenty floors above the street.

"How pathetic, you must think. What a joke," she said.

"A joke? On whom? I don't see the joke."

"My telling this to you."

"I still don't get it."

"Because it's like one of your stories. An E. I. Lonoff story . . . called . . . oh, you'd know what to call it. You'd know how to tell it in three pages. A homeless girl comes from Europe, sits in the professor's class being clever, listens to his records, plays his daughter's piano, virtually grows up in his house, and then one day, when the waif is a woman and out on her own, one fine day in the Biltmore Hotel, she casually announces . . ."

He left his chair and came to sit beside her on the bed while she went to pieces again. "Yes," he said, "quite casually."

"Manny, I'm not a lunatic, I'm not a crackpot, I'm not some girl—you must believe me—trying to be interesting and imitate your art!"

"My dear friend," he replied, his arms around her now and rocking her like a child, "if this is all so—"

"Oh, Dad-da, I'm afraid it really is."

"Well, then, you have left my poor art far behind."

THIS is the tale that Amy told the morning after she had gone alone to the Cort Theatre to sit amid the weeping and inconsolable audience at the famous New York production of "The Diary of Anne Frank." This is the story that the twenty-six-year-old young woman with the striking face and the fetching accent and the felicitous prose style and the patience, according to Lonoff, of a Lonoff, expected him to believe was true.

After the war she had become Amy Bellette. She had not taken the new name to disguise her identity—as yet there was no need—but, as she imagined at the time, to forget her life. She had been in a coma for weeks, first in the filthy barracks with the other ailing and starving inmates, and then in the squalid makeshift "infirmary." A dozen dying children had been rounded up by the S.S. and placed beneath blankets in a room with twelve beds in order to impress the Allied armies, advancing upon Bergen-Belsen, with the amenities of concentration-camp living. Those of the twelve still alive when the British got there had been moved to an Army field hospital. It was here that she finally came around. She understood sometimes less and sometimes more than the nurses explained to her, but she would not speak. Instead, without howling or hallucinating, she tried to find a way to believe that she was somewhere in Germany, that she was not yet sixteen, and that her family was dead. Those were the facts; now to grasp them.

"Little Beauty" the nurses called her—a silent, dark, emaciated girl—and so, one morning, ready to talk, she told them that the surname was Bellette. Amy she got from an American book she had sobbed over as a child, "Little Women." She had decided, during her long silence, to go off and finish growing up in America now that there was nobody left to live with in Amsterdam. After Belsen she figured it might be best to put an ocean the size of the Atlantic between herself and what she needed to forget.

She learned of her father's survival while waiting to get her teeth examined by the Lonoffs' family dentist in Stockbridge. She had been three years with foster families in England, and almost a year as a freshman at Athene College, when she picked an old copy of *Time* out of the pile in the waiting room and, just turning pages, saw a photograph of a Jewish businessman named Otto Frank. In July of 1942, some two years after the beginning of the Nazi Occupation, he had taken his wife and his two young daughters into hiding. Along with another Jewish family, the Franks lived safely for twenty-five months in a rear upper story of the Amsterdam building where he used to have his business offices. Then, in August, 1944, their whereabouts were apparently betrayed by one of the workers in the warehouse below, and the hideout was uncovered by the police. Of the eight who'd been together in the sealed-off attic rooms, only Otto Frank survived the concentration camps. When he came back to Amsterdam after the war, the Dutch family who had been their protectors gave him the notebooks that had been kept in hiding by his younger daughter, a girl of fifteen when she died in Belsen: a diary, some ledgers she wrote in, and a sheaf of papers emptied out of her briefcase when the Nazis were ransacking the place for valuables. Frank printed and circulated the diary only privately at first, as a memorial to his family, but in 1947 it was published in a regular edition under the title "Het Achterhuis"—"The House Behind." Dutch readers, *Time* said, were greatly affected by the young teen-ager's record of how the hunted Jews tried to carry on a civilized life despite their deprivations and the terror of discovery.

Alongside the article—"A Survivor's Sorrows"—was the photograph of the diarist's father, "now sixty." He stood alone in his coat and hat in front of the building on the Prinsengracht Canal where his late family had improvised a last home.

Next came the part of her story that Lonoff was bound to think improbable. She herself, however, could not consider it all that strange that she should be thought dead when in fact she was alive; nobody who knew the chaos of those final months—the Allies bombing everywhere, the S.S. in flight—would call that improbable. Whoever

"What a beautiful odd-numbered day!"

claimed to have seen her dead of typhus in Belsen had either confused her with her older sister, Margot, or had figured that she was dead after seeing her so long in a coma, or had watched her being carted away, as good as dead, by the Kapos.

"Belsen was the third camp," Amy told him. "We were sent first to Westerbork, north of Amsterdam. There were other children around to talk to, we were back in the open air—aside from being frightened, it really wasn't that awful yet. Daddy lived in the men's barracks, but when I got sick he managed somehow to get into the women's camp at night and to come to my bed and hold my hand. We were there a month, then we were shipped to Auschwitz. Three days and three nights on the freight cars. Then they opened the doors and that was the last I saw of him. The men were pushed in one direction, we were pushed in the other. That was early September. I saw my mother last at the end of October. She could hardly speak by then. When Margot and I were shipped from Auschwitz, I don't even know if she understood."

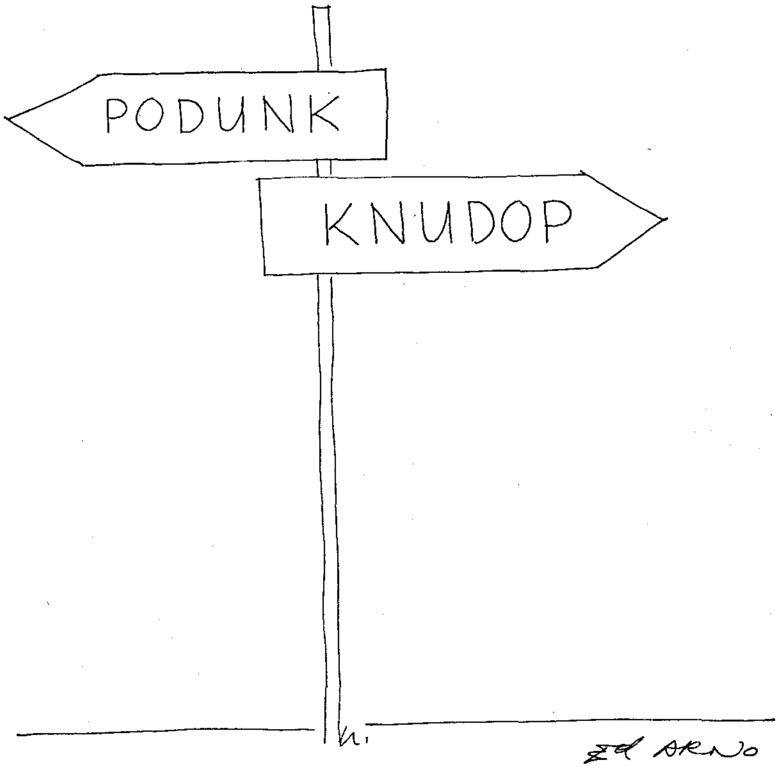
She told him about Belsen. Those who had survived the cattle cars lived at first in tents on the heath. They slept on the bare ground in rags. Days went by without food or fresh water, and after the autumn storms tore the tents from their moorings, they slept exposed to the wind and rain. When at last they were being moved into barracks, they saw ditches beyond the camp enclosure piled high with bodies—the people who had died on the heath from typhus and starvation. By the time winter came, it seemed as if everyone still alive was either sick or half mad. And then, while watching her sister slowly dying, she grew sick herself. After Margot's death, she could hardly remember the women in the barracks who had helped her, and knew nothing of what happened to them.

It was not so improbable, either, that after her long hospital convalescence she had not made her way to the address in Switzerland where the family had agreed to meet if they should ever lose touch with one another. Would a weak sixteen-year-old girl undertake a journey requiring money, visas—requiring hope—only to learn at the other end that she was as lost and alone as she feared?

No, no, the improbable part was this: that instead of telephoning *Time* and saying, "I'm the one who wrote the diary—find Otto Frank!," she jotted down in her notebook the date on the magazine's cover and, after a tooth had been filled, went off with her schoolbooks to the library. What was improbable—inexplicable, indefensible, a torment still to her conscience—was that, calm and studious as ever, she checked the New York Times Index and the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature for "Frank, Anne" and "Frank, Otto" and "Het Achterhuis," and when she found nothing, went down to the library's lowest stacks, where the periodicals were shelved. There she spent the remaining hour before dinner rereading the article in *Time*. She read it until she knew it by heart. She studied her father's photograph. Now sixty. And those were the words that did it—made of her once again the daughter who cut his hair for him in the attic, the daughter who did her lessons there with him as her tutor, the daughter who would run to his bed and cling to him under the covers when she heard the Allied bombers flying over Amsterdam: suddenly she was the daughter for whom he had taken the place of everything she could no longer have. She cried for a very long time. But when she went to dinner in the dormitory, she pretended that nothing catastrophic had once again happened to Otto Frank's Anne.

But then right from the beginning she had resolved not to speak about what she had been through. Resolutions were her strong point as a young girl on her own. How else could she have lasted on her own? One of the thousand reasons she could not bear Uncle Daniel, the first of her foster fathers in England, was that sooner or later he wound up telling whoever walked into the house about all that had happened to Amy during the war. And then there was Miss Giddings, the young teacher in the school north of London who was always giving the orphaned little Jewess tender glances during history class. One day after school Miss Giddings took her for a lemon-curd tart at the local tearoom and asked her questions about the concentration camps. Her eyes filled with tears as Amy, who felt obliged to answer, confirmed the stories she had heard but could never quite believe. "Terrible," Miss Giddings said. "So terrible." Amy silently drank her tea and ate her lovely tart, while Miss Giddings, like one of her own history students, tried in vain to understand the past. "Why is it," the unhappy teacher finally asked, "that for centuries people have hated you Jews?" Amy rose to her feet. She was stunned. "Don't ask me that!" the girl said—"ask the madmen who hate us!" And she had nothing further to do with Miss Giddings as a friend—or with anyone else who asked her anything about what they couldn't possibly understand.

One Saturday only a few months after her arrival in England, vowing that if she heard another plaintive "Belsen" out of Uncle Daniel's mouth she would run off to Southampton and stow away on an American ship—and having had about enough of the snooty brand of sympathy the purebred English teachers offered at school—she burned her arm while ironing a blouse. The neighbors came running at the sound of her screams and rushed her to the hospital emer-



12
CHIVAS REGAL
Here's to your first million
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
Bon Voyage
12
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
Happy Anniversary
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
Happy Birthday.
12
CHIVAS REGAL
1801
Thanks for inviting us.
12
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
Good luck in your new home.

Why wait for Christmas?

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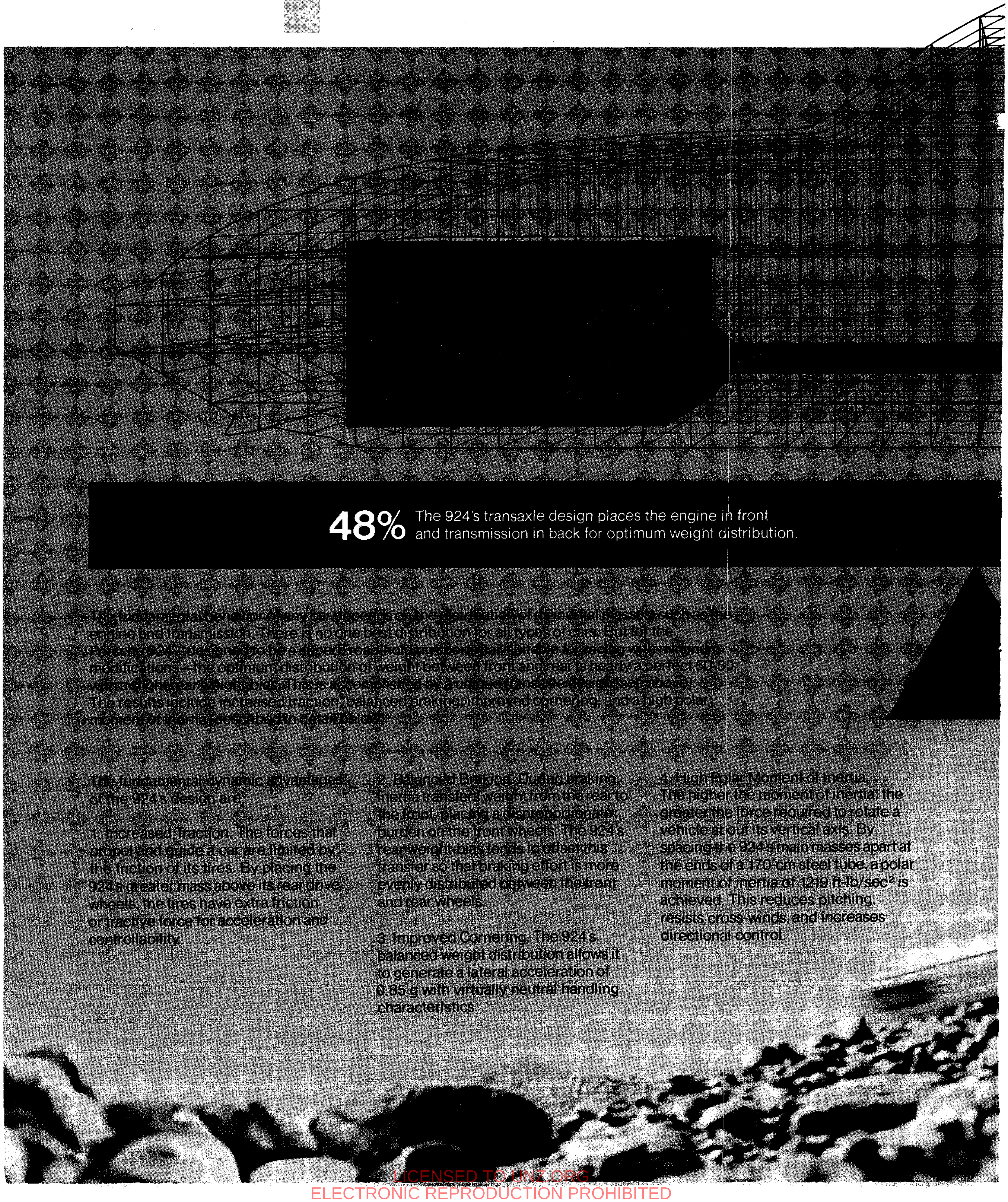
Consumer Orientation

No. 1 in a Series
of Technical Papers

Subject:
Exploitation of Inertial Masses
for Neutral
Vehicle Handling



48% The 924's transaxle design places the engine in front and transmission in back for optimum weight distribution.

The fundamental behavior of any car depends on the distribution of its inertial masses, such as the engine and transmission. There is no one best distribution for all types of cars. But for the Porsche 924—designed to be a superb road-holding sports car suitable for racing with minimum modifications—the optimum distribution of weight between front and rear is nearly a perfect 50-50, with a slight rear weight bias. This is accomplished by a unique transaxle design (see above). The results include increased traction, balanced braking, improved cornering, and a high polar moment of inertia described in detail below.

The fundamental dynamic advantages of the 924's design are:

1. Increased Traction. The forces that propel and guide a car are limited by the friction of its tires. By placing the 924's greater mass above its rear drive wheels, the tires have extra friction or tractive force for acceleration and controllability.

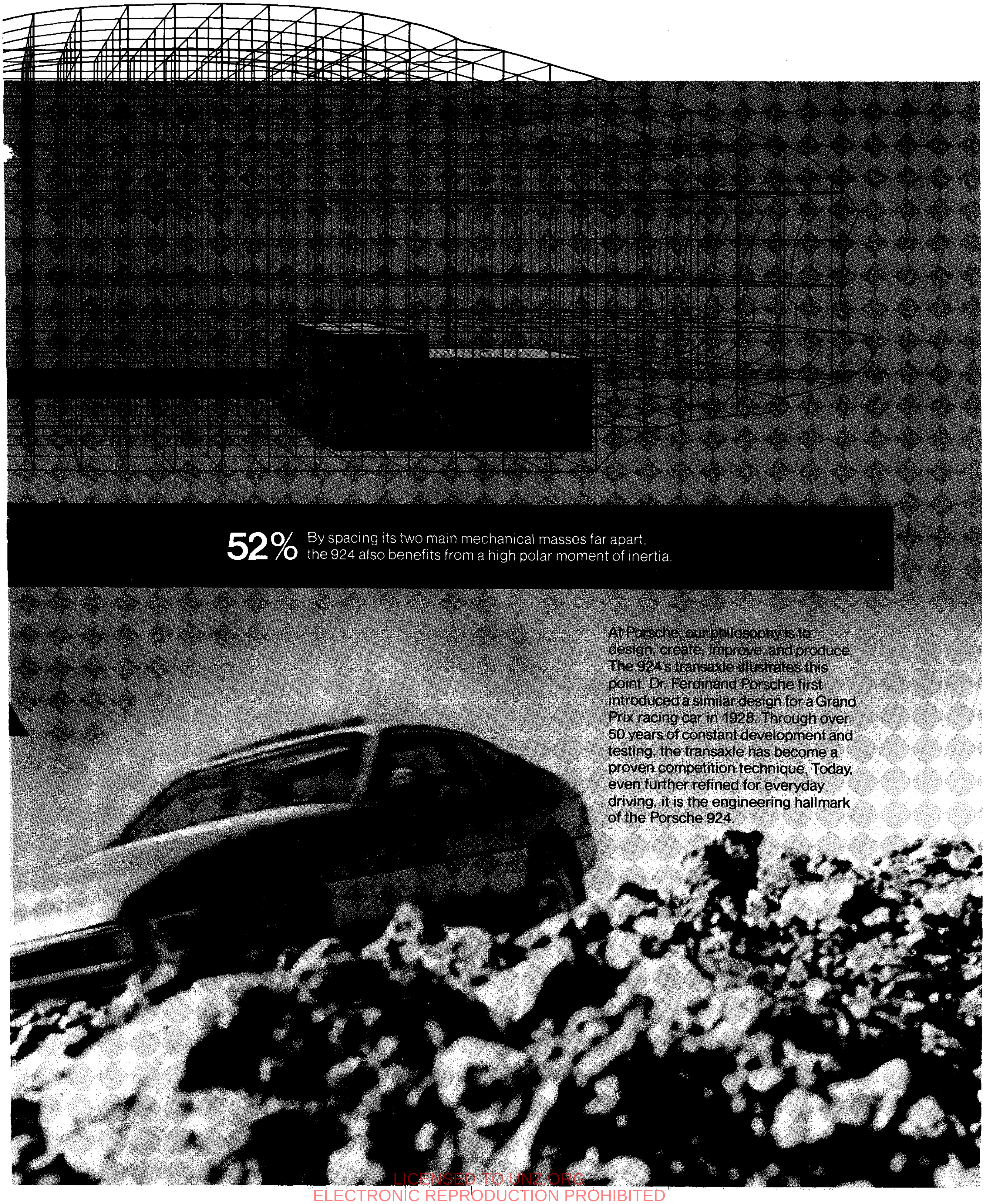
2. Balanced Braking. During braking, inertia transfers weight from the rear to the front, placing a disproportionate burden on the front wheels. The 924's rear weight bias tends to offset this transfer so that braking effort is more evenly distributed between the front and rear wheels.

3. Improved Cornering. The 924's balanced weight distribution allows it to generate a lateral acceleration of 0.85 g with virtually neutral handling characteristics.

4. High Polar Moment of Inertia. The higher the moment of inertia, the greater the force required to rotate a vehicle about its vertical axis. By spacing the 924's main masses apart at the ends of a 170-cm steel tube, a polar moment of inertia of 1219 ft-lb/sec^2 is achieved. This reduces pitching, resists cross-winds, and increases directional control.

Porsche 924

Porsche+Audi
Nothing
Even Comes
Close

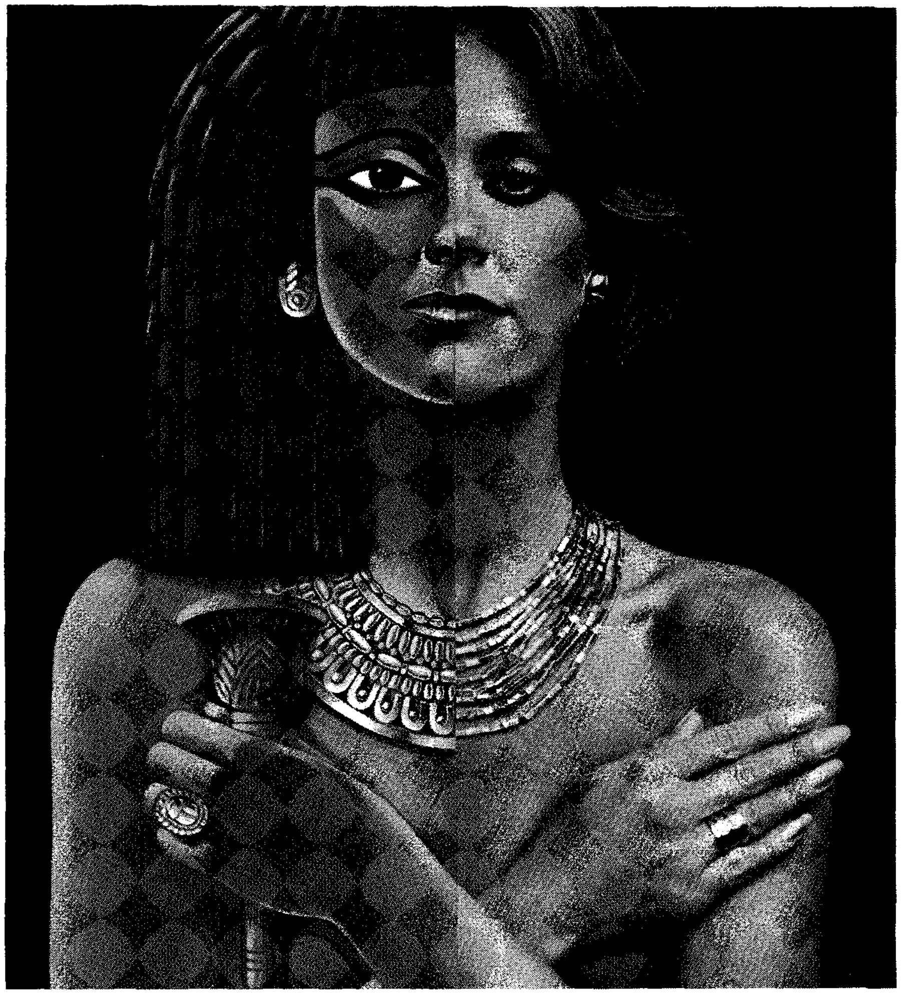


52% By spacing its two main mechanical masses far apart, the 924 also benefits from a high polar moment of inertia.

At Porsche, our philosophy is to design, create, improve, and produce. The 924's transaxle illustrates this point. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche first introduced a similar design for a Grand Prix racing car in 1928. Through over 50 years of constant development and testing, the transaxle has become a proven competition technique. Today, even further refined for everyday driving, it is the engineering hallmark of the Porsche 924.

MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

Gold on the body: the ancient urge that became a tradition.



Gold Jewelry by M & J Savitt

A woman emerges from her bath, towels herself dry and begins her dressing ritual. In the next few minutes she reaches for a golden object—a necklace, a bracelet or a ring—and places it on her body.

It is a simple, unceremonious act yet in one aspect it is utterly remarkable, for it is an act both as ancient as recorded history and as modern as tomorrow. The wearing of gold on the body, beginning as it must have, as a primitive urge, has not only accompanied man through much of his evolution, it may even be his oldest surviving tradition.

One would think that a behavior so universal would have a universally accepted explanation, but this does not exist. The famous psychiatrists Freud and Jung disagreed. Others, too, have studied the phenomenon and the theories range from the almost incomprehensibly profound to the almost ludicrously superficial. More serious suppositions have included sexual enhancement, social or tribal status, an inner quest for immortality, self-deception, self-esteem, superstition, religion and, as in the case of Freud, a carnal hypothesis. What is generally agreed to at this point is only that gold's attraction *is* deeply psychological and that it has touched both male and female and in every culture that has ever known the metal.

But it is a world unseeking of theories that has dedicated itself to gold adornment and today it does so on an extraordinary scale. In 1977, it swallowed up almost two-thirds of that year's new gold supply. It also helped support industries of considerable proportions—mining, refining, manufacturing—all the way down to hundreds of thousands of retailers, over 30,000 in the U.S. alone.

It should be noted that although much of the world wears gold, it wears it in different shades—some Europeans, for example, prefer slightly redder golds while in America the choice is often yellower. Karatage, or degree of real gold content, varies, too, from country to country in a variety too extensive to list here.

It seems worth adding, however, that much jewelry manufactured everywhere in the world today uses classic techniques that date back centuries, and the gold ring you wear was probably formed using a "lost wax" method known at least 4,000 years.

Gold, of course, is not the only viable ornamentation for the body. But it is the *only* material known to man that contains in combination the four characteristics of lustrous beauty, virtual indestructibility, extreme rarity, and ease of workability. And somehow this seems to be the magic combination that satisfies the inner calling of the human psyche more than anything else.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information write to: The Gold Information Center, Department Y59, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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The Gold Information Center.

gency room. When the bandage was removed, there was a patch of purple scar tissue about half the size of an egg instead of her camp number.

After the accident, as her foster parents called it, Uncle Daniel informed the Jewish Welfare Board that his wife's ill health made it impossible for them to continue to have Amy in their home. The foster child moved on to another family—and then another. She told whoever asked that she had been evacuated from Holland with a group of Jewish schoolchildren the week before the Nazis invaded. Sometimes she did not even say that the schoolchildren were Jewish, an omission for which she was mildly rebuked by the Jewish families who had accepted responsibility for her and were troubled by her lying. But she could not bear them all laying their helpful hands upon her shoulders because of Auschwitz and Belsen. If she was going to be thought exceptional, it would not be because of Auschwitz and Belsen but because of what she had made of herself since.

They were kind and thoughtful people, and they tried to get her to understand that she was not in danger in England. "You needn't feel frightened or threatened in any way," they assured her. "Or ashamed of anything." "I'm not ashamed. That's the point." "Well, that isn't always the point when young people try to hide their Jewish origins." "Maybe it isn't with others," she told them, "but it is with me."

On the Saturday after discovering her father's photograph in *Time*, she took the morning bus to Boston, and in every foreign bookstore looked in vain for a copy of "Het Achterhuis." Two weeks later she travelled the three hours to Boston again, this time to the main post office to rent a box. She paid for it in cash, then mailed the letter she was carrying in her handbag, along with a money order for fifteen dollars, to Contact Publishers in Amsterdam, requesting them to send, postage paid, to Pilgrim International Bookshop, P.O. Box 152, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., as many copies as fifteen dollars would buy of "Het Achterhuis," by Anne Frank.

She had been dead for him some four years; believing her dead another month or two would not really hurt much more. Curiously, she did not hurt more either, except in bed at night, when she cried and begged forgiveness for the cruelty she was practicing on her perfect father, now sixty.

Nearly three months after she had sent the order off to her Amsterdam publisher, on a warm, sunny day at the beginning of August, there was a package too large for the Pilgrim Bookshop post-office box waiting to be picked up in Boston. She was wearing a beige linen skirt and a fresh white cotton blouse, both ironed the night before. Her hair, cut in pageboy style that spring, had been washed and set the previous night, and her skin was evenly tanned. She was swimming a mile every morning and playing tennis every afternoon, and all in all was as fit and energetic as a twenty-year-old could be. Maybe that was why, when the postal clerk handed her the parcel, she did not tear at the string with her teeth or faint straightaway onto the marble floor. Instead, she walked over to the Common—the package mailed from Holland swinging idly from one hand—and wandered along until she found an unoccupied bench. She sat first on a bench in the shade, but then got up and walked on until she found a perfect spot in the sunshine.

After thoroughly studying the Dutch stamps—postwar issues new to her—and contemplating the postmark, she set about to see how carefully she could undo the package. It was a preposterous display of unruffled patience and she meant it to be. She was feeling at once triumphant and giddy. Forbearance, she thought. Patience. Without patience there is no life. When she had finally untied the string and unfolded, without tearing, the layers of thick brown paper, it seemed to her that what she had so meticulously removed from the wrappings and placed onto the lap of her clean and pretty American girl's beige linen skirt was her survival itself.

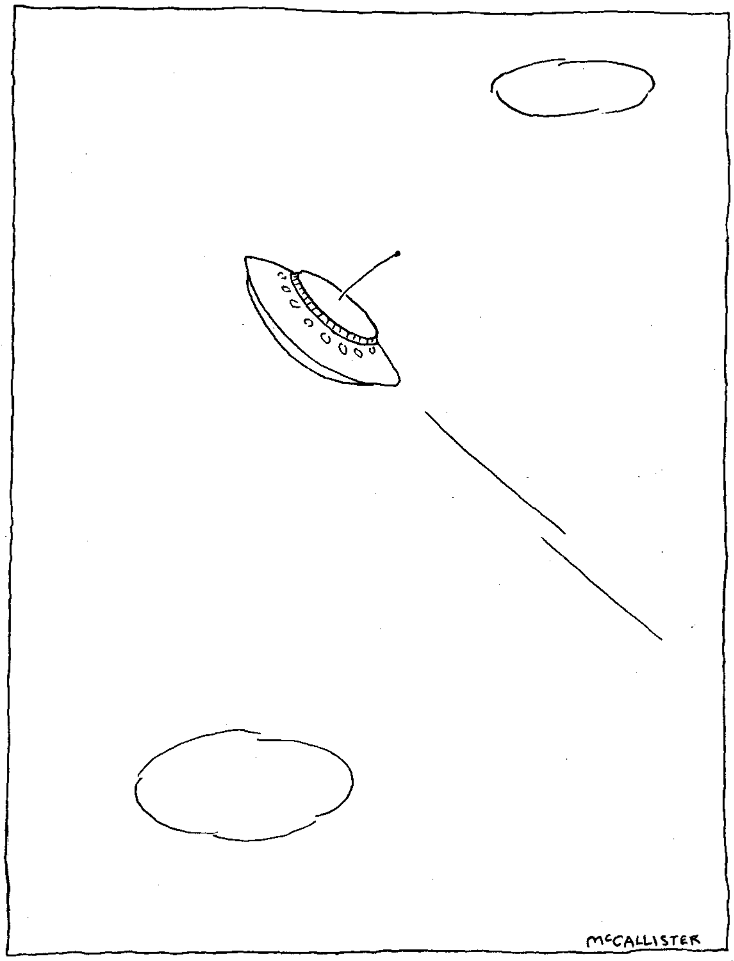
Van Anne Frank. Her book. Hers.

SHE had begun keeping a diary less than three weeks before Pim told her that they were going into hiding. Until she ran out of pages and had to carry over onto office ledgers, she made the entries in a cardboard-covered notebook that he'd given her for her thirteenth birthday. She still remembered most of what happened to her in the achterhuis, some of it down to the most minute detail, but of the fifty thousand words recording it all, she couldn't remember writing one. Nor could she remember anything much of what she'd confided there about her personal problems to the phantom confidante she'd named Kitty—whole pages of her tribulations as new and strange to her as her native tongue.

Perhaps because "Het Achterhuis" was the first Dutch book she'd read since she'd written it, her first thought when she finished was of her childhood friends in Amsterdam, the boys and girls from the Montessori school where she'd learned to read and write. She tried to remember the names of the Christian children, who would have survived the war. She tried to recall the names of her teachers, going all the way back to kindergarten. She pictured the faces of the shopkeepers, the postman, the milk deliveryman who had known her as a child. She imagined their neighbors in the houses on Merwedeplein. And when she had, she saw each of them closing her book and thinking, Who realized she was so gifted? Who realized we had such a writer in our midst?

The first passage she reread was dated over a year before the birth of Amy Bellette. The first time round she'd bent back the corner of the page; the second time, with a pen from her purse, she drew a dark meaningful line in the margin and beside it wrote—in English, of course—"uncanny." (Everything she marked, she was marking for him, or made the mark actually pretending to be him.) *I have an odd way of sometimes, as it were, being able to see myself through someone else's eyes. Then I view the affairs of a certain "Anne" at my ease, and browse through the pages of her life as if she were a stranger. Before we came here, when I didn't think about things as much as I do now, I used at times to have the feeling that I didn't belong to Mansa, Pim, and Margot, and that I would always be a bit of an outsider. Sometimes I used to pretend I was an orphan.*

Then she read the whole thing from the start again, making a small marginal notation—and a small grimace—whenever she came upon anything she was sure he would consider "decorative" or "imprecise" or "unclear." But mostly she marked passages she couldn't believe that she had written



"*With the possible exception of that pub crawl in Dublin, I found the entire planet a bore.*"

• •

as little more than a child. Why, what eloquence, Anne—it gave her gooseflesh, whispering her own name in Boston—what deftness, what wit! How nice, she thought, if I could write like this for Mr. Lonoff's English 12. "It's good," she heard him saying, "it's the best thing you've ever done, Miss Bellette."

But of course it was—she'd had a "great subject," as the girls said in English class. Her family's affinity with what families were suffering everywhere had been clear to her right from the beginning. *There is nothing we can do but wait as calmly as we can till the misery comes to an end. Jews and Christians wait, the whole earth waits; and there are many who wait for death.* But while writing these lines ("Quiet, emphatic feeling—that's the idea. E.I.L."), she had had no grandiose delusions about her little achterhuis diary ever standing as part of the record of the misery. It wasn't to educate anybody other than herself—out of her great expectations—that she kept track of how trying it all was. Recording it was enduring it; the diary kept her company and it kept her sane, and whenever being her parents' child seemed to her as harrowing as the war itself, it was where she went to confess. Only to Kitty was she able to speak freely about the hopelessness of trying to satisfy her mother the way Margot did; only to Kitty could she openly bewail her inability even to pronounce the word "Mumsie" to her aloud—and to concede the depth of her feeling for Pim, a father she wanted to want her to the exclusion of all others, *not only as his child, but for me—Anne, myself.*

Of course, it had eventually to occur to any child so *mad on books and reading* that for all she knew she was writing a book of her own. But most of the time it was her morale that she was sustaining, not, at fourteen, literary ambition. As for developing into a writer—she owed that not to any decision to sit down each day and try to be one but to their stifling life. That, of all things, seemed to have nurtured her talent! Truly, without the terror and the claustrophobia of the achterhuis, as a *chatterbox* surrounded by friends and *rollicking with laughter*, free to come and go, free to clown around, free to pursue her every last expectation, would she ever have written sentences so deft and so eloquent and so witty? She thought, Now maybe that's the problem in English 12—not the absence of the great subject but the presence of the lake and the tennis courts and Tanglewood. The perfect tan, the linen skirts, my emerging reputation as the Pallas Athene of Athene College—maybe that's what's doing me in. Maybe if I were locked up again in a room somewhere and fed on rotten potatoes and clothed in rags and terrified out of my wits, maybe then I could write a decent story for Mr. Lonoff!

It was only with the euphoria of *invasion fever*, with the prospect of the Allied landings and the German collapse and the coming of that golden age known around the achterhuis as *after the war*, that she was able to announce to Kitty that the diary had perhaps done more than just assuage her adolescent loneliness. After two years of honing her prose, she felt herself ready for the great undertaking: *my greatest wish is to become a journalist someday and later on a famous writer.* But that was in May of 1944, when to be famous someday seemed to her no more or less extraordinary than to be going back to school in September. Oh, that May of marvellous expectations! Never again another winter in the achterhuis. Another winter and she would have gone crazy.

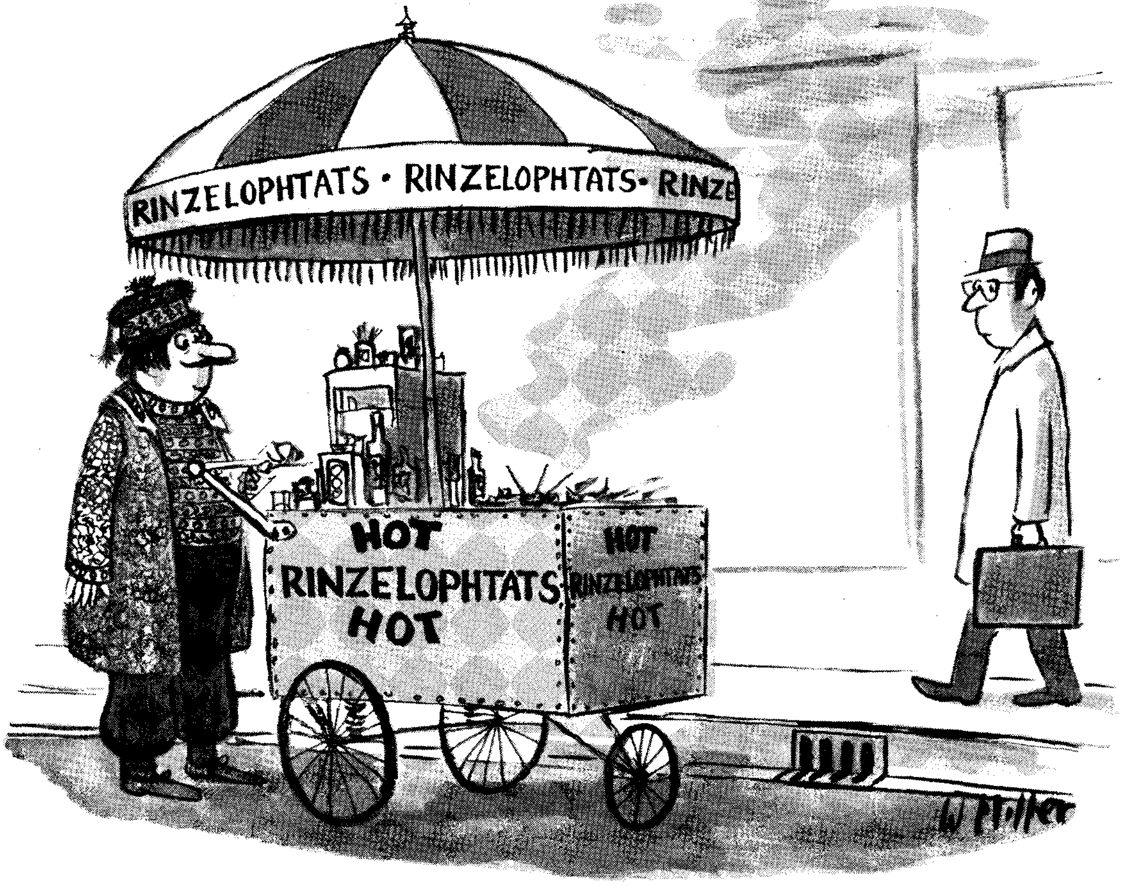
The first year there it hadn't been that bad; they'd all been so busy settling in that she didn't have time to feel desperate. In fact, so diligently had they all worked to transform the attic into a *superpractical* home that her father had gotten everybody to agree to subdivide the space still further and take in another Jew. But once the Allied bombing started, the superpractical home became her torture chamber. During the day the two families squabbled over everything, and then at night she couldn't sleep, sure that the Gestapo was going to come in the dark to take them away. In bed she began to have horrifying visions of Lies, her school friend, reproaching her for being safe in bed in Amsterdam and not in a concentration camp, like all her Jewish friends: "*Oh, Anne, why have you deserted me? Help, oh, help me, rescue me from this hell!*" She would see herself *in a dungeon, without Mummy and Daddy*—and worse. Right down to the final hours of 1943 she was dreaming and thinking *the most terrible things.* But then all at once it was over. Miraculously. "And what did it, Professor Lonoff? See 'Anna Karenina.' See 'Madame Bovary.' See half the literature of the Western world." The miracle: desire. She would be back to school in September, but she would not be returning to class the same girl. She was no longer a girl. Tears would roll down her cheeks at the thought of a naked woman. Her unpleasant menstrual periods became a source of the strangest pleasure. At night in bed she was excited by her breasts. Just these sensations—but all at once forebodings of her miserable death were replaced with a craze for life. One day she was completely recovered, and the next she was, of course, in love. Their troubles had made her her own woman, at fourteen. She began going off on private visits to the secluded corner of the topmost floor, which was occupied exclusively by Peter, the Van Daans' seventeen-year-old son. That she might be stealing him away from Margot didn't stop her, and neither did her scandalized parents: first just teatime visits, then evening assignations—then the defiant letter to the disappointed father. On May 3rd of that marvellous May: *I am young and I possess many buried qualities; I am young and strong and am living a great adventure.* And two days later, to the father who had saved her from the hell that had swallowed up Lies, to the Pim whose favorite living creature she had always longed to be, a declaration of her independence, *in mind and body*, as she bluntly put it: *I have now reached the stage that I can live entirely on my own, without Mummy's support or anyone else's for that matter. . . . I don't feel in the least bit responsible to any of you. . . . I don't have to give an account of my deeds to anyone but myself.*

Well, the strength of a woman on her own wasn't all she'd imagined it to be. Neither was the strength of a loving father. He told her it was the most unpleasant letter he'd ever received, and when she began to cry with shame for having been *too low for words*, he wept along with her. He burned the letter in the fire, the weeks passed, and she found herself growing disenchanted with Peter. In fact, by July she was wondering how it would be possible, in their circumstances, to *shake him off*, a problem resolved for her on a sunny August Friday, when in the middle of the morning, as Pim was helping Peter with his English lessons and she was off studying by herself, the Dutch Green Police arrived and dissolved forever the secret household still heedful of propriety, obedience, discretion, self-improvement, and mutual respect. The Franks, as a family, came to an end—and fittingly enough, thought the diarist, so did her chronicle of their effort to go sensibly on as themselves, in spite of everything.

THE third time she read the book through was on the way back to Stockbridge that evening. Would she ever read another book again? How, if she couldn't put this one down? On the bus she began to speculate in the most immodest way about what she had written—had "wrought." Perhaps what got her going was the rumbling, boundless, electrified, indigo sky that had been stalking the bus down the highway since Boston: outside the window the most outlandish El Greco stage effects, outside a Biblical thunderstorm complete with baroque trimmings, and inside Amy curled up with her book—and with the lingering sense of tragic grandeur she'd soaked up from the real El Grecos that afternoon in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. And she was exhausted, which probably doesn't hurt fantastical thinking, either. Still spellbound by her first two readings of "Het Achterhuis," she had rushed on to the Gardner and the Fogg, where, to top off the day, the self-intoxicated girl with the deep tan and the animated walk had been followed by easily a dozen Harvard summer-school students eager to learn her name. Three museums because back at Athene she preferred to tell everyone the truth, more or less, about the big day in Boston. To Mr. Lonoff she planned to speak at length about all the new exhibitions she'd gone to see at his wife's suggestion.

The storm, the paintings, her exhaustion—none of it was really necessary, however, to inspire the sort of expectations that resulted from reading her published diary three times through in the same day. Towering egotism would probably have been sufficient. Perhaps she was only a very young writer on a bus dreaming a very young writer's dreams.

ALL her reasoning, all her fantastical thinking about the ordained mission of her book followed from this: neither she nor her parents came through in the diary as anything like representative of religious or observant Jews. Her mother lighted candles on Friday night and that was about the extent of it. As for celebrations, she had found St. Nicholas's Day, once she'd been introduced to it in hiding, much more fun than Chanukkah, and

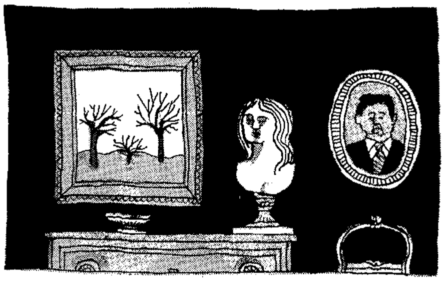


along with Pim had made all kinds of clever gifts and even written a Santa Claus poem to enliven the festivities. When Pim settled upon a children's Bible as her present for the holiday—so she might learn something about the New Testament—Margot hadn't approved. Margot's ambition was to be a midwife in Palestine. She was the only one of them who seemed to have given serious thought to religion. The diary that Margot kept, had it ever been found, would not have been quite so sparing as hers in curiosity about Judaism, or plans for leading a Jewish life. Certainly it was impossible for her to imagine Margot thinking, let alone writing with longing in her diary, *the time will come when we are people again, and not just Jews.*

She had written these words, to be sure, still suffering the aftereffects of a nighttime burglary in the downstairs warehouse. The burglary had seemed certain to precipitate their discovery by the police, and for days afterward everyone was weak with terror. And for her, along with the residue of fear and the dubious sense of relief, there was, of course, the guilt-tinged bafflement when she realized that unlike Lies, she had again been spared. In the aftermath of that gruesome night, she went around and around trying to understand the meaning of their persecution, one moment writing about the misery of being Jews and only Jews to their enemies, and then in the next airily wondering if *it might even be our religion from which the world and all peoples learn good. . . . We can never become just Netherlanders*, she reminded Kitty, *we will always remain Jews, but we want to, too*—only to close out the argument with an announcement one most assuredly would not have come upon in "The Diary of Margot Frank": *I've been saved again, now my first wish after the war is that I may become Dutch! I love the Dutch, I love this country, I love the language and want to work here. And even if I have to write to the Queen myself, I will not give up until I have reached my goal.*

No, that wasn't mother's Margot talking, that was father's Anne. To London to learn English, to Paris to look at clothes and study art, to Hollywood, California, to interview the stars as someone named "Anne Franklin"—while self-sacrificing Margot delivered babies in the desert. To be truthful, while Margot was thinking about God and the homeland, the only deities she ever seemed to think about at any length were to be found in the mythology of Greece and Rome, which she studied all the time in hiding, and adored. To be truthful, the young girl of her diary was, compared to Margot, only dimly Jewish, though in that entirely the daughter of the father who calmed her fears by reading aloud to her at night not the Bible but Goethe in German and Dickens in English.

But that was the point—that was what gave her diary the power to make the nightmare real. To expect the great callous and indifferent world to care about the child of a pious, bearded father living under the sway of the rabbis and the rituals—that was pure folly. To the ordinary person with no great gift for tolerating even the smallest of differences the plight of that family wouldn't mean a thing. To ordinary people it probably would seem that they had invited disaster by stubbornly repudiating everything modern and European—not to say Christian. But the family of Otto Frank—that would be another matter! How could even the most obtuse of the ordinary ignore what had been done to the Jews *just for being Jews*, how could even the most benighted of the Gentiles fail to get the idea when they read in "Het Achterhuis" that once a year the Franks sang a harmless Chanukkah song, said some Hebrew words, lighted some candles, exchanged some presents—a ceremony lasting about ten minutes—and that was all it took to make them the enemy. It did not even take that much. It took nothing—that was the horror. And that was the truth. And that was the power of her book. The Franks could gather together by the radio to listen to concerts of Mozart, Brahms, and Beethoven; they could entertain themselves with Goethe and Dickens and Schiller; she could look night after night through the genealogical tables of all of Europe's royal families for suitable mates for Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose; she could write passionately in her diary of her love for Queen Wilhelmina and her desire for Holland to be her fatherland—and none of it made any difference. Europe was not theirs nor were they Europe's, not even her Europeanized family. Instead, three flights up from a pretty Amsterdam canal, they lived crammed into a hundred square feet with the Van Daans, as isolated and despised as any ghetto Jews. First expulsion, next confinement, and then, in cattle cars and camps and ovens, obliteration. And why? Because the Jewish problem to be solved, the degenerates whose contamination civilized people could no longer abide, were they themselves, Otto and Edith Frank and their daughters, Margot and Anne.



This was the lesson that on the journey home she came to believe she had the power to teach. But only if she were believed to be dead. Were "Het Achterhuis" known to be the work of a living writer, it would never be more than it was: a young teenager's diary of her trying years in hiding during the German occupation of Holland, something boys and girls could read in bed at night along with the adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson. But dead she had something more to offer than amusement for ages 10–15; dead she had written, without meaning to or trying to, a book with the force of a masterpiece to make people finally see.

And when people had finally seen? When they had learned what she had the power to teach them, what then? Would suffering come to mean something new to them? Could she actually make them humane creatures for any longer than the few hours it would take to read her diary through? In her room at Athene—after hiding in her dresser the three copies of "Het Achterhuis"—she thought more calmly about her readers-to-be than she had while pretending to be one of them on the stirring bus ride through the lightning storm. She was not, after all, the fifteen-year-old who could, while hiding from a holocaust, tell Kitty, *I still believe that people are really good at heart.* Her youthful ideals had suffered no less than she had in the windowless freight car from Westerbork and in the barracks at Auschwitz and on the Belsen heath. She had not come to hate the human race for what it was—what could it be but what it was?—but she did not feel seemly anymore singing its praises.

What would happen when people had finally seen? The only realistic answer was Nothing. To believe anything else was only to yield to longings that even she, the great longer, had a right to question by now. To keep her existence a secret from her father so as to help improve mankind . . . no, not at this late date. The improvement of the living was their business, not hers; they could improve themselves, if they should ever be so disposed; and if not, not. Her responsibility was to the dead, if to anyone—to her sister, to her mother, to all the slaughtered schoolchildren who had been her friends. There was her diary's purpose, there was her ordained mission: to restore in print their status as flesh and blood . . . for all the good that would do them. An axe was what she really wanted, not print. On the stairwell at the end of her corridor in the dormitory there was a large axe with an enormous red handle, to be used in case of fire. But what about in case of hatred—what about murderous rage? She stared at it often enough, but never found the nerve to take it down from the wall. Besides, once she had it in her hands, whose head would she split open? Whom could she kill in Stockbridge to avenge the ashes and the skulls? If she could even wield it. No, what she had been given to wield was "Het Achterhuis," *van Anne Frank*. And to draw blood with it she would have to vanish again into another achterhuis, this time fatherless and all on her own.

So she renewed her belief in the power of her less than three hundred pages, and with it the resolve to keep from her father, sixty, the secret of her survival. "For them," she cried, "for them," meaning all who had met the fate that she had been spared and was now pretending to. "For Margot, for my mother, for Lies."

Now every day she went to the library to read the New York *Times*. Each week she read carefully through the news magazines. On Sundays she read about all the new books being published in America: novels said to be "notable" and "significant," none of which could possibly be more notable and more significant than her posthumously published diary; insipid best-sellers from which real people learned about fake people who could not exist and would not matter if they did. She read praise for historians and biographers whose books, whatever their merit, couldn't possibly be as worthy of recognition as hers. And in every column in every periodical she found in the library—American, French, German, English—she looked for her own real name. It could not end with just a few thousand Dutch readers shaking their heads and going about their business—it was too important for that! "For them, for them"—over and over, week after week, "for them"—until at last she began to wonder if having survived in the achterhuis, if having outlived the death camps, if masquerading here in New England as somebody other than herself did not make something very suspect—and a little mad—of this seething passion to "come back" as the avenging ghost. She began to fear that she was succumbing to having not succumbed.

And why should she! Who was she pretending to be but who she would have been anyway if no achterhuis and no death camps had intervened? Amy was not somebody else. The Amy who had rescued her from her memories and restored her to life—beguiling, commonsensical, brave, and realistic Amy—was herself. Who she had every right to be! Responsibility to the dead? Rhetoric for the pious! There was nothing to give the dead—they were dead. "Exactly. The importance, so called, of this book is a morbid illusion. And playing dead is melodramatic and disgusting. And hiding from Daddy is worse. No atonement is required," said Amy to Anne. "Just get on the phone and tell Pim you're alive. He is sixty."

Her longing for him now exceeded even what it had been in childhood, when she wanted more than anything to be his only love. But she was young and strong and she was living a great adventure, and she did nothing to inform him or anyone that she was still alive; and then one day it was just too late. No one would have believed her; no one other than her father would have wanted to. Now people came every day to visit their secret hideaway and to look at the photographs of the movie stars that she'd pinned to the wall beside her bed. They came to see the tub she had bathed in and the table where she'd studied. They looked out of the loft window where Peter and she had cuddled together watching the stars. They stared at the cupboard camouflaging the door the police had come through to take them away. They looked at the open pages of her secret diary. That was her handwriting, they whispered, those are her words. They stayed to look at everything in the achterhuis that she had ever touched. The plain passageways and serviceable little rooms that she had, like a good composition student, dutifully laid out for Kitty in orderly, accurate, workaday Dutch—the superpractical achterhuis was now a holy shrine, a Wailing Wall. They went away from it in silence, as bereft as though she had been their own.

But it was they who were hers. "They wept for me," said Amy; "they pitied me; they prayed for me; they begged my forgiveness. I was the incarnation of the millions of unlived years robbed from the murdered Jews. It was too late to be alive now. I was a saint."

That was her story. And what did Lonoff think of it when she was finished? That she meant every word and that not a word was true.

After Amy had showered and

"There's got to be more to life than just tightening one's belt."

dressed, she checked out of the hotel and he took her to eat some lunch. He phoned Hope from the restaurant and explained that he was bringing Amy home. She could walk in the woods, look at the foliage, sleep safely in Becky's bed; over a few days' time she would be able to collect herself, and then she could return to Cambridge. All he explained about her collapse was that she appeared to him to be suffering from exhaustion. He had promised Amy that he would say no more.

On the ride back to the Berkshires, while Amy told him what it had been like for her during the years when she was being read in twenty different languages by twenty million people, he made plans to consult Dr. Boyce. Boyce was at Riggs, the Stockbridge psychiatric hospital. Whenever a new book appeared, Dr. Boyce would send a charming note asking the author if he would kindly sign the doctor's copy, and once a year the Lonoffs were invited to the Boyces' big barbecue. At Dr. Boyce's request, Lonoff once reluctantly consented to meet with a staff study group from the hospital to discuss "the creative personality." He didn't want to offend the psychiatrist, and it might for a while pacify his wife, who liked to believe that if he got out and mixed more with people, things would be better at home.

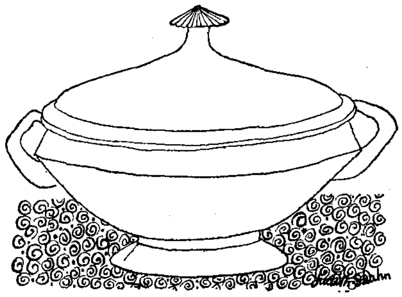
The study group turned out to have ideas about writing that were too imaginative for his taste, but he made no effort to tell them they were wrong. Nor did he think that he was necessarily right. They saw it their way, he saw it like Lonoff. Period. He had no desire to change anyone's mind. Fiction made people say all kinds of strange things—so be it.

The meeting with the psychiatrists had been under way for only an hour when Lonoff said it had been an enjoyable evening but he had to be getting home. "I have the evening's reading still ahead of me. Without my reading I'm not myself. However, you must feel free to talk about my personality when I'm gone." Boyce, smiling warmly, replied, "I hope we've amused you at least a little with our naïve speculations." "I would have liked to amuse *you*. I apologize for being boring." "No, no," said Boyce, "passivity in a man of stature has a charm and mystery all its own." "Yes?" said Lonoff. "I must tell my wife."

But an hour wasted some five years ago was hardly to the point. He trusted Boyce and knew that the psychiatrist would not betray his confidence when he went the next day to talk with him about his former student and quasi daughter, a young woman of twenty-six, who had disclosed to him that of all the Jewish writers, from Franz Kafka to E. I. Lonoff, she was the most famous. As for his own betrayal of the quasi daughter's confidence, it did not count for much as Amy elaborated further upon her consuming delusion.

"Do you know why I took this sweet name? It wasn't to protect me from my memories. I wasn't hiding the past from myself or myself from the past. I was hiding from hatred, from hating people the way people hate spiders and rats. Manny, I felt flayed. I felt as though the skin had been peeled away from half my body. Half my face had been peeled away, and everybody would stare in horror for the rest of my life. Or they would stare at the other half, at the half still intact; I could see them smiling, pretending that the flayed half wasn't there, and talking to the half that was. And I could hear myself screaming at them, I could see myself thrusting my hideous side right up into their unmarred faces to make them properly horrified. 'I was pretty! I was whole! I was a sunny, lively little girl! Look, look at what they did to me!' But whatever side they looked at, I would always be screaming, 'Look at the other! Why don't you look at the other!' That's what I thought about in the hospital at night. However they look at me, however they talk to me, however they try to comfort me, I will always be this half-flayed thing. I will never be young, I will never be kind or at peace or in love, and I will hate them all my life.

"So I took the sweet name—to impersonate everything I wasn't. And a very good pretender I was, too. After a while I could imagine that I wasn't pretending at all, that I had become what I would have been anyway. Until the book. The package came from Amsterdam, I opened it, and there it was: my past, myself, my name, *my face intact*—and all I wanted was revenge. It wasn't for the dead—it had nothing to do with bringing back the dead or scourging the living. It wasn't corpses I was avenging—it was the motherless, fatherless, sisterless, venge-filled, hate-filled, shame-filled, half-flayed, seething thing. It was myself. I wanted tears, I wanted their Christian tears to run like Jewish blood, for me. I wanted their pity—and in the most pitiless way. And I wanted love, to be loved mercilessly and endlessly, just the way I'd been debased. I wanted my fresh life and my fresh body, cleansed and unpolluted. And it needed twenty million people for that. Twenty million ten times over.



"Oh, Manny, I want to live with you! That's what I need! The millions won't do it—it's you! I want to go home to Europe with you. Listen to me, don't say no, not yet. This summer I saw a small house for rent, a stone villa up on a hillside. It was outside Florence. It had a pink tile roof and a garden. I got the phone number and I wrote it down. I still have it. Oh, everything beautiful that I saw in Italy made me think of how happy you could be there—how happy I would be there, looking after you. I thought of the trips we'd take. I thought of the afternoons in the museums and having coffee later by the river. I thought of listening to music together at night. I thought of making your meals. I thought of wearing lovely nightgowns to bed. Oh, Manny, their Anne Frank is theirs; I want to be *your* Anne Frank. I'd like at last to be my own. Child Martyr and Holy Saint isn't a position I'm really qualified for anymore. They wouldn't even have me, not as I am, longing for somebody else's husband, begging him to leave his loyal wife to run off with a girl half his age. Manny, does it matter that I'm your daughter's age and you're my father's? Of course I love the Dad-da in you, how could I not? And if you love the child in me, why shouldn't you? There's nothing strange in that—so does half the world. Love has to start somewhere, and that's where it starts in us. And as for who I am—well," said Amy, in a voice as sweet and winning as any he'd ever heard, "you've got to be somebody, don't you? There's no way around that."

At home they put her to bed. In the kitchen Lonoff sat with his wife drinking the coffee she'd made him. Every time he pictured Amy at the dentist's office reading about Otto Frank in *Time*, or in the library stacks searching for her "real" name, every time

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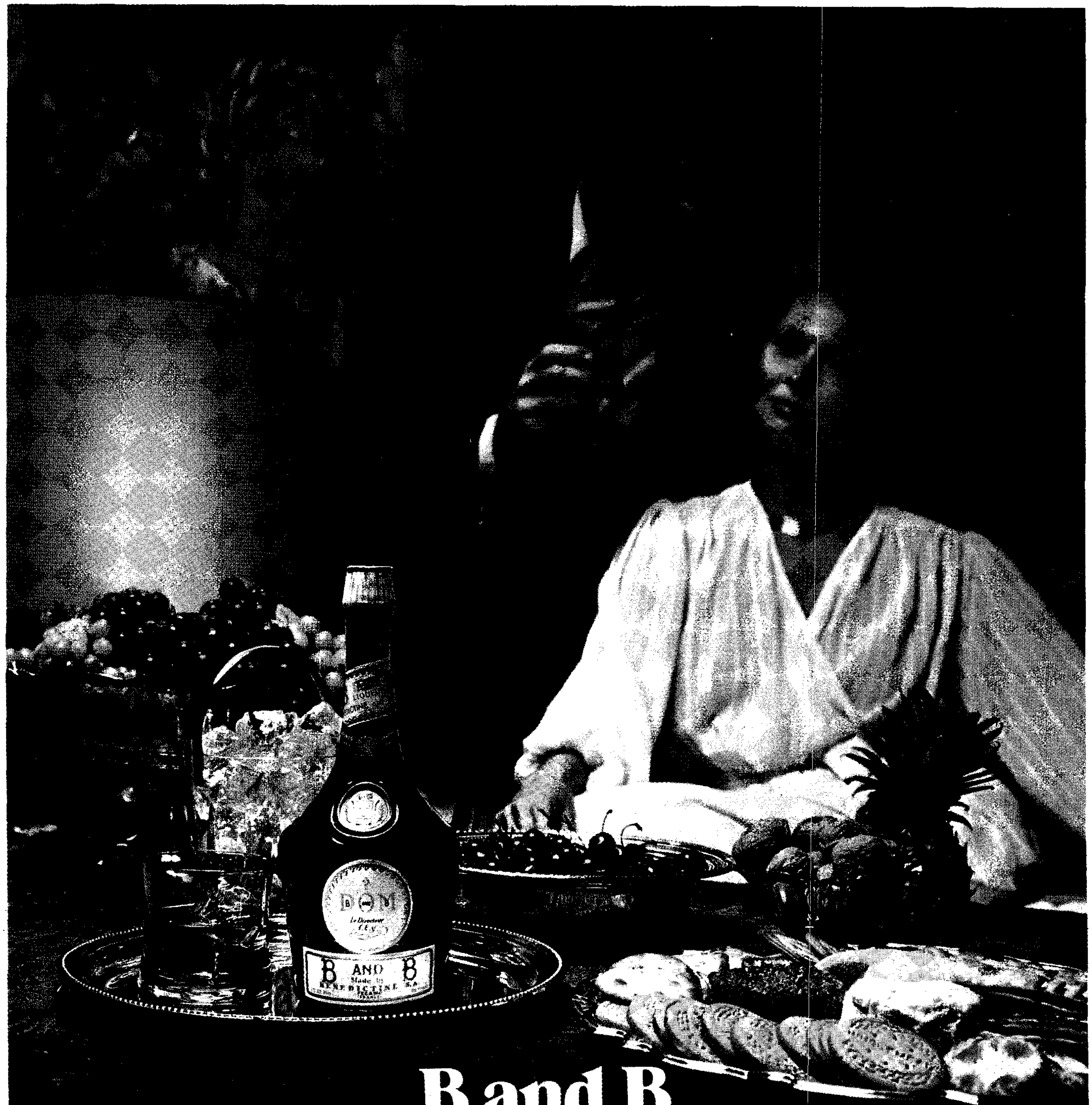

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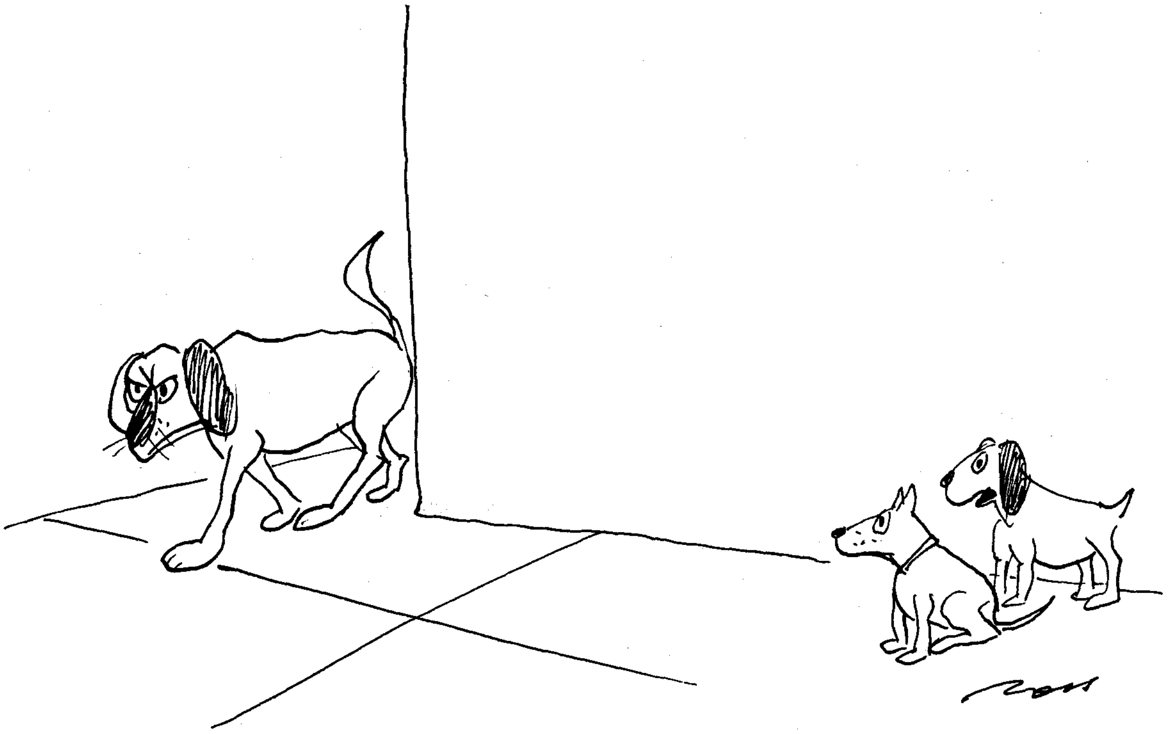


"*Whatever you do, don't call him middle-class.*"

• •

he imagined her on Boston Common addressing to her writing teacher an intimate disquisition on "her" book, he wanted to let go and cry. He had never suffered so over the suffering of another human being.

Of course he told Hope nothing about who Amy thought she was. But he didn't have to, he could guess what she would say if he did: it was for him, the great writer, that Amy had chosen to become Anne Frank; that explained it all, no psychiatrist required. For him, as a consequence of her infatuation: to enchant him, to bewitch him, to break through the scrupulosity and the wisdom and the virtue into his imagination, and there, as Anne Frank, to become E. I. Lonoff's *femme fatale*.

Married to Tolstoy

THE next morning we all ate breakfast together like a happy family of four. The woman whom Lonoff could not throw out after thirty years just because he might prefer to see a new face over his fruit juice proudly told us—over our fruit juice—of the accomplishments of the children whose chairs Amy and I occupied. She showed us recent photographs of them, all with their own children. Lonoff had not mentioned to me the night before that he was a grandfather several times over. But why would he?

Hope seemed overnight to have been transformed from his aging, aggrieved, lonely wife into somebody rather more like the happy author of the sweet nature poems framed on the kitchen wall, the tender of the geraniums, the woman of whom Lonoff had said over the broken saucer, "She can glue it." Nor did Lonoff seem quite the same man; whether deliberately or not, he was humming "My Blue Heaven" when he came to the breakfast table. And almost immediately he began the mordant clowning also designed to make Hope all the happier.

And why the change? Because Amy would return to Cambridge after breakfast.

But I could not really think of her as Amy any longer. Instead I was continually drawn back into the fiction I had evolved about her and the Lonoffs while I lay in the dark study, transported by his praise and throbbing with resentment of my disapproving father—and, of course, overcome by what had passed between my idol and the marvellous young woman before he had manfully gone back to bed with his wife.

Throughout breakfast, my father, my mother, the judge and Mrs. Wapter were never out of my thoughts. I'd gone the whole night without sleep, and I couldn't think straight about them or myself, or about Amy, as she was called. I kept seeing myself coming back to New Jersey and saying to my family, "I met a marvellous young woman while I was up in New England. I love her and she loves me. We are going to be married." "Married? But so fast? Nathan, is she Jewish?" "Yes, she is." "But who is she?" "Anne Frank."

"I eat too much," said Lonoff, as Hope poured the water for his tea.

"It's exercise you need," Hope said. "It's more walking. You gave up your afternoon walk and so you began to gain weight. You actually eat almost nothing. Certainly nothing that's fattening. It's sitting at the desk that does it. And staying in the house."

"I can't face another walk. I can't face those trees again."

"Then walk in the other direction."

"For ten years I walked in the other direction. That's why I started walking in this direction. Besides, I'm not even walking when I'm walking. The truth is I don't even see the trees."

"That's not so," Hope said. "He loves nature," she informed me. "He knows the name of everything that grows."

"I'm cutting down on my food," said Lonoff. "Who wants to split an egg with me?"

Happily, Hope said, "You can treat yourself to a whole egg this morning."

"Amy, you want to split an egg with me?"

His invitation for her to speak gave me my first opportunity to turn her way without embarrassment. It was so. It *could* be. The same look of unarmored and unimpaired intelligence, the same musing look of serene anticipation . . . The forehead wasn't Shakespeare's—it was *hers*.

She was smiling, as though she too were in the best of spirits and his refusal to kiss her breasts the night before had never happened. "Couldn't do it," she said to him.

"Not even half?" asked Lonoff.

"Not even a sixteenth."

This is my Aunt Tessie, this is Frieda and Dave, this is Birdie, this is Murray . . . as you see, we are an enormous family. This is my wife, everyone. She is all I have ever wanted. If you doubt me, just look at her smile, listen to her laugh. Remember the *shadowed eyes innocently uplifted in the clever little face? Remember the dark hair clipped back with a barrette? Well, this is she. . . . Anne, says my father*—the *Anne? Oh, how I have misunderstood my son. How mistaken we have been!*

"Scramble an egg, Hope," said Lonoff. "I'll eat half if you'll eat half."

"You can eat the whole thing," she replied. "Just start taking your walks again."

He looked to me, imploringly. "Nathan, eat half."

"No, no," said his wife, and turning to the stove, announced triumphantly, "you'll eat the whole egg!"

Beaten, Lonoff said, "And to top things off, I threw out my razor blade this morning."

"And why," said Amy, pretending still to be in her blue heaven too, "did you do a thing like that?"

"I thought it through. My children are finished with college. My house is paid for. I have Blue Cross and Major Medical protection. I have a '56 Ford. Yesterday I got a check for forty-five dollars in royalties from Brazil—money out of the blue. Throw it out, I told myself, and have a fresh shave with a new blade. Then I thought, No, there's at least one shave left in this blade, maybe even two. Why be wasteful? But then I thought it through further: I have seven books on the paperback racks, I have publishers in twenty countries, there's a new shingle roof on the house, there's a quiet new furnace in the basement, there's brand-new plumbing in Hope's little bathroom. The bills are all paid, and what is more, there is money left over in the bank that is earning three-per-cent interest for our old age. The hell with it, I thought, enough thinking—and I put in a new blade. And look how I butchered myself. I almost took my ear off."

Amy: "Proves you shouldn't be impulsive."

"I only wanted to see what it was like living like everybody else."

"And?" asked Hope, back at the table, frying pan in hand.

"I told you. I almost took my ear off."

"Here's your egg."

"I only want half."

"Darling, feast for once," said Hope, kissing his head.

Dear Mom and Dad: We have been with Anne's father for three days now. They have both been in the most moving state of exaltation since our arrival. . . .

"And here's your mail," said Hope.

"I never used to look at this stuff until the end of the day," he explained to me.

"He wouldn't even look at the newspaper headlines," said Hope. "He wouldn't even eat breakfast with us until a few years ago. But when the children were all gone I refused to sit here by myself."

"But I wouldn't let you talk to me, would I? That's new."

"Let me make you another egg," she said.

He pushed aside his empty plate. "No, darling, no. I'm full."

Dear Folks: Anne is pregnant, and happier, she says, than she ever thought possible again. . . .

He was sorting now through the half-dozen letters in his hand. He said to me, "This is what gets forwarded from a publisher. One in a hundred is worth opening. In five hundred."

"What about a secretary to open them?" I asked.

"He's too conscientious," Hope explained. "He can't do it that way. Besides, a secretary is another person. We can't turn the house into Grand Central Station."

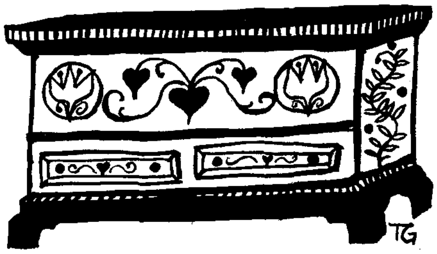
"A secretary is six other people," he informed her.

"What is it this time?" she asked Lonoff as he turned over the pencilled sheets in his hand. "Read it, Manny."

"You read it." He handed the letter across to his wife. "Let Nathan see what it is to be lifted from obscurity. Let him not come hammering at our door to tell us later that he wasn't warned."

She wiped her hands on her apron and took the letter. It was quite a morning she was having, a new life altogether. And why? Because Amy was on her way.

" 'Dear Mr. Lonoff,' " she read. " 'I suggest that you with your talent write a story with the following plot. A non-Jew comes from the West to New York City and meets Jews for the first time. Being a good-natured person he does them favors. When he gives up part of his lunch hour at work to help them, they act like pigs in getting as much of his time as possible. When he helps his co-workers by getting them ballpoint pens wholesale the same happens. They try to get him to buy some for strangers by saying, "A man I know wants to buy a dozen pens," and saying later, "I didn't tell you to, I didn't ask you to buy them for him, I only told you I wanted two dozen and you can't tell me I told you to buy him two dozen." Consequently he develops a dislike for Jews. Later he finds out the non-Jews who don't try to impose are trying to put him out of a job while the Jews take his side when the boss wants to fire him. When he gets sick, the Jews donate blood for him. At the end he has a conversation with a person in which he learns how the history of the Jews led to their habit of opportunism. Yours truly, Ray W. Oliver. P.S. I am also a writer of short stories. I am willing to collaborate with you on a story using that plot.' "



"Me too," said Amy.

"The consequences of his infatuation," I said. A line out of "The Middle Years," but not even Lonoff seemed to remember it. "From Henry James," I added, flushing. " 'The rest is the madness of art.' "

"Aha," said Lonoff.

Ass! Idiot! I had been caught—while showing off my erudition! *Aha.* He knew everything.

But rather than asking me to get up and go because of the way I had behaved in his study, he opened a second envelope and removed the small index card inside. He read it and handed it to Hope.

"Oh, these," she said. "They make me so angry."

"Has style, however," said Lonoff. "I like the absence of the salutation. Just puts out the line and hangs up the wash. Read it, Hopie."

"I hate these so."

"Go on. For Nathan's edification."

Then he *didn't* know. Or knew and forgave me.

" 'I have just finished your brilliant story, "Indiana," ' " Hope read. " 'What do you know about the Middle West, you little Jewish shit? Your Jew omniscience is about as agreeable to the average person as is your kike sense of "art." Sally M., Fort Wayne.' "

Lonoff, meanwhile, had been carefully slicing open a blue overseas air letter.

"New Delhi," he announced.

"You've been made a Brahman," said Amy.

Hope smiled at the girl who would be gone in less than an hour. "He won't accept."

"Well," replied Amy, "maybe he's

in luck and they made him an Untouchable."

"Or less," said Lonoff, and handed the letter to Hope.

"You can't have everything," Amy told him.

Hope read, this time without being prompted. " 'Dear Sir, I am a twenty-two-year-old youth from India. I introduce myself as there is no other way to make your acquaintance. Perhaps you may not relish the idea of being acquainted with a stranger who is bent on exploiting you.' " Here, suddenly, her confidence seemed shaken, and she looked up at Lonoff, confused as to what to do next.

He told her. "Go on."

"—'bent on exploiting you. I beg your assistance fully aware of the barriers like caste, creed, etc., that divide us. As I am just a beggar in different garb I will put forward my request rather impetuously. My desire is to settle down in America. Will you please take me out of my country by some means? If my educational qualification disqualifies me from entering America as a student, and if all other means fail, will you just adopt me as the last resort? I am quite ashamed to write such a request for I am so old and I have parents who depend upon me to provide for them during their old age. I shall do any kind of work and I will try my best to be of some use to you. Sir, by now you would have formed in your mind the unimpressive figure of a short, dark, ambitious Indian guy whose character is sprinkled with a generous amount of jealousy. If you have thought in the above manner you are in for a surprise. For the above description suits me to the core. I want to escape from the harsh realities and live with some peace and pursue part-time education. Sir, please let me know whether it is possible for you to assist your humble servant—' "

Hope brought the letter to her chest—she saw that Amy had pushed back her chair and was standing. "I'm sorry," Hope said to her.

"Why?" asked Amy, forcing a smile.

Hope's hands began to tremble.

I glanced toward Lonoff, but he was saying nothing.

"And how would you like your funny money?"

With just a tinge of exasperation, Amy said, "I don't understand why you should be sorry."

Hope undertook to fold the letter from India, though not with any method I could discern. Her eyes went to the geraniums when she said, "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"But I'm not embarrassed," said Amy, innocently.

"I didn't *say* you were," Hope conceded. "I said I didn't *mean* to."

Amy didn't follow—that was the act. She waited for Hope to explain herself further.

"Forget it, please," said Hope.

"It's forgotten," Lonoff said softly.

"I'm going now," Amy said to him.

"Must you," asked Lonoff, "without finishing the coffee?"

"You're half an hour behind schedule already," Amy said. "What with all this promiscuous socializing over your egg, it could take you the rest of the morning to recover."

"Yes," I said, jumping up, "and I have to be off too."

"There's no bus this early," Lonoff informed me. "The first bus north arrives at eleven-twenty."

"Still, if she could drop me in town, I'll just walk around—if that's not out of your way," I added, and looked as shyly as I had the day before at the girl I had veiled in so many imaginings, and whom *still* I couldn't see plain.

"Suit yourself," said Lonoff.

He rose and came around the table to kiss Amy on her cheek. "Stay in touch," he told her. "And thanks for the help."

"I think I at least got each of the books separated out. At least that's in order."

"Fine. The rest I have to see to myself. And think about. I'm not sure it's for me, my friend."

"Please," she said, "I beseech you, don't destroy anything."

A charade it may have been, but still I understood her to be entreating him about the worksheets of his old stories that she had been sorting for the Harvard manuscript collection. But to Hope the girl's request clearly had a less innocent intention. Before either of them could speak another double-entendre in her presence, Hope was out of the room.

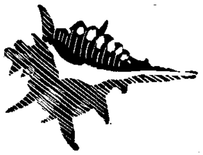
We heard her mount the stairs, and then the bedroom door slammed shut overhead.

"Excuse me one moment," said Lonoff, and buttoning his jacket, he followed after his wife.

Silently Amy and I took our things from the hall closet and got dressed for the snow. Then we stood there trying to decide what to do next. I had all I could do not to say, "Did you ever have the feeling that you wanted to go, still have the feeling that you wanted to stay?"

What I came up with was not much better. "Last night at dinner he told me about the letter that you sent him from England."

She took this in and went back to waiting. On her head was the white wool cap with the long tassel that ended in a fluffy white ball. Of course! He had given it to her, her first winter here in the Berkshires; and now she could not part with it, any more than she could part with him, her second Pim.



"When was that?" I asked. "When were you living in England?"

"Oh, my." She closed her eyes and pressed one hand to her forehead. I saw then how very tired she was. Neither of us had slept the night before, she thinking of who she might become living in Florence with Lonoff, and I thinking of who she might have been. When the sleeve of her coat fell back, I of course saw that there was no scar on her forearm. No scar; no book; no Pim. No, the loving father who must be relinquished for the sake of his child's art was not hers; it was mine. "I was short, dark, ambitious—and sixteen. Eleven years ago," she said.

Making her Anne Frank's age exactly, had she survived.

"Where had you been before England?"

"That's a long story."

"You'd been through the war?"

"I missed the war."

"How so?"

She smiled politely. I was getting on her nerves. "Luck."

"I suppose that's how I missed it too," I replied.

"And what did you have instead?" she asked me.

"My childhood. What did *you* have instead?"

Dryly she said, "Somebody else's. I think perhaps we should go, Mr. Zuckerman. I have to be off. It's a long drive."

"I'd rather not leave without saying goodbye."

"I'd rather not, either, but we better."

"I'm sure he wanted us to wait."

"Oh, did he?" she said strangely, and I followed her into the living room, where we sat in the easy chairs beside the fireplace. She had taken Lonoff's chair and I took up my place in the other. Angrily she removed the hat.

"He's been awfully generous to me," I explained. "It's been quite a visit. For me," I added.

"He's a generous man."

"He helped you to come to America."

"Yes."

"From England."

She picked up the magazine that I'd leafed through the evening before while Lonoff spoke on the phone.

I said, "Pardon me, for insisting . . ."

She smiled vaguely at me and began turning pages.

"It's just—that you bear some resemblance to Anne Frank."

A shiver went down my body when she replied, "I've been told that before."

"You *have*?"

"But," she said, bringing her intelligent eyes directly up to mine, "I'm afraid I'm not she."

Silence.

"You've read her book, however."

"Not really," she said. "I looked at it."

"Oh, but it's quite a book."

"Is it?"

"Oh, yes. She was a marvellous young writer. She was something for thirteen. It's like watching an accelerated film of a fetus sprouting a face, watching her mastering things. Oh, you must read it. Suddenly she's discovering reflection, suddenly there's portraiture, character sketches, suddenly there's a long intricate eventful happening so beautifully recounted it seems to have gone through a dozen drafts. And no poisonous notion of being *interesting* or *serious*. She just *is*." My whole body was damp from the effort of compressing my thoughts and presenting them to her before Lonoff returned to inhibit me. "The ardor in her, the spirit in her—always on the move, always starting things, being boring as unbearable to her as being bored—a terrific writer, really. And an enormously appealing child. I was thinking"—the thought had only just occurred to me, of course, in the rapture of praising Anne Frank to one who might even be her—"she's like some impassioned little sister of Kafka's, his lost little daughter—a kinship is even there in the face. I think. Kafka's garrets and closets, the hidden attics where they hand down the indictments, the camouflaged doors—everything he dreamed in Prague was, to her, real Amsterdam life. What he invented, she suffered. Do you remember the first line of 'The Trial'? We were talking about it last night, Mr. Lonoff and myself. But it could be the epigraph for her book. 'Someone must have falsely traduced Anne F., because one morning without having done anything wrong, she was placed under arrest.' "

However, despite *my* ardor, Amy's mind was elsewhere. But then so was mine, really—back in New Jersey, where the lucky childhood had been spent. To be wed somehow to you, I thought, my unassailable advocate, my invulnerable ally, my shield against their charges of defection and betrayal and reckless, heinous informing! Oh, marry me, Anne Frank, exonerate me before my outraged elders of this idiotic indictment! Heedless of Jewish feeling? Indifferent to Jewish survival? Brutish about their well-being? Who dares to accuse of such unthinking crimes the husband of Anne Frank!

But alas, I could not lift her out of her sacred book and make her a character in this life. Instead I was confronted by Amy Bellette (whoever *she* might be), turning the pages of Lonoff's magazine, and while she savored his every underlining, waiting to see if at the last minute he would not change his life, and hers with it. The rest was so much fiction, the unchallengeable answer to their questionnaire that I proposed to offer the Wapters. And far from being unchallengeable, far from acquitting me of their charges and restoring to me my cherished blamelessness, a fiction that of course would seem to them a desecration even more vile than the one they had read.

Hope was coming down the stairs, dressed for the out-of-doors in a hooded green loden coat and wearing snow boots pulled over her wool trousers. She held firmly to the bannister with one hand—to prevent herself from falling—and in the other carried a small overnight bag.

Lonoff spoke to her from the top of the stairs. "This won't do," he said softly. "This is pure—"

"Let's all have what we want, please." She spoke without looking back at him; in her emotional state she had all she could do to negotiate the stairs.

"This is hardly what you want."

She stopped—"It is what I have wanted for *years*"—then proceeded once more with leaving home.

"Come back up here. You don't know what you're saying."

"You're just frightened," she said, from between her teeth, "of losing your boredom."

"I can't hear you, Hope."

Safely now at the bottom landing, the little woman turned and looked up the stairs. "You're just worried about how you will get all your writing done and all your reading done and all your brooding done without the boredom of me. Well, let someone else be boring for you from now on! Let someone else be no trouble!"

"Please come back up here."

Rather than doing as he asked, she picked up her bag and came into the living room. I alone stood to receive her.

"Take off your coat," she said to Amy. "Now *you're* going to have thirty-five years of it!" And with that she began to shake with sobs.

Lonoff was making the cautious trek down the stairs. "Hope, this is playacting. And pure indulgence."

"*I am going*," she told him.

"You're not going anywhere. Put the bag down."

"No! I am going to Boston! But don't worry—she knows where everything is. It's practically home to her already. No precious time will be lost. She can hang her things back in the closet and be ready to begin boring you as soon as I'm out the door. You won't even notice the difference."

Amy, unable to watch any longer, looked down into her lap, prompting Hope to say, "Oh, she thinks otherwise. Of course she does. I've seen her fondling each sheet of each draft of each story. She thinks with her it will all be the religion of art up here. Oh, will it ever! Let her try to please you, Manny! Let her serve as the backdrop for your thoughts for thirty-five years. Let her see how noble and heroic you are by the twenty-seventh draft. Let her cook you wonderful meals and light candles for your dinner. Let her get everything ready to make you happy and then see the look on your stone face when you come in at night and sit down at the table. A surprise for dinner? Oh, my dear girl, that is merely his due for a miserable day of bad writing. *That* gets no rise out of him. And candles in the old pewter holders? Candles, after all these years? How poignant of her, he thinks, how vulgar, what a wistful souvenir of yesterday's tearooms. Yes, have her run hot baths for your poor back twice a day, and then go a week without being talked to—let alone being touched in bed. Ask him in bed, 'What is it, dear, what's the matter?' But of course you know all too well what the matter is—you know why he won't hold you, why he doesn't even know you're *there*. The fiftieth draft!"

"That is enough," said Lonoff. "Quite thorough, very accurate, and enough."

"Fondling those papers of yours! Oh, she'll see! I got fondled more by strangers on the rush-hour subway during two months in 1935 than I have up here in the last twenty years! Take off your coat, Amy—you're staying. The classroom daydream has come true! You get the creative writer—and I get to go!"

"She's not staying," Lonoff said, softly again. "You're staying."

"Not for thirty-five more years of this!"

"Oh, Hopie." He put a hand out to her face, where the tears were still falling.

"I'm going to Boston! I'm going to Europe! It's too late to touch me now! I'm taking a trip around the world and never coming back! And you," she said, looking down at Amy in her chair, "*you* won't go anywhere. *You* won't see anything. If you even go out to dinner, if once in six months you get him to accept an invitation to somebody's home, then it'll be even worse—then for the hour before you go your life will be misery from his kvetching about what it's going to be like when those people start in with their *ideas*. If you dare to change the *pepper* mill, he'll ask what's the matter, what was wrong with the old one? It takes three months for him just to get used to a new brand of *soap*. Change the soap and he goes around the house *sniffing*, as though something dead is on the bathroom sink instead of just a bar of Palmolive. Nothing can be touched, nothing can be changed, everybody must be quiet, the children must shut up, their friends must stay away until four— There is his religion of art, my young successor: rejecting life! *Not* living is what he makes his beautiful fiction *out* of! And you will now be the person he is not living with!"

Amy pushed herself up out of her chair and put on the childish hat with the ball on the end of the tassel. Looking past Hope, she said to Lonoff, "I'm going."

"*I'm going*," Hope cried.

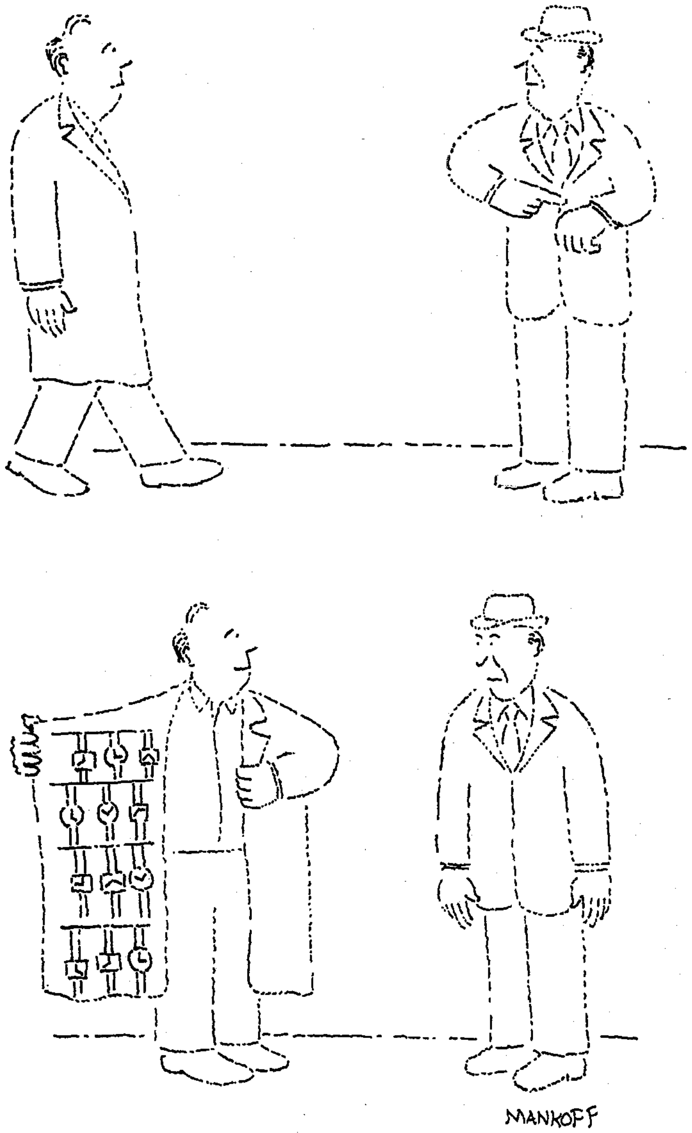
To me Amy said, "I'm leaving now, if you'd like a ride to town."

"*I'm* leaving now," Hope told her. "Take that silly hat off! School is over! You are twenty-seven! This is officially your house!"

"It's not, Hope," Amy said, beginning at last to cry. "It's yours."

And so broken and pathetic did she seem in that moment of capitulation that I thought, But of course last night is not the first time she's sat cuddled up in his lap—but of course he's seen her unclothed before. They have been lovers! Yet when I tried to imagine E. I. Lonoff stripped of his suit and on his back, and Amy naked and astride his belly, I couldn't, no more than any son can.

I don't think I could



keep my wits about me, teaching such beautiful and gifted and fetching girls.

Then you shouldn’t do it.

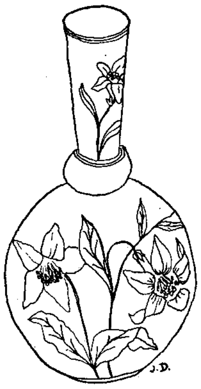
Oh, Father, is this so, were you the lover of this lovesick, worshipful, displaced daughter half your age? Knowing full well you’d never leave Hope? You succumbed too? Can that be? *You?*

The bed? I had the bed.

Convinced now that that wasn’t so—that nobody, nobody, has ever really *had* the bed—I persisted nonetheless in believing that it was.

“You do as I say!” Hope again, ordering Amy. “You stay and look after him! He cannot stay here alone!”

“But I won’t be alone,” Lonoff explained to her. “You know that I won’t be alone. Enough, enough now, for your sake too. This is all because we’ve had visitors. This is all because somebody new stayed the night. There was company, we all had breakfast, and you got excited. Now everybody’s going away—and this came over you. You got lonely. You got frightened. Everybody understands.”



“Look, Manny, *she* is the child—don’t you treat *me* like the child! She is now the child-bride here—”

But before Hope could describe her in further detail, Amy was past her and out the front door.

“Oh, the little bitch!” cried Hope.

“Hope,” said Lonoff. “Don’t. Not that routine.”

But he did not move to stop her as she too ran from the house, carrying her bag.

I said, “Do you want me—to do anything?”

“No, no. Let it run its course.”

“O.K.”

“Calm down, Nathan. One at a time we are about to calm down.”

Then we heard Hope scream.

I followed him to the front window, expecting to see blood on the snow. Instead, there was Hope, seated in a drift only a few feet from the house, while Amy’s car was slowly backing out of the car shed. But for the billowing exhaust fumes, everything out-of-doors was gleaming. It was as though not one but two suns had risen that morning.

Hope watched, we watched. The car turned into the driveway. Then it was out onto the road and gone.

“Mrs. Lonoff’s fallen down.”

“I see that,” he said sadly.

We watched her struggle to her feet. Lonoff rapped on the frosted window with his knuckles. Without bothering to look back up to the house, Hope retrieved the overnight bag from where it lay on the path and proceeded with cautious tiny steps to the car shed, where she got into the Lonoffs’ Ford. But the car only whined when she tried to start it; effort after effort produced only that most disheartening of winter sounds.

“The battery,” he explained.

“Maybe she flooded it.”

Again she tried: same results.

“No, the battery,” he said. “It’s been happening all month. You charge it up and it makes no difference.”

“You may need a new one,” I said, since that was what he wanted to talk about.

“I shouldn’t. The car is practically brand-new. Where does it go but into town?”

We waited, and finally Hope got out of the car.

“Well, good thing you got a lemon,” I said.

“Perhaps.” He walked around to the hallway and opened the front door. I continued to watch from the window.

“Hope,” he called. “Come in now. That’s it.”

“No!”

“But how can I live alone?”

“The boy can live with you.”

“Don’t be silly. The boy is going. Come inside now. If you slip again, you’re going to get hurt. Darling, it’s slippery, it’s cold as hell—”

“I’m going to Boston.”

“How will you do that?”

“I’ll walk if I have to.”

“Hope, it’s twenty degrees. Come back in and get warm and calm down. Have some tea with me. Then we’ll talk about moving to Boston.”

Here, with her two hands, she hurled the overnight bag into the snow at her feet. “Oh, Manny, you wouldn’t move into Stockbridge because the streets are paved, so how could I ever get you to Boston? And what difference would it be in Boston anyway? You’d be just the same—you’d be worse. How could you concentrate in Boston, with all those people swarming around? There, somebody might even ask you something about your work!”

“Then maybe the best bet is to stay here.”

“Even here you can’t think if I so much as make toast in the kitchen—I have to catch my toast before it pops up so you won’t be disturbed in the study!”

“Oh, Hopie,” he said, laughing a little, “that’s overdoing things. For the next thirty-five years just make your toast and forget about me.”

“I can’t.”

“Learn,” he said sternly.

“No!” Picking up the bag, she turned and started down the driveway. Lonoff closed the door. I watched from the window to see that she stayed on her feet. The snow had been banked so high by the town plow the night before that when she turned into the road, she immediately passed out of sight. But then, of course, she wasn’t very big to begin with.

Lonoff was at the hall closet, wrestling with his overshoes.

“Would you like me to come along? To help?” I asked.

“No, no. I can use the exercise after that egg.” He stamped his feet on the floor in an attempt to save himself from having to bend over again to get the boots on right. “And you must have things to write down. There’s paper on my desk.”

“Paper for what?”

“Your feverish notes.” He pulled a large dark belted coat—not *quite* a caftan—from the closet and I helped him into it. Pressing a dark hat over his bald head, he completed the picture of the chief rabbi, the archdeacon, the magisterial high priest of perpetual sorrows. I handed him his scarf, which had fallen out of a coat sleeve onto the floor. “You had an earful this morning.”

I shrugged. “It wasn’t so much.”

“So much as what, last night?”

“Last night?” Then does he know all I know? But what *do* I know, other than what I can imagine?

“I’ll be curious to see how we all come out someday. It could be an interesting story. You’re not so nice and polite in your fiction,” he said. “You’re a different person.”

“Am I?”

“I should hope so.” Then, as though having concluded administering my rites of confirmation, he gravely shook my hand. “Which way did she go on the road? To the left?”

“Yes. Down the mountain.”

He found his gloves in his pocket, and after a quick glance at his watch, opened the front door. “It’s like being married to Tolstoy,” he said, and left me to make my feverish notes while he started off after the runaway spouse, some five minutes now into her doomed journey in search of a less noble calling.

—Philip Roth

(*This is the conclusion of a novel.*)

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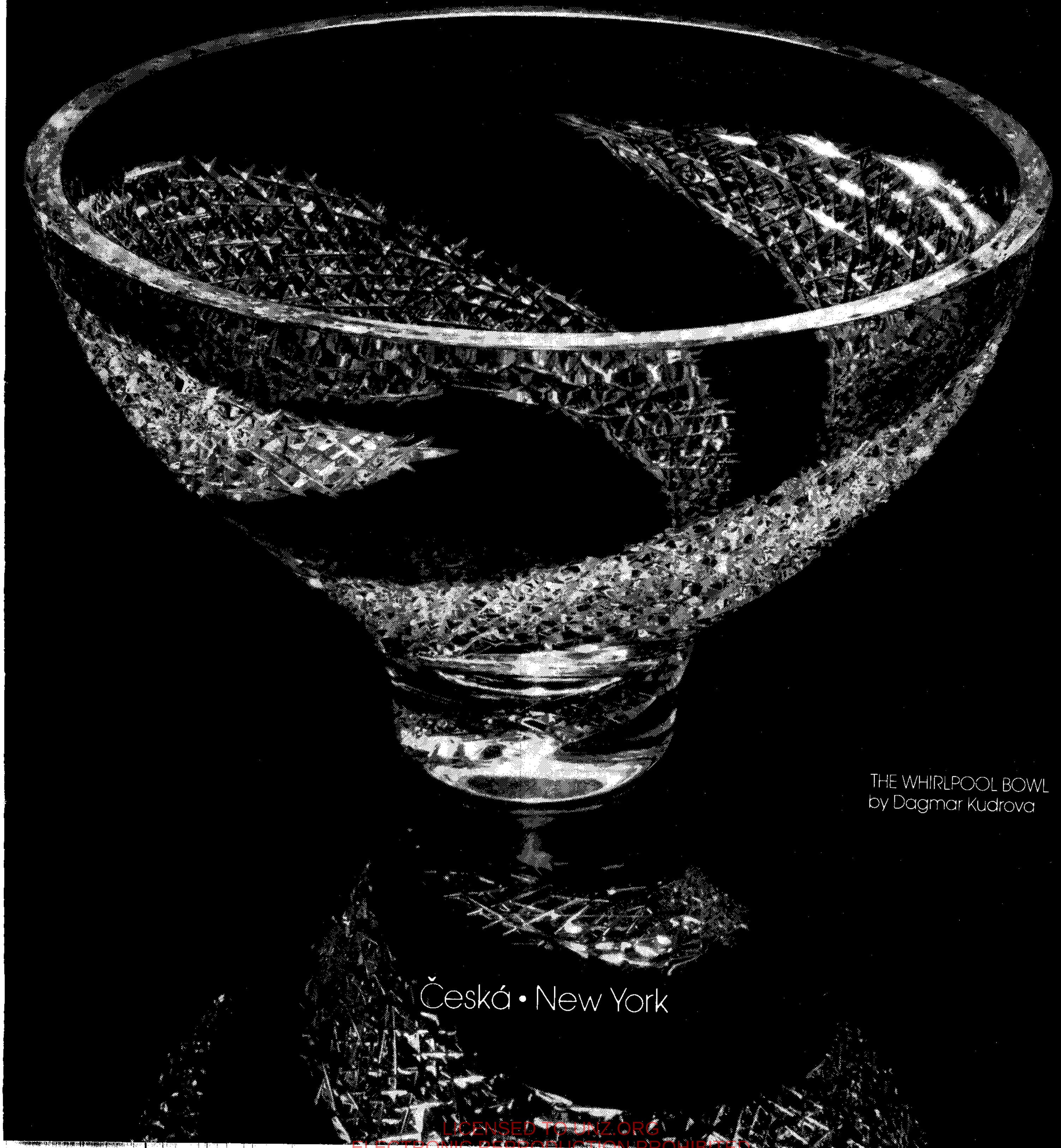


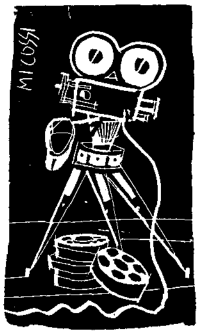
THE WHIRLPOOL BOWL
by Dagmar Kudrova

Česká • New York

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Flow Gently, Sweet Popcorn

"SCARIES," according to an aside in *Variety* of June 13th, "send patrons rushing to the concession stands." The soothing effects of buttered popcorn are not unknown to patrons of tearjerkers or madcap comedies, either, I've noticed, though whether the customers rush to the counter or stumble or lurch depends. My poison is Jujyfruits, and I have consumed numerous ozs. of these gummy pellets lately, to ease my ascent of the heights of improbability upheaved by Paramount Pictures, Warner Brothers, United Artists, et al. in their dedicated search for the limits of escapism. It may only have been the result of an overdose of corn syrup, artificial coloring, and petrolatum, but I thought the landscape looked familiar.



"Rocky" Roman Numeral Two, for example. Sylvester Stallone, the writer and star of plain "Rocky" (1976), has now stepped forward as the writer, star, and director of "Rocky II," a sequel that verges on twinship. "Rocky II" opens with a partial rerun of the heavyweight-championship fight that Rocky Balboa nearly won, miraculously, the last time, and has as its climax a slightly varied rematch for the heavyweight title. The scene is still Philadelphia, and the ensemble is about the same as it was—Talia Shire as Rocky's beloved, Burgess Meredith as his manager, Burt Young as his brother-in-law, and Carl Weathers, a former football player, in the part of the troubled champion.

A close study of the two films might yield enough material for a monograph on the relative competence of Stallone and John G. Avildsen, the director of the original; memory fails, except to suggest that both "Rocky"s are notable for a dramatic consistency, a benevolence of outlook, and a sincerity that startle the jaded moviegoer and cause at least a twitch of the atrophied organ of tender emotion. It's a token of Stallone's accomplishment that when Adrian (Shire) asks Rocky during their wedding-night kiss whether it will always be like this—a question to that effect—and he assures her that it will, the viewer may experience doubts, even fears, for the guileless couple, but no impulse to cackle. However, the same question can be asked about Stallone as about his hero: What next? Between "Rocky"s, he starred as a labor leader in "F.I.S.T.," for which he was also a co-writer of the screenplay; and he wrote, acted in, and directed "Paradise Alley." Neither film won enough hearts to release Stallone from his commitment to championship boxing. "Rocky III" is in the works. As an *auteur*, Stallone stands somewhere between Dr. Frankenstein and King Pygmalion, being the creator of a character so irresistible that he is threatened with audience-enforced monogamy.

THE hegemony of Barbra Streisand over her films is less a matter of record than a plausible presumption, based on observation of her omnivorous Whitmanesque approach to character—her urge to appear dumb yet smart, funny-looking yet beautiful, tough yet cuddly, a good actress yet a famous singer. In view of her predilection for converting any handy vehicle into a one-woman show, the difficulties of designing a script for her and appointing a consort must be considerable. The strain is apparent in "The Main Event," a sort of romantic boxing comedy, in which she is now on display with Ryan O'Neal in the opposition. O'Neal in fact served this purpose once before, in "What's Up, Doc?," wherein Peter Bogdanovich managed to achieve a bland balance of forces. Under the more accommodating direction of Howard Zieff, the balance has been adjusted in Streisand's favor. O'Neal has a peculiarly flimsy screen presence for a tall and handsome leading man, and seems here to be coöperating in his subjugation, a process not fully accounted for in the plot.

Playing the part of an inactive boxer in whom Streisand, a smash success in perfumery, has invested sixty thousand dollars for tax reasons, O'Neal is obliged to start fighting again when she goes bankrupt through no fault of her own and he is her single remaining asset. Does this make sense? Well, the dials are set for romantic union, suitably deferred by diverse means, including two pratfalls, three incidents of vomiting, posterial nudity, an ex-husband, a chronic cough, a driving school in the shape of a boxing glove (the action takes place in lower California), a cocaine joke, a Spanish-accent joke, a narrow range of double-entendre, a wide range of costumes befitting a fallen *parfumeuse* (I'll just mention the high-cut black leather short-pants suit that Streisand wears for a visit to the gym), and a modest feminist angle, which is substantially undercut by the traditional bias of the main line of humor: incongruous femininity in pugilistic haunts.

The sequence most likely to have succeeded under a regime more favorable to coherence and comic pacing incorporates a reverse seduction and a morning-after-sex switch, ending with O'Neal still in bed and pleading for his honor while Streisand, having asserted her *droit du seigneur*, heads, fully dressed, for the door. A couple of other scenes come somewhere near working—one in which Streisand joins in trade talk of gashes, bruises, and lacerations with a meek reminiscence of a paper cut on her tongue, and one in which she plunges inopportunely into the ring, causing a fair amount of entertaining confusion.

"The Main Event" was produced by Streisand and Jon Peters, the star's business partner, and the script is attributed to Gail Parent and Andrew Smith.

"PROPHECY," an ecological horror movie that was directed by John Frankenheimer and written by David Seltzer, is like an ill-cut jigsaw puzzle reassembled by force by someone who has lost a few of the pieces. The beast de résistance, loudly heralded but only dimly glimpsed, seems to be a one-eyed, bear-shaped, *Tyrannosaurus rex*-size creature with lumpy, slimy reddish skin, whose initial entrance is preceded by a giant, duck-devouring salmon (someone in the cast says it is a salmon), an unduly large tadpole (ditto), and a crazed raccoon, all products, it turns out, of mercury-polluted waters.

You see, a Public Health Service doctor (Robert Foxworth) is assigned to investigate the ecological aspects of a land dispute in the forests of Maine between a lumber company and a small group of Indians, the intensity of which is demonstrated as firmly as possible by a duel with hatchet and chain saw. The doctor points out to the Indians that they are not as cramped for space as the inhabitants of the urban ghetto he has just left—where, by the way, he has developed a deep pessimism, which takes the form of extreme irritability and a refusal to beget children, to the distress of his wife (Talia Shire), a secretly pregnant cellist. (*We* know that she is pregnant from overhearing a conversation between her and another cellist after a concert.)

The situation becomes complicated when the mutagenic effects of the water pollution are revealed by the doctor's research. The plot thickens and thins under the guidance of an appropriately heavy-footed symphonic score, until it is irretrievably mutilated, along with virtually all of the cast, upon the arrival of the monster.

BY now, you have probably heard good news of a film called "The In-Laws," a fugitive situation comedy in which robbery, gunfire, and revolution are synchronized with the arrangements for a suburban wedding; in which C.I.A. plots and criminal schemes are discussed across stranded dental patients and in a crowded luncheonette; in which a plane supposedly bound for Scranton lands in the vicinity of Honduras, in a country containing the address 501 United Fruit Boulevard and a dictator who serves water to a mouth painted on one of his hands; and in which—I'm not sure I have these details exactly right—the dinner-table talk among the prospective in-laws concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles which are protected by the Guacamole Act of 1907. Alan Arkin, juggling facial expressions with his usual speed and skill, plays the part of an honest and amiable dentist entrapped by family feeling into becoming a distraught straight man to Peter Falk, whose characterization of a businesslike intriguer perfectly matches his permanent mad look. The perfunctory quality of some of the footage surrounding this inspired collaboration hardly matters. The script is by Andrew Bergman, and Arthur Hiller, who has worked with both actors before, on separate movies, was the director.

HAVING nodded through certain key scenes and dozed during the climax of "The Muppet Movie," I felt obliged to turn my typewriter over to two associates in the seven-to-nine-year-old bracket for a more knowledgeable assessment than I could offer.

Associate No. 1: " 'The Muppet Movie' was a pretty good movie. This Broadway musical [Note: "Broadway" = "show biz."] started with Kermit the Frog meeting a Hollywood agent in Kermit's swamp. The good-hearted agent tells him great things about Hollywood. Finally the agent convinces Kermit to go. After some time of riding his bicycle and walking, Kermit comes to the terrible El Sleazo Café. There Kermit meets and leaves with Fozzie Bear. After a few hours of driving they come to an abandoned church. However, it turns out not to be so abandoned as they find Dr. Teeth and his rock group. Teeth and his band then give Fozzie's car a wild and crazy paint job. After a while their car is wrecked but they buy a new one. After a time of quiet driving, they land at a country fair. There the beauty queen, Miss Piggy, falls in love with Kermit. But when Kermit has dinner with Piggy, Doc Hopper, who wants Kermit for fried-frogs-legs commercials, kidnaps Piggy and Kermit to his hideout. But there Miss Piggy beats up everyone and they continue. As they cross the desert they sing songs and make merry. But then their car breaks down. After a few hours, Dr. Teeth rescues them in his bus. Their last challenge is a showdown with Doc Hopper. They are going to shoot Kermit when the Muppet called Animal saves him. Then it's off to Hollywood. After a slight scuffle in the lobby they get into show business. Now they are stars."

Associate No. 2: "Hi! 'The Muppet Movie' is a great movie, it is this good ********. Gonzo does not have any talent, Fozzie makes bad jokes, and Kermit is the star. Yayyyyyyyyyyy! I especially like that song about the rainbow. And it all started when Kermit was singing and then a Hollywood man told him that he had talent, so he got lots of friends. On the way to Hollywood a man was always chasing him for frog legs, and finally they got a job. While they were doing it Gonzo wrecked up the whole place, but they just sang their song."

—SUSAN LARDNER

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CORRECTIONS

An article in The Times on Tuesday reported erroneously that Samuel H. Lovejoy once blew up a 500-foot meteorological tower in Massachusetts as a protest against nuclear power. Mr. Lovejoy, an organizer of last weekend's antinuclear rally in Washington, used no explosives. He toppled the tower by loosening guy wires.—*The Times*.

Everybody knows Lovejoy hasn't a violent bone in his body.

•

But the essential character of a capitalist system is that it relies on voluntary exchange, on your agreeing with me that you will buy something from me if I will pay you a certain amount for it.—*Milton Friedman in the San Francisco Chronicle*.

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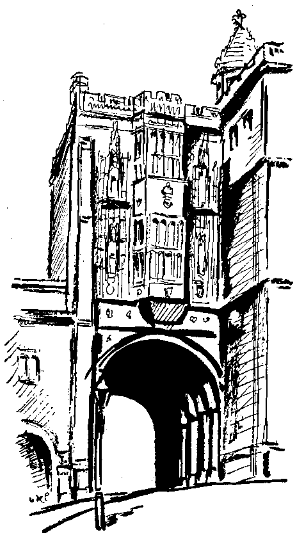
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 21

AFTER last month's enormous political excitement here in Britain, the election of representatives to the European Parliament took place on June 7th in such a deep, inattentive calm that it might have been deciding something on another planet. The result, which sent Conservative winners romping off to Strasbourg in even greater preponderance than that of the Conservative M.P.s entrenched at Westminster, followed a campaign that was impersonally short of all the usual trimmings. London showed no sign of knowing that anything was afoot. In country towns to the south, which are prosperous Conservative strongholds and therefore, it is always said, contain more conscientious voters than Labour areas do, one noticed a slight blooming of party posters among the late lilacs in front gardens. There were apparently few local meetings and no door-to-door campaigning. It was predicted all along that the turnout would be low. Yet when the melancholy figures began to trickle in—on the night of the count both television channels took part in an elaborate election-results program that went on cheerily analyzing and hooking up with other voting capitals long after the majority of this section of Europe's new constituents had certainly yawned their way to bed—the undreamed-of faintness of Britain's voice in the European concert was a shock that the press and the political commentators castigated as "appalling."



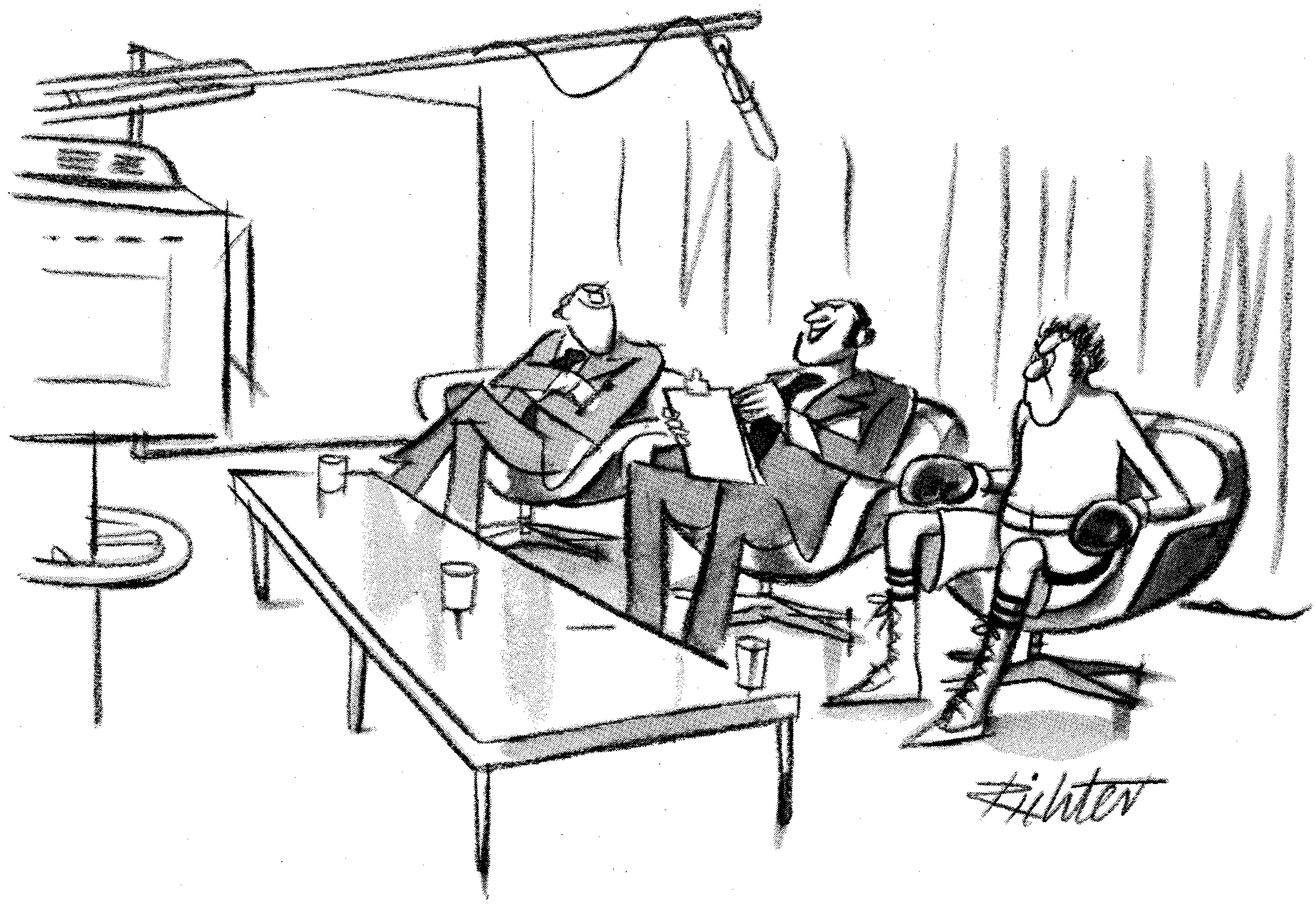
All sorts of reasons other than indifference or downright hostility were given to explain why things had turned out even worse than expected. The party organizations were tired and short of money after fighting the general election, and the public could not summon up much interest in another lot of political faces showing up so soon on their TVs, this time holding forth about Europe. The huge size of the Euro-constituencies into which Britain was carved up was daunting to many, since British election campaigns have traditionally preserved a personal, almost village character. Great slabs of the electorate were joined together willy-nilly with places beyond their normal constituency boundaries. For example, a sizable number of annoyed people who live in West Surrey found themselves pruned from the rest of the county and grafted on to part of Hampshire and all the Isle of Wight to form a new hybrid known as Wight and Hampshire East.

The lineup of candidates was unlikely to galvanize anybody. They included local-government figures, farmers, Eurocrats from Brussels, and professional men and women, with a sprinkling of past and present members of both Houses of Parliament and a few top executives who appear now and then in TV political discussions that do not attract popular audiences. Many citizens who were interested in the outcome and intended to use their vote had no idea what their candidate looked or sounded like. With one exception, the candidates were little-known players requesting to be sent out to bat for England in the unfamiliar Strasbourg field, and the lack of cheers for them—or, indeed, of any sound at all—was not surprising. It was possibly a nonpartisan relief to many to be able to pick out from their blurred mental snapshot of the chosen team the crisply trenchant silhouette of Mrs. Barbara Castle, a strong anti-Common Market left-winger and former minister, who stood down in the general election this May and won Greater Manchester North resoundingly for Labour as a Euro-candidate. She is now sixty-seven, and her looks—redheaded, attractive, neat as an extremely sharp pin—and her often vituperative North Country voice tirelessly drilling into Tory policies have been very well known indeed over the years.

The threatening hint in Labour's European-election manifesto that Britain might withdraw from the European Economic Community if desired reforms did not come quickly has now been shelved for the next five years or so. Pro-Europe and anti-Europe voters are united for once, however, in approving the Thatcher Government's speedy announcement that although a new cordial era has come at last, this government will be every bit as tough as the last lot in pressing for a reduction in the disproportionately hefty contribution that Britain pays into the Community's budget. The message of the fainthearted June 7th vote was clearly that for most of the British people Europe is still "them," and has not become "us."

THREE thousand invited friends, many of whom had come from abroad for the occasion, packed the Royal Festival Hall the other evening for a concert in affectionate honor of the hundredth birthday of Sir Robert Mayer, born into a cultivated Jewish family in Mannheim, who has spent himself and his wealth prodigally in opening the ears and the hearts of the young to music in his adopted country, England, and is still doing so with undiminished gusto. When he was eight, he recounts in his short book "My First Hundred Years," he played the piano so charmingly that doting aunts started talking about another Mozart. His Anglophile father realistically decreed that he should go into business, however, and sent him to live in London, where he made a fortune in the metals market. His real work, of transforming London's then not brilliant musical life, began in 1923, when he and his dearly loved late wife, the singer Dorothy Moulton Mayer, founded and financed the famous Robert Mayer Concerts for Children. From the first, the Mayers insisted that only the best was good enough, and that it must be given to the children of the very poor as well as those of the well-to-do. They started concerts in the East End which were deliberately not free, so that the customers could feel proud proprietors of something they had paid for. The charge was fourpence, and the first program, for listeners who had never seen an orchestra in their lives, included Bach, on the principle that if they took that they could take anything. They took it, in total, rapt silence. The Children's Concerts are now run by the BBC, but Sir Robert always turns up for them. Since 1954, he has been energetically occupied with another flourishing enterprise, called Youth & Music, which is aimed at young people in schools, colleges, and jobs in London and the provinces. Operating from a tiny office, it awards scholarships to gifted young musicians, works in coöperation with the International Federation of Jeunesses Musicales, in Brussels, and offers reduced-price seats for opera, ballet, and concerts.

The festivities the other evening were especially gala through the presence of two of Sir Robert's former "children" in the box with him—the Queen, who went to her first Mayer



"And now with a rebuttal . . ."

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concert when she was six, and the Prince of Wales, now the president of Youth & Music, to whom Sir Robert in his speech at the end of the evening addressed a punctiliously exact reminder that "you, Sir, came when you were four years old and one day." Sitting in a wheelchair between the Queen and Prince Philip, time having slowed down his legs but not the agility and fun of his mind, Sir Robert was clearly enjoying every minute of his party. After a line of young trumpeters sounded a fanfare composed by Sir William Walton in his honor, the offerings included the London Philharmonic Orchestra accompanying Dame Janet Baker's exquisite voice in four Berlioz songs, its choir superbly singing a magnificent motet by Tallis, and Yehudi Menuhin and Isaac Stern playing Bach's Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor. Then the whole house and all the artists, standing and looking up at the Royal Box with pleasure and a sort of triumph in beholding the remarkable breaker of all the rules about man's legitimate span of life on this earth, made the roof ring with their chanted wishes for a happy birthday. It was a moving evening for hundreds of thousands of Sir Robert's musical family, who followed it enthusiastically on television and radio. The next morning, at nine-thirty, he was on the telephone to the Youth & Music office planning something for the future.

THE big summer exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum called "The Garden: A Celebration of One Thousand Years of British Gardening" is predictably attracting large crowds, its subject being the great national art form, which in recent years has become commercialized in an explosion of garden centers all over. Visitors expecting to find an indoor Chelsea flower show will be disappointed, for there is not a bloom in sight. It is more like an anatomical diagram of the bones beneath the lovely living substance. There are walls and cases of drawings, paintings, and photographs, following every quirk of fashion from the stately geometric pleasure grounds of the medieval nobility to labor-saving present-day layouts, ancient and yellowing gardening bills, and a section on the surprisingly unchanging tools of the trade. (The major innovation was the superseding of the scythes that sheared the Englishman's sacred lawn by the lawn mower, which was invented in 1830 by a Mr. Budding.) There are also catalogues of the nursery gardeners and seedsmen who had shops in the Strand and Holborn to tempt city gentlemen from the seventeenth century onward, as well as a gallery of portraits of the men whose taste and knowledge created it all and of the travellers who made long and dangerous journeys to bring back exotics for Kew and eager private collectors. The exhibition includes Sir William Nicholson's delightful portrait of the comfortable stout form and work-worn gardener's hands of Miss Gertrude Jekyll, the great turn-of-the-century designer of natural herbaceous plantings that broke the long Victorian reign of regimented geraniums. She is really the patron saint of modern gardens, and her clumping, sensible working boots have been faithfully preserved like a relic.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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JASON ROBARDS RETURNS
TO THE LIFE HE LOVES

His laughter, bouncing along the cool morning air and colliding with the crashing surf, tumbles down from the thatch-covered terrace.—*Marilyn Beck in the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

He loves that?

MUSICAL EVENTS

Excursions

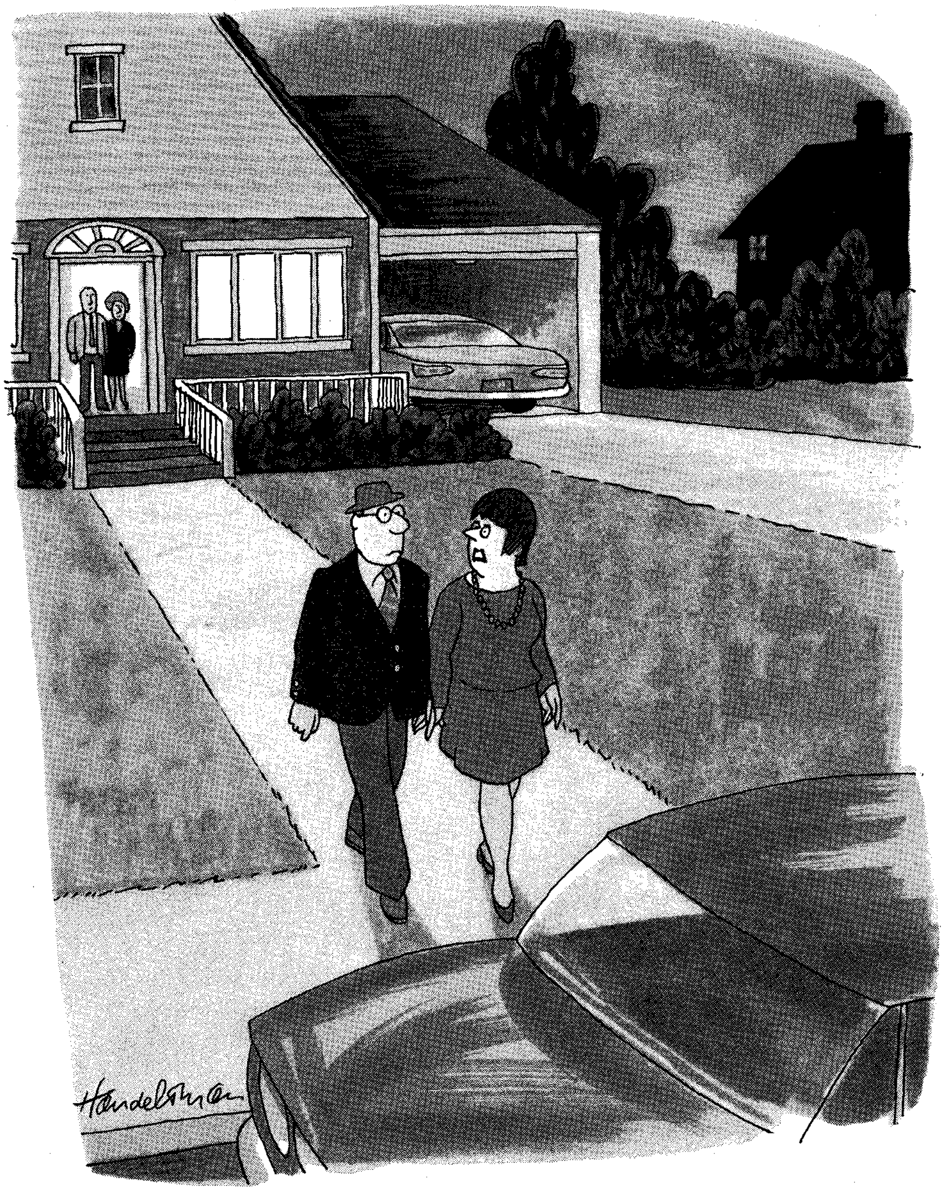
THE Opera Theatre of St. Louis plays in the Loretto-Hilton Theatre of Webster College, in Webster Groves, a suburb of the city. The theatre stands on a tree-studded lawn. After the opera, one can pluck ripe mulberries, enjoy the scent of honeysuckle, hear crickets chirrup. Across the lawn from the theatre is an open-sided tent—this year it was called a pavilion—where for the five central days of the season good food was served before the shows: Austrian on “Ariadne” night, French on that of “La Traviata,” Italian on that of “Gianni Schicchi,” and Spanish on those of “The Three Pintos.” Every day, picnic fare was on sale. After the performances, the audience did not scuttle home but gathered on the lawn or in the tent, drinking, talking, discussing the show, mingling with the casts and the crew. Operagoing in St. Louis is a civilized and enjoyable experience. In some ways, the place recalls Glyndebourne—a younger, less formal Glyndebourne, without the long dresses and the black ties. No downs, cows, lake, croquet lawn, or gardens, it is true, but the same feeling that an opera is more keenly appreciated in agreeable surroundings and that an audience should be made to feel welcome and wanted. The Glyndebourne parallels run deeper, for the St. Louis troupe is also an ensemble, not a company subscribing to the idea of opera once defined by Angelica Catalani's husband: “*Ma femme et quatre ou cinq poupées—voilà tout ce qu'il faut.*” The emphasis is not on famous, familiar singers flying in to do their thing but on a team of young artists carefully chosen, carefully rehearsed, and playing a repertory season. Mostly, they are at a “pre-Glyndebourne” stage; one must not make reckless comparisons. The troupe is in its fourth year. I have known it for three, and one of the pleasures it affords is to watch young singers grow there: the tenor Vinson Cole, for example, who has been with Opera Theatre from the start, in successive years Ernesto, Ory, Rodolfo, and then, as I wrote last week, as good a Rinuccio as one could hope to hear and see; or the soprano Sheri Greenawald, in successive years Norina, Galatea (in Rameau's “Pygmalion”) and Despina, Mimì, and Violetta; or the baritone Stephen Dickson, in successive years Sid (in “Albert Herring”), Guglielmo, Sid again and Marcello, and then the star of “The Three Pintos.” (Next year, he will go to Glyndebourne.) The St. Louis repertory is another powerful attraction. In 1977, it included “Pygmalion” and “Le Comte Ory;” last year Vicente Martín y Soler's “L'Arbore di Diana;” and this year the première of Stephen Paulus's “The Village Singer,” which I wrote about last week, and the American première of “The Three Pintos,” begun by Weber in 1820 and completed by Mahler in 1887.

THE “Pintos” is a problem piece. Weber began work on it within days of completing “Der Freischütz.” In the words of his son Max:

> His productive spirit, after its flight into such mystic and romantic regions, yearned for lighter, brighter scenes, where genial humour reigned. Weber conceived a great longing for the composition of some little comic opera for a small orchestra into which he might pour the endless stream of pretty, rippling melodies which he felt constantly springing up in his brain.

But the commission for “Euryanthe” intervened, and then that for “Oberon,” and although the “Pintos” had possibly been completed in its composer's mind, only seven of its seventeen musical numbers (Act I and the first number of Act II) had been committed to paper—and then only in his musical shorthand—when he died, in 1826. More precisely, only those seven draft numbers were found; Weber's widow, Carolina, and his pupil Julius Benedict believed that a full score had been made. Carolina asked Meyerbeer to complete the opera, and in 1827 a Berlin paper looked forward to hearing it. Between 1836 and 1841, Meyerbeer dickered with completing the piece for the Opéra-Comique; Scribe was approached about preparing a new libretto, since the original, Meyerbeer said, was “the silliest, stupidest stuff in the world.” (Karl Winkler, alias Theodor Hell, the original librettist, wasn't pleased.) In 1836, Carolina wrote to Meyerbeer's mother asking her to use her influence with her son to get the opera finished. In 1837, Winkler sent Meyerbeer, at his request, some other Weber compositions, to help him to fill the gaps. (Among them was the early opera “Peter Schmoll,” an attractive piece that awaits its American première.) The Weber scholar F. W. Jähns sent him a version of the “Pintos” drafts set out in a two-color full score—black for undisputed and red for questionable readings—so that for Act I he had merely to complete the instrumentation. In 1839, the work was reported ready; performances in Paris and to inaugurate the great new opera house that was rising in Dresden were predicted. But it wasn't ready. In 1845, Meyerbeer commissioned a new libretto for it, called “The Two Pintos,” from Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer. In 1846 and 1847, he worked at the score. Nothing came of all this, but I set out these details, culled from the recently published Meyerbeer diary and correspondence, to clear the oft-maligned composer of the charge that, having been entrusted with the “Pintos” sketches from the widow Weber, he simply let them gather dust for twenty years.

In 1887, Weber's grandson Carl showed the sketches to Mahler, then a young Leipzig Kapellmeister, and early in 1888 a Weber-Mahler “Three Pintos” had its première, in Leipzig. It was a success, and on German stages was played frequently for a few years; then it all but disappeared. The first modern revival was mounted by the music society of John Lewis, a London department store, in 1962. Pauline Tinsley was the heroine; John Cox, now director of production at Glyndebourne, was the director; and David Lloyd-Jones, now musical director of English National Opera North (Britain's latest full-time, full-scale opera company), was the conductor. (Would that Macy's or Bloomingdale's had the same good habit of doing operas—enriching a city's repertory annually with important revivals and at the same time fostering important talent!) Since then, there have been a few other “Pintos” productions and a recording, published in this country by RCA. The common appraisal—justified, I believe—has been: What attractive music, but what



"Women kiss women good night. Men kiss women good night. But men do not kiss men good night—especially in Armonk."

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an incompetent opera! It was what I felt at John Lewis and after the recording, and again at the first St. Louis performance. But at a second performance I tried to listen "through" the Mahler rearrangement to the first act of the "Pintos" as Weber had planned it, for it had struck me that a better job of reconstruction than Mahler's would be possible and desirable—not musically, number by number, since the freshness and aptness of Mahler's orchestration have never been in question, but dramaturgically. Weber's grandson altered Winkler's libretto, and Mahler altered it again, and while it can never have been a strong thing, the alterations present the original musical numbers in an awkward and ineffective sequence. As it stands, the action of the Weber-Mahler "Pintos" is: Act I: Gaston meets Pinto, who is on his way to Madrid to marry Clarissa; he steals Pinto's letter of introduction and decides to marry Clarissa himself. Act II: Clarissa laments the impending marriage, for she loves Gomez; she and Gomez swear fidelity. Act III: Gomez persuades Gaston to give *him* the letter; as "Don Pinto" he marries Clarissa, and when the real Pinto turns up it is too late for changes.

Mahler arranged Weber's six Act I "Pinto" pieces in the order 4, 5, 6 (a substantial finale), intermission, and then (as Act II) 1, 2, 3, and he added irrelevancies from other Weber compositions. (The first edition of the score bears the odd but essentially accurate ascription of the "dramatic" part to Weber and the "musical" part to Mahler.) Mahler's Act II begins with the traditional *introduzione*—a chorus establishing the basic situation and introducing some of the characters in solo utterance—that should open a whole opera, and it ends without a proper finale. The original No. 2, Clarissa's aria—a fairly light piece that would work well as the first solo of a comic opera—has more weight thrown on it than it can bear where Mahler placed it. (He tried to make it function as "Leise, leise" does in "Der Freischütz," to the point of adding at the center of Act II a soubrette aria to precede it.) At a stroke, a modern director could put all this right—produce a better shape, a better story, and a properly balanced sequence of numbers—by playing Mahler's Act II before his Act I, without intermission, and striking out all his interpolations. Some of the struck pieces the director should keep up his sleeve to use in the reconstruction of a second act—or even, if he felt brave enough, of a second and then a third act, based on Weber's original scheme. There a skillful librettist and a sensitive musician, versed in early-nineteenth-century practice, could probably work in the best of the Weber-Mahler and the Mahler-freely-after-Weber numbers, for several of them are brilliant, and they might also do what Mahler deliberately didn't do—use numbers from other Weber operas, either unfinished or now unfamiliar: "Peter Schmoll," "Rübezahl," "Silvana." Moreover, among Weber's numerous "insert arias" for other men's operas and his abundant incidental music for plays they might find some pieces more effective and apter for their purposes than the Weber compositions Mahler chose.

I'm proposing two things here. First, that the Weber-Mahler "Pintos" would be strengthened by simply playing the acts in the order II, I, III. That can easily be tested by listening to the recording in that order. But, second, that what we really need is a Weber-Mahler-A. N. Other "Three Pintos," in which Weber's Act I is respected and the rest is boldly reconstructed in a version that retains the best of Mahler's extra ideas.

The St. Louis production was lively, jolly, enjoyable, not exactly distinguished. Richard Pearlman's direction didn't suggest that he loved the work, believed in it, and believed in his cast. It was efficient and competent for the most part but sometimes dropped into coarse, careless cliché. Stephen Dickson in the Leporello role of Gaston's servant, Ambrosio, was outstanding. In the penultimate number of Act I, Weber requires him to sing in falsetto, in drag, and Mahler, oblivious of diminishing returns, employed falsetto excursions in three other numbers. Mr. Dickson achieved it all with discretion, manfully, without camp. He sang as if he loved and admired Weber's music, launching the canonic trio in Act III—brilliant of Mahler to have perceived that this early (1802) exercise of Weber's would prove irresistible on the stage—in a way that combined wit of utterance and beauty of tone. Alan Kays excels in roles of straightforward, unaffected sentiment (such as Sam in Kurt Weill's "Street Scene"); Gaston needs more dash and sparkle than he could provide. Neil Rosenshein, a naturally romantic, naturally elegant tenor, was well cast as Gomez for his St. Louis début. As the real Pinto, Joseph McKee was too fussy, a caricature. The men were stronger than the women. They also get more chances. Sheryl Woods was a pretty Clarissa. Faith Esham was a twinkling Laura, Clarissa's maid. Jane Kamp had not been shown how to make the most of Inez's cat song. Bruce Ferden conducted. All St. Louis performances are (with a partial exception noted below) sung in English, and rightly so. For "Pintos," the version Rodney Blumer—better known as Rodney Milnes, an associate editor of *Opera*—made for John Lewis was used.

THE Loretto-Hilton, which seats nine hundred and twenty-five, is an attractive theatre but not an easy one to use for opera. The stage thrusts forward into the auditorium, and many of the audience have but a sideways view of things. The arrangements for flying are meagre. Most of the light must come from above. The pit is small and deep, and the acoustics are patchy. In the matter of theatre resources, St. Louis is not at all like Glyndebourne. But the St. Louis directors, designers, and conductors are learning ways to mitigate the disadvantages of the house while making the most of its intimacy, directness, and friendly atmosphere. This year, the season was extended to four weeks; four bills were given; and all performances were well attended. "La Traviata" was brashly conducted by Mr. Ferden. Colin Graham's direction was often unstylish. Miss Greenawald played Violetta with care and intelligence, and she looked beautiful, but she was oddly unmoving. There was an unromantic Alfredo, Jon Fredric West. "Ariadne on Naxos" was more striking. Lou Galterio's direction was detailed, inventive, and amusing in the right ways, never off-key. Naiad and Echo, Elizabeth Pruett and Miss Kamp, were especially vivid. Miss Esham played the Composer ideally, but her tone was not limpid or pure in focus. Erie Mills was a sparkling and accurate Zerbinetta. There was lustre in Pamela Myers' Ariadne, and David Hillman's Bacchus had its moments. Leonard Slatkin, the music director-elect of the St. Louis Symphony (which plays for the St. Louis opera), conducted—his début in a professional opera house. Strauss's bewitching score was deftly and charmingly played (the St. Louis woodwinds are especially good), but at times Mr. Slatkin leaped on its delights with too much alacrity. There are moments when an "Ariadne" conductor should cede to a singer, as if saying, "Now comes *your* moment to hold the audience spellbound; handle the phrases as if you had all the time in the world at your disposal, and I'll follow you"—at the Composer's "O du Knabe, du Kind," Zerbinetta's "Ein Augenblick ist wenig," Ariadne's great scena. But here one was always conscious of Mr. Slatkin's hands on the reins. As at the New York City Opera, the prologue and the commedia-dell'arte parts of the opera were sung in English, while the opera seria was done in German. This is not a good idea. (If the opera seria is to be given in a foreign language, it should surely be Italian.) It unbalances the piece, and lends philistine support to a Zerbinetta view of the high operatic art, suggesting that what Ariadne and Bacchus actually say is unimportant.

CARAMOOR, forty-five miles north of New York, in Westchester County, is a house poorly sited and lavishly furnished without taste or discrimination—an expensive, enthusiastic celebration of the third-rate. On summer weekends, a series of musical events, called a "festival," is held there—some of them in the courtyard of the house, which holds about six hundred people, and others in the mosquito-ridden open-air "Venetian Theatre," which can hold nearly two thousand people. Nothing I've ever heard at Caramoor has seemed altogether untouched by the spirit of the place itself (and even first-rate ensembles don't sound their best in the open air), so hitherto I have passed over the seasons in silence. But the American première of Ottorino Respighi's opera "Lucrezia" calls for at least a few words. Caramoor opened last month with a double bill of Respighi's "The Birds" and "Lucrezia"—two-thirds of the 1937 triple bill at La Scala (the opera "Maria Egiziaca" was the third work) on which "Lucrezia" had its first performance. Before the show, there was a jolly party in the courtyard and dinner in a tent. These were enjoyable. A festive feeling was created. But it faded during the performance, and a critic must ungratefully bite the Caramoor hand that wined and fed him.

Respighi, who died in 1936, would have been a hundred this month. In this country, the centenary is passing almost unobserved except at Caramoor: the day after "The Birds" and "Lucrezia," the Music Project played his "Deità Silvane," for voice and fifteen instruments, and "Il Tramonto," for voice and string quartet, in a chamber recital. (Maybe our radio stations do have plans for "Re Enzo," "Semirâma," "Belfagor," and "La Fiamma," for chamber concerts, for learned centenary appraisals, but news

FLOWER SHOW

of them has not reached me. The Music Project recital, however, can be heard over WNCN on July 3rd.) "The Birds," Respighi's colorful elaboration of six Baroque avian fancies, was danced to dull, pointless choreography by Robert Weiss. "Lucrezia," Respighi's last composition—a few pages were orchestrated after his death by his widow—is a spare, sustained, and pleasing essay in the grave, soberly beautiful poetic vein that surfaces from time to time even amid the glittering orchestral pageantry of his famous tone poems "The Pines of Rome," "The Fountains of Rome," "Roman Festivals." The libretto, by Claudio Guastalla, is based on André Obey's play "Le Viol de Lucrèce," which Britten used ten years later for his opera on the subject. In Respighi's version, the Chorus is a single voice, a mezzo-soprano (Ebe Stignani at the first performance, Diane Curry at Caramoor), whose narrative manner and music recall the Testo in Monteverdi's "Il Combattimento." The title role was conceived for a commanding young dramatic soprano, Maria Caniglia, who must have been grandly impressive in the heroine's long, dignified, and moving final speech. In Caramoor's open air, Eleanor Bergquist sounded insubstantial; her manner lacked grandeur; and an animated frieze of posturing boys competed for the audience's attention. Fred Hartmann's direction was generally feeble and insensitive. Laszlo Heltay conducted. Carlos Serrano was Tarquin, David Britton was a vivid Collatinus, and James McCray was Brutus. The opera was done in Italian. Contained by a theatre, strongly directed, and powerfully yet chastely sung, "Lucrezia" should be an impressive piece. Even in this unsatisfactory performance, it threw some new light on a thoughtful, cultivated, earnest composer who deserves to be remembered for more than his exuberant instrumental mastery.

—Andrew Porter

CONCERT RECORDS

Verdi and Monteverdi

Giuseppe Verdi was incapable of writing a totally ineffective work for the operatic stage. But "La Battaglia di Legnano," written in 1848—just before his great middle period ("Rigoletto," "La Traviata," etc.)—is certainly one of his weakest. It is almost forgotten today, but it may be of interest to Verdi collectors who want to complete their libraries. It has now been recorded by Philips (6700 120; four sides) with a cast that deserves something better to sing. The singers are Katia Ricciarelli, José Carreras, Matteo Manuguerra, Nicola Ghiuselev, Hannes Lichtenberger, Dimitri Kavrakos, Jonathan Summers, Franz Handlos, Ann Murray, and Mieczyslaw Antoniak, and they are accompanied by the ORF Orchestra and Chorus, under Lamberto Gardelli. The story involves the great battle between the Lombards and Frederick Barbarossa, in which Barbarossa is assassinated. The hero dies after performing the assassination. The opera is full of Verdi's early patriotic fervor, if not his usual inspiration. The performance is earnest, and at times inspired. Mr. Handlos is a bit weak, and some of Verdi's difficult coloratura is slightly beyond the capacities of Miss Ricciarelli.

It is a relief, after this, to turn to Monteverdi's Madrigals, Book 7, performed by the John Alldis Choir and the English Chamber Orchestra, under the baton of Raymond Leppard, with the soloists Sheila Armstrong, Norma Burrowes, Sandra Browne, Patricia Kern, Anne Collins, Alfreda Hodgson, Ryland Davies, Alexander Oliver, Benjamin Luxon, and Robert Lloyd (Philips 6747 416; six sides). These are love songs written by the first great operatic master (1567-1643). They are late enough historically to speak to us today without the intervention of any learned explanations. The performances are miraculously effective, and scrupulous in every detail.

Paul Dukas was a French Impressionist composer of few works, a contemporary and friend of Debussy, a master orchestrator, and a man whose music, except for the celebrated "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," is not very well represented on records. He was not the great original that Debussy was, and his longer works tend to be unmemorable, despite their admirable formal structure. David Zinman and the Rotterdam Philharmonic have recently recorded a large part of Dukas's output, including "The Sorcerer's Apprentice;" the Overture to Corneille's tragedy "Polyeucte;" the fanfare that is a prelude to his most ambitious work, "La Péri;" and "La Péri" itself (Philips 9500 533; single disc).

A disc entitled "The Art of Regina Resnik" offers excerpts from "Carmen," "Falstaff," "Die Fledermaus," "Die Walküre," "Elektra," "Il Trovatore," and "Don Carlos" (London OS26574; single). All these performances have appeared previously, on separate records, but for Resnik enthusiasts like me it is marvellous to have them together in one collection. Miss Resnik is one of the finest actresses the operatic stage has known, and though her voice is not one of the purest, her intelligence never fails her. I once referred to her as the greatest Carmen since Bruna Castagna, and that was an understatement. Castagna had a more beautiful voice, but Resnik's Carmen is a masterpiece of phrasing, French diction, dramatic inflection, and musical style. (Her enunciation in several languages is as close to perfect as any I have ever heard.) She is, for me, the finest Klytemnestra, Dame Quickly, and Azucena on the stage. This recording contains bits and pieces of all these roles, and includes duets with Birgit Nilsson, Fernando Corena, and Waldemar Kmentt. Remarkable on this disc is her graceful singing of that awkward item (seemingly written for the violin, not the voice) "Ich lade gern mir Gäste ein"—Orlofsky's aria from "Die Fledermaus."

"Hits from Lincoln Center" is a disc that preserves the sound of the telecast of Luciano Pavarotti's recital on February 12, 1978 (London OS26577; single). The great tenor sings excerpts from "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Orfeo ed Euridice," "Luisa Miller," "Lucia," "Tosca," and "Turandot," along with several lively Italian songs. His performances are characterized by sheer beauty of voice, refinement of style, and great personal artistry.

Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew" has been recorded countless times, but not always with the meticulous care that characterizes a new Vanguard recording (VSD-71231/4; eight sides). The soloists include Ernst Haefliger, Barry McDaniel, Elly Ameling, Birgit Finnilä, Seth McCoy, and Benjamin Luxon. The chorus is the Ambrosian Singers, and the orchestra is the English Chamber Orchestra,

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under the baton of Johannes Somary.

The Westminster Choir has recorded the complete motets of Bach (Nos. 1 through 6) with a chamber orchestra and organ, Wilhelm Ehmann conducting (WC 1/2; four sides). The recording was made by RCA but is obtainable only from Westminster Choir College, Princeton, New Jersey 08540. The chorus is a large one, and the performances are big, hearty, and technically good.

A fine recording of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," the first important English opera, has been made by the English Chamber Choir and the English Chamber Orchestra, Raymond Leppard conducting, with Tatiana Troyanos, Felicity Palmer, Alfreda Hodgson, Richard Stilwell, and others (RCA ARL1-3021; single). Mr. Stilwell is outstanding. It is not the fault of the female singers that their English enunciation is almost unintelligible in the forte coloratura passages.

Hermann Prey, who is certainly one of the world's most distinguished lieder singers, has recorded an anthology of Schubert lieder with orchestral accompaniments written by Liszt, Brahms, Berlioz, Offenbach, and Reger (RCA ARL1-3002; single). He is accompanied by the Munich Philharmonic, under Gary Bertini. These are musical curiosities. I must say that I prefer Schubert's own piano accompaniments to these booming Wagnerian orchestrations, but the disc is undeniably dramatic, and will please a lot of people.

Schubert's Quartet No. 15 in G, Opus 161, D. 887, is perhaps his most daring venture in chamber music, and it has been infrequently recorded. Some of it sounds like a sketch for a symphony. The Guarneri Quartet has done it with exquisite polish (RCA ARL1-3003; single).

THE latest Metropolitan Opera Historic Broadcast recording (given to those who donate a hundred and twenty dollars or more to the institution) is of Beethoven's "Fidelio," made from a broadcast that took place on February 22, 1941. The singers are Kirsten Flagstad, René Maison, Alexander Kipnis, Marita Farell, Julius Huehn, Herbert Janssen, Karl Laufkoetter, Emery Darcy, and John Gurney; the conductor is Bruno Walter. It has been produced by RCA Records, under the direction of Dario Soria (six sides; mono). This recording represents the Met at a point when its German-language casts were at their most distinguished, and all the roles are admirably sung. Leonora was, in my opinion, not Flagstad's finest role, but the warmth and amplitude of her once-in-a-hundred-years voice are obvious in the great aria "Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?" The remainder of the cast is also absolutely top-flight.

FRANZ SCHUBERT wrote a number of operas, none of which have held the stage. The reasons for this are apparent in a recording of his "Alfonso und Estrella," which has been recorded for the first time, by Angel (SCLX 3878; six sides). The venture by Angel is a courageous one, with a gilt-edged cast that includes Edith Mathis, Peter Schreier, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Hermann Prey, and Theo Adam—virtually a *Who's Who* of the finest singers now active in Germany—which is accompanied by the Berlin Staatskapelle and Radio Choir, under Otmar Suitner. Schubert's music is charming, but his libretto is a trite affair involving an exiled king whose son, having fallen in love with the daughter of the tyrant who overthrew his father, regains the throne. There are some passages in the opera—particularly something called "Song of the Cloud Maiden"—that might make excellent lieder for concert purposes, but Schubert seems to have had meagre powers of characterization, and no sense whatever of theatre. "Alfonso und Estrella" sounds more like an oratorio than like an opera.

IN these days of magnificent orchestras and equally magnificent recording techniques, nearly every conductor of prominence is eager to leave his mark on the classics. The result is bound to be good, though it always duplicates recordings by other conductors of prominence. In this category belong Brahms' four symphonies, which have recently been recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic, under Herbert von Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon 2711 022; eight sides); the seven last symphonies of Mozart, performed by the same forces (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 080; six sides); and the seven symphonies of Sibelius, performed by the Utah Symphony, under Maurice Abravanel (Vanguard SRV 381/4; eight sides).

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

MARGARITA CLUB
RESTAURANT
"A loaf of bread, a jug
of wine, and thou..."
F. Scott Fitzgerald
—*Adv. in the Evanston (Ill.) Review.*

By "thou" he meant Zelda.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

LONG before this fall's designs were sketched or cut, Seventh Avenue was peering into the murky crystal ball of fashion in the nineteen-eighties. What lives would women be leading in the next decade and what clothes would they need, to match? One clue presented itself in statistics. By 1980, for the first time in American history, more women would be working outside the home than staying in it. Behind this fact lie great changes—some actual, some still potential—in the way the sexes relate to each other and in the way society functions. To the alert businessman and designer, this fact indicates a market, too.

INFORMATION
LASZLO

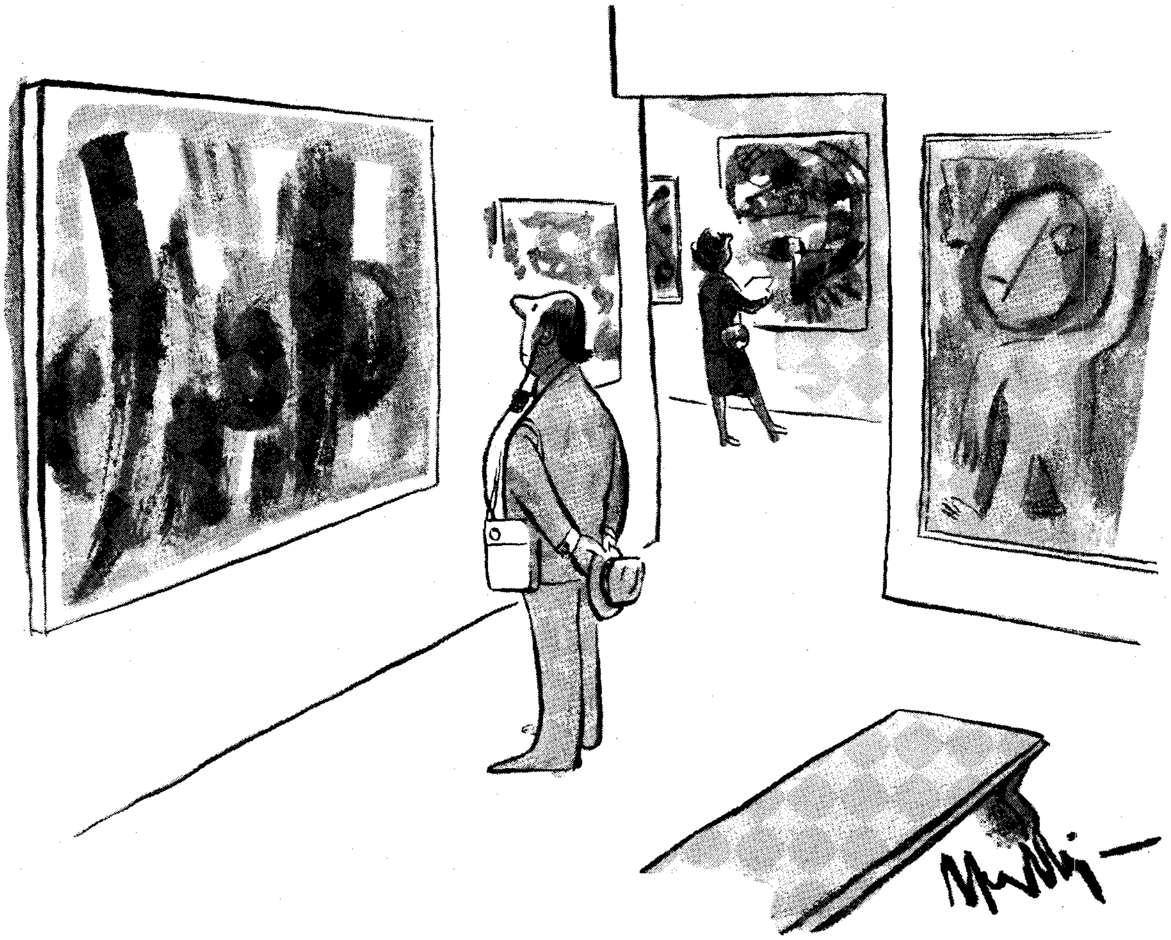
Working women of interest to the sort of designers who put on fancy shows and describe their ideal customer in program notes are not exactly average working women—not those who simply *have* to work, to support their families or to make ends meet. Customers for the designers who talk enough about their goals to generate publicity are well-heeled middle-class women who very likely work out of choice and for their own satisfaction. In addition to pursuing a career, they have the time and the inclination to look up-to-date. Designers are banking not merely on such working women's need for clothes but on their taste for fashion—for a fashion differing from the fashion they would choose if they simply stayed at home. A form of women's fashion is evolving which is deliberately designed to fit into the world of men. It is fashion intended to project a particular image—an aura of competence, of self-confidence, of a sexuality that can be drawn on at moments when it seems useful and flatly denied at inappropriate ones. This is feminine fashion that prides itself on having the look of "power." Many designers are seeking the costume formula for this image at the moment. One designer summed up the image for many of his colleagues when he described the customer for his fall clothes as "the emerging Executive Woman."

Catch phrases are not always the most accurate reflections of confused reality, and styles of dress are only hints or sketches of people's lives. The phenomenon of women in business is in a transitional, if no longer a completely germinal, stage. Even if designers succeed in selling all the outfits for executive womanhood which they could possibly wish, it is clear that there will not be enough executive-level jobs to match. Some designers and some customers are apparently going to go for the costume of success and power first, trusting that those attributes will follow. If one had to sum up the current vision of executive womanhood—it is a simplification, because designers have widely differing interpretations of the theme—one would have to begin with a fairly strictly tailored suit. This prototypical tailored suit has a straightish skirt, with a hemline ending around the knees. The jacket has shoulders that are often padded or otherwise enlarged. But, as if pulling back from any austerity or masculinity inherent in this silhouette, designers add to it exaggeratedly feminine accessories: frivolous and impractical hats; shoes with recklessly high, thin heels; and unusual gloves. People attending the fall collections often had cause to wonder what the clothes would look like if they were shown straight, without the support and distraction of stylized accessories. In many cases, they might look quite tedious. The prize for the most obvious hedging between whimsy and rigidity must go to the presentation of the new coat collection designed by Zandra Rhodes. The styles had dignity, and even beauty, but were of a conventionality surprising for Miss Rhodes, who is known for her strikingly avant-garde imagination. The coats themselves looked like something paraded in any expensive suburban coat department in the early nineteen-sixties. But the models' heads erupted in surreal décor: mysterious, boxlike face-masks of scarlet satin; curly, wildly sprouting hairpinnings, like electrified pigs' tails; and wiggly lines of jewelled beading glued to the cheeks.

The tremulous balance between the utterly nonsensical and the strictly pedestrian which characterized so many of the fall collections—not only those directly aimed at the emerging executive woman—has many origins, including internal commercial factors of the fashion industry and the twists and turns in the sensibility of designers. Manufacturers of tailored coats and suits, who have for a long time been faced with a declining market and a shrinking force of labor skilled in tailoring techniques, have found at least temporary resurgence through reactions against ample and unconstructed silhouettes and in the current flirtation—the latest in a series—with nostalgia for earlier fashions, especially those of the nineteen-forties. For years, customers have been leaning toward the comfort of knitted fabrics, the versatility of separates, the freedom from the obligation to put together complicated accessories. In the long run, they will probably continue to do so. But there is currently an appetite for a more formal-looking fashion that will provide an alternative to easygoing styles without necessarily supplanting them entirely. Revolutions of the eye and a taste for change from what a lot of women have been wearing for a long time are not the exclusive prerogative of a fashion industry that hopes to cash in on them. Even ordinary women occasionally get bored with last year's styles.

AS for American designers' allusions to the archives of fashion, they are to some extent reëchoing themes that have been preoccupying designers in Europe for a year or two. But the universe of fashion is too cosmopolitan and unified these days, the crosscurrents of inspiration too complex, for talk of Europeans' inventing fashions and Americans' copying them. One has only to review the transatlantic tennis game of fashions in denim, army uniforms, and active sportswear to see that fashion is no longer a one-way passage from Europe to the States. One would be hard pressed to say that five or ten years ago there were more trend-setters in Paris than in New York who were searching in flea markets for padded shoulders and amusing hats. Nostalgic fashion—now referred to in America as "retro," a name bestowed on it by the French—has been bouncing around in fashion-minded circles of the world for ages.

What is new about the modified retro pervading the fall collections here is that it is provided by mainstream designers for mainstream customers. The people who prefer to follow fashion rather than lead it are being given the chance to experiment with shapes and moods that the "innovators" who first recycled them from thrift shops have begun to tire of. We



"In George Bush we have a figure in the tradition of Teddy Roosevelt, Abe Lincoln, and Ike Eisenhower—someone revered on the national front who is also proven and respected internationally, a man not only a credit to the Republican Party but to the country as a whole."

• •

may be witnessing a final paroxysm—a last fling—of historicism in fashion, and anyone who hasn't got around to playing with it all had better try now, before it is too late. For it is clear by now that the age of highly individualistic and eccentric "style" is really past. Style is on the wane because too many fundamentally unstylish people are wearing the symbols of it. Trend-setters are not and never will be democrats, and they'll change the rules of the game sooner than compete with imitators. The high-spirited, often deliberately provocative panache of the sixties and early seventies was a spontaneous emotional reaction by a few people to a set of historical circumstances that no longer prevail. There were still rules, upheld by the majority, for the minority to rebel against or break. The fashion industry was more monolithic and structured than it is today, and obvious conformism more prevalent. The change that earlier trend-setters sought to hasten by example—people's right to wear what they felt like on any occasion—has been largely accomplished in private social life, if not yet in the business world.

Much of today's retro feels harmlessly derivative, and it doesn't pack enough punch to justify annoyance with it. Fashion-minded people, who used to get quite exasperated with other styles at the height of the battle for freedom of self-expression, tend to be more tolerant these days. One designer, who used to get very intense about the need for innovation, said to me recently, with a benevolent shrug, that there was room in the world for all sorts of people and all varieties of style. I certainly see no point in castigating Oscar de la Renta or Bill Blass, for example, because he was in the mood to design nostalgic, flamboyantly let-'em-eat-cake fall collections. What does it matter if de la Renta's Balenciaga- or Lillie Langtry-style ball gowns won't fit into cabs or closets, or if Blass's Adrian-style *numéros* cost several thousand dollars and are not relevant to struggling working girls? These two designers went on producing sensible enough collections in past seasons, when younger and sometimes less competent colleagues were fooling passionately with nostalgia. It is scarcely surprising that the two men—each with the security blanket of an affluent and loyal following, and with grounding in the techniques of the grand couture—could not resist showing off in the late flowering of retro and demonstrating how spectacular the old élitist styles could be in the hands of an experienced pro. And if fashion continued to be created from ivory towers by designers going to museums for inspiration instead of to the lives of customers, one might be justified in taking issue with the pretentious and campy notes that the designer Mary McFadden launched with her latest collection. ("For more than three thousand years they had moved back and forth across the boundaries of Asia . . . Goat leather drums throbbed in slow rhythmic steps. Black tents were struck and folded. The Horde has been the inspiration for the 'Nomads Then' Collection '79.") But Miss McFadden's clothes are pretty, and a lot of women like them. Who, at this point, is to deny her her right to celebrate an aspect of fashion which will never be entirely submerged—the purely decorative, evocative, and utterly irrational?

SOME observers—including some who identify with the interests of designers and some who identify with the interests of consumers—have run counter to this tolerance of different styles, and suggested that designers are in the midst of a reprehensible bout of hermetic self-indulgence. If this should prove true, the designers alone will suffer, for women will ignore their work. It is a designer's concern if he is commercially reckless enough to produce clothes that women do not want to wear, at this particular season or at any in the future. I cannot give credence to the persistent myth that the fashion industry is coercive and retains the power to impose styles on an unwilling audience, because I do not believe that women are so stupid, as a group. It happens that the notion of emerging executive womanhood strikes Seventh Avenue at the same time as a taste for retro. Indeed, it would seem that in groping for clothes appropriate for the contemporary career woman, designers are irresistibly drawn to the coherently packaged vision of her celluloid precursor—the look of Joan Crawford in the boardroom. But if—and it is an if—women go for the overlapping fashions of retrospection and executive womanhood which they are being offered for fall, it will be because those fashions correspond in some way to real-life feelings and needs.

It would not be so surprising if the besuited, carefully accessorized, high-heeled, and vaguely retrospective look attracted a following among women who aspire to being executives. Women have not been in the business world long enough to take themselves for granted. They still have to be slightly more than men in equivalent positions—slightly harder-working, slightly brighter, slightly more self-protective, perhaps even slightly more aggressive. And they feel impelled to give far more attention to looking well dressed. The suggested fashions for women in business begin with the uniform of men in business—the suit—and then add touches of self-consciousness, or even of self-parody. The female version may take itself more lightheartedly, or perhaps more seriously, than the male, but it doesn't simply take itself for granted. The traditional business uniform of men—matching jacket and pants in a neutral color, an easily laundered, simply styled shirt, a pair of comfortable shoes, even the necktie that adds a touch of color and the means of transmitting minor social messages—continues in favor not only because of conservatism but because it is eminently practical. It is a style of dress that can be forgotten about while the people wearing it devote their attention to the job in hand.

How is the forgettable masculine uniform modified when it becomes a woman's fashion? In the first place, by looking like a fashion at all it gains triviality and becomes something like the costume for a role. The designer Gloria Sachs, in acting as commentator at her fall collection, touched on this. "Remember the man in the gray flannel suit in the nineteen-fifties?" she asked her audience. "I see women being something like that in the eighties. My daughter and her friends are all in law school, and they are playing at being very professional." The remark may have seemed like a putdown, and not only for the daughter and her friends, but it may also have contained a grain of widely applicable truth. Many of the new fashions for young executive women somehow imply a playing at careerism. And where they are combined with retrospective detailing they further distance wearers from total commitment to the here and now by veiling them in complex historical and visual ironies.

Inherent in such fashions, too, are confusions and conflicts about how to be a woman in a world of men. Femininity does not reside in symbolic wisps of net on a hat or in spindly heels. No woman is going to find the key to a harmonious personality by tacking such touches on to a sternly masculine tailored suit, any more than she can become a great lover by buying a red silk dress with a plunging décolletage. It was probably inevitable at this stage of fashion history that some women would want slimmer skirts again. But some skirts for suits are now so tight that designers have to employ devices such as slits to make walking possible at all. (For the benefit of any who are curious or hopeful, I may add that some designers now show some miniskirts and that some young women may sometimes wear them. But at this distance from the era of liberation which spawned the length it is really no big deal.) In spite of severity of tailoring, there is in many of the coming fashions a great emphasis on legs and bottoms. If half of executive womanhood is swinging down the office halls inciting low whistles, if not pinches, while the other half is busy taking the boss to court for sexual harassment, we must indeed be living in transitional times.

—Kennedy Fraser

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Dear Heloise:

Our baby is 10 months old now, but he outgrew his bassinet when he was about 4½ months old.

As the bassinet was still in good condition, we hated to get rid of it. I had my husband take the legs off it and put the wheels back on (the rivets that held the legs to the bed left holes for the wheels).

It's just great! We can wheel it around the house right to the toys instead of making trips back and forth.

—A Faithful Reader

Not only is this pretty to look at but when Thanksgiving is over you can eat it.

—Heloise

—*"Hints from Heloise" in the Bryan (Ohio) Times.*

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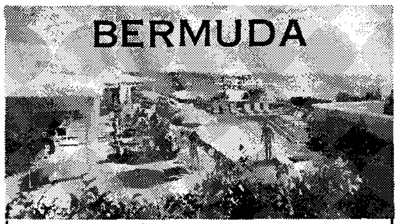

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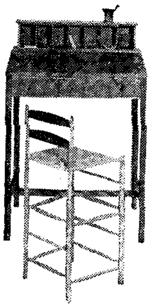


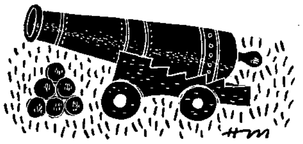
One Cobbs Bridge Road
New Gloucester, Maine 04260

U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN

DISCOVERING THE STEINETTES

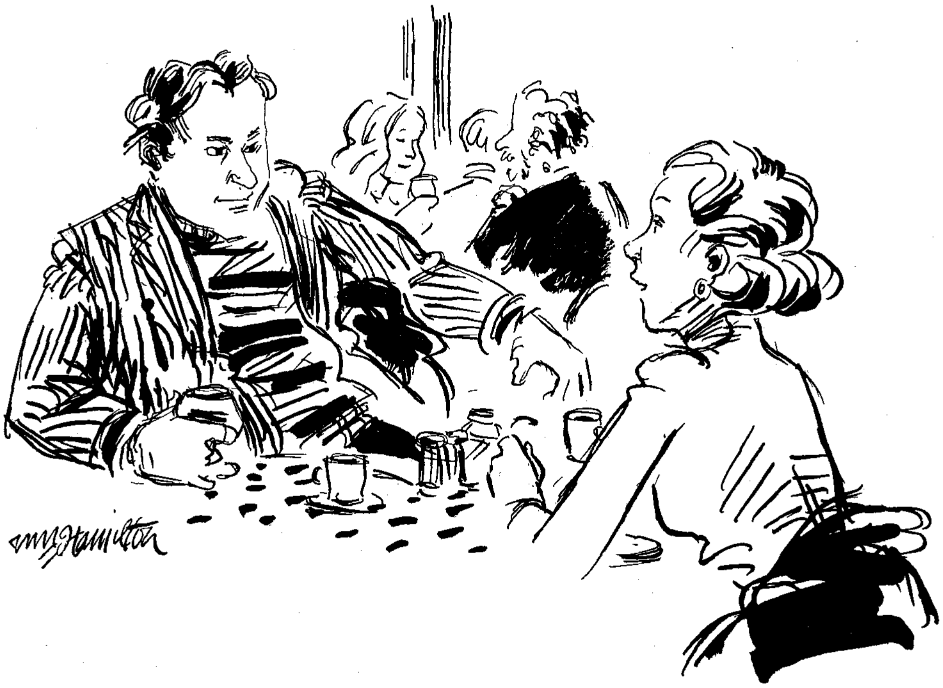
THE Steinettes are discovered about once a week. I discovered them myself not long ago, while walking through Greenwich Village, where I live, on one of those sparkling spring Saturdays when the block fairs are in bloom and the news dealers would probably give an old lady who needed to make an emergency phone call change for a quarter. My wife and I and our older daughter had been to the sort of block fair that tends to bring to the surface some of the contradictory thoughts I have about living in the city. Standing in the crowd at the fair, staring at the pottery and the macramé and enough hand-tooled leather belts to account for the hides of half the cows in Montana, glancing down now and then at a section of Thursday's *Post* that was flapping around my ankles, I wondered for a while how we had got to the point of finding entertainment in the street while normal residents of the United States were lounging in their own back yards, cursing their own lawnmowers or their own children. Then I happened to wander by a turtle race and found that the track announcer's patter was funny enough to keep me interested in turtle racing even before my daughter, always a sucker for the underdog, put fifty cents of my money on a turtle that the announcer claimed was a transsexual. Then I tasted some sort of vegetable pancake that in any other American city would have made the front page. I began to feel sorry for all of those normal residents of the United States in all of those back yards. Walking toward Sheridan Square, I had forgotten the grimy gutters and the "collectible" tables full of everybody's grandmother's second-best everyday creamer. I was wondering why those people who are always going around the country gauging the "quality of life" spend their time analyzing air samples and measuring square yards of open space when they could be measuring the quality of the wisecracks and the quality of the pasta. I was in that uplifted mood when we spotted four young women singing in the tiny triangular park across from the uptown Sheridan Square subway stop—a park that contains a statue of General Sheridan and, all too often, a small clutch of bums and drifters who are conspicuously lacking the general's military bearing. All of the singers were wearing shiny white warmup jackets with "The Steinettes" written in script across the back. All of them were wearing the rolled-up bluejeans and rolled-down socks and bright hair ribbons that are now accepted as symbolic of the fifties—although, after extensive searching through my memory and my yearbooks, I still can't find anybody who actually looked like that. When we got close enough to hear the singing, we found ourselves in a large, attentive crowd. Anybody who doesn't catch the name of the Steinettes on the warmup jackets, we discovered, is quickly brought up to date by their theme song: "Lollipop, lollipop, oh-lolly-lollipop. Lollipop, lollipop, oh-lolly, lollipop. We are the Steinettes—mighty, mighty Steinettes. Everywhere we go-oh, people want to know-oh. Who we are. So we tell them: We are the Steinettes—mighty, mighty Steinettes . . ."

I'll admit that I was prepared to like the Steinettes. The park off Sheridan Square has never been one of the high points of the neighborhood, and I might have applauded any group that did not specialize in drinking cheap wine out of bottles wrapped in brown paper bags. Also, I had been turned temporarily into a happy urban dweller by the vegetable pancakes. I think I would have liked the Steinettes, though, even if I had just come from having a subway conductor shut the door in my face because he was afraid I might succeed in making a running switch from the uptown local to the uptown express. Like just about everyone else in the crowd, we remained rooted in the park even when the Steinettes passed the hat—or, as it turned out, passed a plastic jack-o'-lantern. The Steinettes were singing a cappella. Sometimes they sounded like a fifties doo-wop group, or a takeoff on a fifties doo-wop group—with a lead singer belting it out and the three others snapping their fingers while singing "doo-wop" or "sha-la-la" or "doo-doo-doo" or words to that effect. Sometimes, when they sang a song like "Dinah" or "Oh, Daddy, Get Your Baby Out of Jail," they sounded like a barbershop quartet or like what was left of some women's-college singing group after half a dozen members decided to go to graduate school or get married. All of the Steinettes had strong voices, but what struck me was the way they worked as comic actresses as they talked on the phone to the Jones boy or pointed to a star while walking in the rain or pointed to an innocent stroller as one of them sang, "No, no—he's not like my bay-ee-bee." They were funny. My wife and I were in the process of congratulating ourselves for having discovered the Steinettes—right there at Sheridan Square, passing the jack-o'-lantern—when they announced that they would do some of the songs they had performed in the new Robert Altman film, "Health," that is being released next winter. Well, I thought, sha-la-la.



HAVING been told that the Steinettes had already appeared in a Major Motion Picture, I jumped to the conclusion that their name might have been devised by some committee of Southern California specialists in campy packaging. It wasn't. They were named after Phil Stein. An aspiring young comic from the Bronx, Stein does what is sometimes called physical comedy. He does a pantomime of a hitchhiker, set to music. He does a scene as Artie Bloom, the man who never left his room. He does a scene as Johnny Suave. When he did a more or less one-man show at the Westbeth Theatre Center, in the West Village, a year and a half ago, he needed some way to keep the audience occupied during costume changes. The people who direct the Westbeth productions, Ian McColl and Bill Hoffman, had formed a men's a-cappella quartet called the Great American Dream the previous year as a cheap way to provide a chorus and some time frames for a Sam Shepherd play. For the Stein show, they simply rounded up four young actresses they knew, who, with Hoffman's help, became what amounted to a female version of the Great American Dream. The name almost chose itself: the performance was called "The Phil Stein Show, starring Phil Stein and featuring the Steinettes."

After "The Phil Stein Show," the group broke up. Then, last summer, it reorganized, with one replacement, to sing at a Westbeth Theatre festival. Like the Great American Dream, the Steinettes began singing on the street in the Village—first as a way to practice before an audience, then as a way to promote the festival, then as a way to make money. Before long, they started being discovered about once a week. Phil Stein remains pretty much undiscovered. Not long after I came across the Steinettes at Sheridan Square, I arranged by phone to meet him at the White Horse, on Hudson Street—he described himself as having "curly hair and a nice-sized nose"—so I could ask what it was like for someone to have a group named after him. Stein is working on a new act. Meanwhile, he makes a living as an auto transporter—delivering a car from a dealer to the docks, say, or from the docks to a dealer. He doesn't believe in scrambling around for television-commercial jobs while he is waiting to make it as a comedian. ("I believe it's going to happen, and I'll take my time.") He said he liked having a group named after him—particularly a group that may be attracting some attention. "I dig it, the way they're throwing my name around," he told me. "It's a good thing my last name was Stein. It could have been something like Rabinowitz."



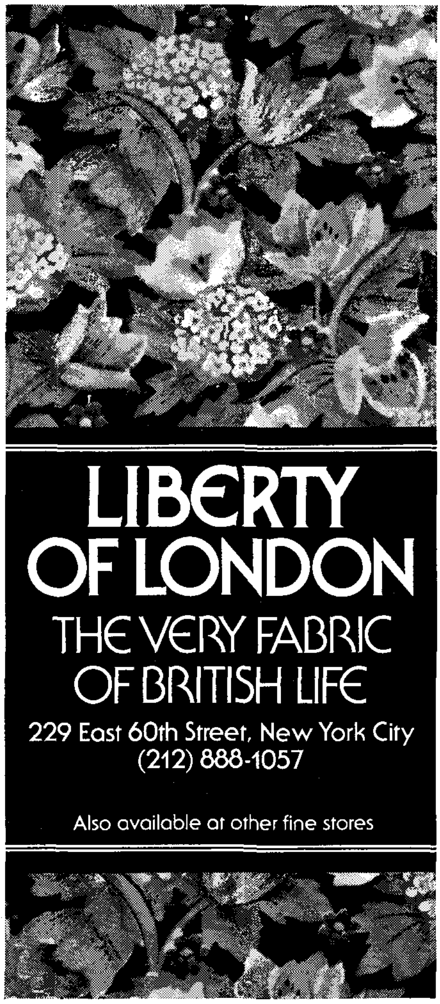
"I guess this is the first time I've actually been seen through the eyes of a novelist."

• •

AMONG some of the other street entertainers in the Village, the Steinettes are known as "the actresses who sing." That may account for some of their appeal to our family. Someone intensely interested in singing groups, I'm told, might dismiss the Steinettes as sounding too much like the Pointer Sisters, or maybe not enough. Intense discussions about which singing group is doing which sound affect me in the way I am affected by a table full of macramé. Our daughters are not yet old enough to believe that such talk is the stuff that entertaining dinner conversation is made of, and the dreaded day when they are may have been postponed a bit by a strong injection of musical comedy at an early age. By chance, some friends from out of town insisted that our entire family accompany them to the Broadway production of "Pippin" before our younger daughter was four—at about the time I had concluded, in despair, that anybody who forms a children's theatre company in New York must simply wander around the city hiring the loudest person at each party. After "Pippin," we never went back to "Jack and the Beanstalk." Broadway is now only one of many sources we have for musicals. We saw "Oklahoma!" at the Equity Library Theatre and "The Pajama Game" at St. Bartholomew's Church and "Kiss Me, Kate" at Temple Israel. Our seven-year-old daughter occasionally bursts into "I'm Don José from Far Rockaway." Our ten-year-old daughter has as the centerpiece of her bulletin board not a picture of The Fonz but a picture of Richard Rodgers.

One of the reasons someone newly liberated from the Brothers Grimm can find so many musical productions in New York of professional quality—a quality, sometimes, comparable to the wisecracks and the pasta—is that, despite all of the talk about regional theatre and the movement of the entertainment industry to the West Coast, Manhattan is still jammed with people who aspire to a career in the theatre. Young actors and actresses and directors and stage designers and musical-comedy singers still come to New York to study and audition and be discovered, more or less the way they did in "Wonderful Town"—a musical we have seen a couple of times lately. The girls recruited to provide backup for Phil Stein were among them—the sort of young actresses who study at The Actors' Studio or N.Y.U./Circle in the Square, and who would be much more interested in auditioning for a road show than in cutting a forty-five, and who always seem to be rushing off to dance class. Patty Katz, who serves as the Steinettes' pitch pipe, is as close as the group gets to a New Yorker; she's from Great Neck. Nathalie Blossom is from Cleveland. Julie Janney grew up in Indiana, and still tends to wear an Indiana T-shirt under her Steinette warmup jacket. Diane Shaffer—who, on that first day at Sheridan Square, managed with one movement of the hips to include a wandering street loony in an antic vamp number she was singing—is from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. None of them had aspired to be a member of a singing group—even after the Steinettes began singing regularly on the street, in fact, they didn't bother to learn many more songs than they needed for "The Phil Stein Show"—but, the supply versus the demand for actresses being what it is, the customary way to treat any door that opens in show business is to walk through it. There are, after all, hundreds of young comic actresses with strong singing voices in New York—a fact I find very comforting, since it means that even at an Off Off Broadway musical I am not tensed to shudder the first time the female lead opens her mouth. When people from the Midwest, where I'm from, tell me (without meaning it) that the cultural opportunities must provide one good reason for living in New York, and I nod, they are thinking of the Metropolitan Opera and I am thinking of the theatre company of St. Bartholomew's Church.

IF the Steinettes have been discovered so many times, why are they still appearing at Sheridan Square? It is true that being cast in "Health" was a big break—a break that came not from being seen on the street but from an audition arranged by someone who once worked for Julie Janney's mother in the promotion department of a Chicago department store. In the film, the Steinettes play "local talent"—still called the Steinettes—who are hired by various companies to push products at a health-food convention. The songs



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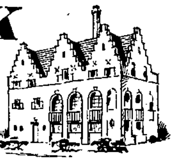

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they will be seen performing—almost all of which they wrote themselves, in collaboration with a musician named Alan Nichols—include not just fifties numbers but a mock torch number on the subject of vegetable soup and a Western ballad about bean sprouts and chocolate. On Altman's birthday, they presented him with a T-shirt that said on it "I Gave the Steinettes Their Big Break"—although they started walking around the set a month later in T-shirts that said "The Steinettes Gave Altman His Big Break." When the film is released, they could become well known or they could be dismissed as having been perfectly cast as local talent. Whatever happens won't happen until February. Steinettes are mighty, but they have to eat like everyone else.

Some of the people who discover the Steinettes at Sheridan Square offer them opportunities that turn out to be no improvement on singing in the street. The Steinettes played one club date in the Village—they opened a program that featured a friend of theirs—and it was not a happy experience. They were paid nothing. In fact, they had to buy their own drinks. For the Steinettes, singing on the street is not just a way to be discovered; it's a method of paying the rent that beats waiting on tables or doing part-time typing or playing most clubs. In an hour around Sheridan Square, the Steinettes usually make about sixty-five dollars.

THE Steinettes—like the sisters from Ohio in "Wonderful Town" or, for that matter, like me—feel more comfortable downtown. Since Halloween, Sheridan Square has been more or less their regular stand on weekend afternoons. Sometimes they sing in midtown for the lunch-hour crowd, but Patty Katz says, "You can see it in their eyes—they're still typing or accounting or whatever they do." I watched the Steinettes sing in front of Hallmark's on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-sixth one lunch hour recently. A couple of Patty Katz's cousins from out of town were along, and so was a friend in the market-research business who had given the Steinettes some work handing out bread samples in supermarkets. The market researcher said she had called Woody Allen's manager to tell him where the Steinettes were going to sing. They only sang there, as it turned out, for as long as it took to get out the theme song and a couple of verses of "It's in His Kiss." Then a policeman walked up and said, in a cheerful voice, "Very nice, girls, but so long." He happened to be one of those unflappable New York cops ("policeman" seems the wrong word) I treasure when I'm in one of my happy-urban-dweller moods—the sort of mood I'm normally in while listening to the Steinettes. I don't know why so many cops in New York are so much less rigid and tense than policemen in other cities, but I have always held to the theory that they gain great security from being in a position to make their arrest quota any time they want to. When "It's in His Kiss" was brought to an abrupt halt, the crowd booed. The cop smiled.

"They were just making people happy," someone said.

"They look too happy to me," the cop said, perusing the crowd. "We hate to see people happy. We're Fascists."

The cop told the Steinettes that it was in fact members of the Fifth Avenue Association who were too snotty to allow people to be happily entertained in front of their stores. He suggested Sixth Avenue, or the fountain in front of the Plaza. The Steinettes started uptown. The market researcher ran off to try to get word to Woody Allen's manager.

At the fountain in front of the Plaza, the Steinettes quickly attracted a good crowd, but after a set or two they decided that competing with the buses that shift gears right in front of the fountain was too hard on their voices. Woody Allen's manager had apparently not dropped by, but a young man wearing a three-piece suit, an open-collar white shirt with its collar spread across the suit's lapels, and a gold lavaliere came up after the set to ask the Steinettes if they wanted to sing in discos on Long Island as singles. Discovered again. The Steinettes declined politely, and the young man walked away. "Break up the act to do discos!" Diane Shaffer said, in her vamp voice. "Pul-lease! No way, José!"

ONE of the people who discovered the Steinettes at Sheridan Square over the winter was a young man named Roger Mussenden, who was then working for a casting agency called BCI. Mussenden was in the habit of at least slowing down when he passed a street entertainer, although he had never been excited by any of them except a steel-drummer who plays symphonies near the Washington Square arch. He was excited by the Steinettes. "He's our greatest fan," one of the group said one day when we were talking to Mussenden. "More than a fan," he said. "A groupie." The occasion for our meeting was an audition Mussenden had arranged for the group at the J. Michael Bloom agency, where he started in as an assistant agent over the winter. As groupie and informal agent, Mussenden has made a video cassette of the Steinettes' act ("They're an act, not a group") and is representing them in a contract they signed to do the backup on an album by Henry Gibson, one of the people they met on the "Health" set. Although the Steinettes seem to like and appreciate Mussenden, they still haven't caught his last name. When they want him, they simply call the agency and ask for Roger—a perfectly natural way of doing things at the J. Michael Bloom agency, where a sort of Beverly Hills, leather-fringe informality seems to reign. If, for some reason, the Secretary of State arrived one day to see J. Michael Bloom and announced himself to the receptionist, I suspect she would flip on her intercom and say, "Michael—Cyrus from the State Department is here to see you."

The audition was for the purpose of permitting other people in the agency to confirm Mussenden's notion that the Steinettes should sing at a party the firm was going to give for some of the casting agents it works with. Mussenden figured that the party would provide a good way for the Steinettes to be seen by casting people in an informal setting. "They're perfect for a singing commercial," he told me. "I know there's a commercial out there for them." A dozen or so people were gathered to hear the Steinettes in a large corner office—including J. Michael Bloom himself, a bearded man wearing bluejeans and a blazer and a large silk scarf. The Steinettes sang a couple of their fifties numbers—"There's No Other Like My Baby" and "Walking in the Rain"—and two of the songs they sang in "Health." The response was enthusiastic.

"What are you doing now—currently?" J. Michael Bloom asked when the songs were over. "Your stand at—er, Sheridan Square?"

The Steinettes said that they were still at the Square, and mentioned the Gibson record and an offer of a club date in England next year made by Glenda Jackson's manager, another "Health" friend.

"How many songs do you have in your repertoire?" Bloom asked.

"About twelve," Julie said.

"Well, about twenty-five, counting the ones from the movie," Patty said.

Nathalie gave J. Michael Bloom a very serious look. "Three million," she said.

DISCOVERED for what? What could become of the Steinettes? Roger Mussenden believes that they could have an act like the Ritz Brothers. "Female counterparts are in vogue now," he says. The Steinettes seem to have some reluctance about forging ahead as a singing group, even as they hustle around trying to be discovered. They are, after all, actresses, not pop singers. Some of the Off Off Broadway parts and audition callbacks seemed to dry up for all of them after they started singing regularly as a group. Sometimes they sound wistful when they say, "Maybe we were meant to be Steinettes." Sometimes they say they would be very happy as the Steinettes with a television sit-com and many servants.

Bill Hoffman, the artistic director at the Westbeth Theatre Center, found himself last year in a situation something like the one the Steinettes are in now. Hoffman, who knew Nathalie Blossom when both of them were at Ohio University, came to New York to be a director. He happened to be a member of the Great American Dream, though, and the Great American Dream was discovered. It happened in one of the traditional ways—being signed by a manager who had come to the Shepherd play to see someone else. For a while, Hoffman found himself wondering what a director was doing in a singing group ("I don't want to be singing in a Holiday Inn ten years from now")—but the door had opened, and he went through it. The Great American Dream had a lot of club dates for a while. Then it seemed to wind down. There were some disagreements with the managers. When I spoke to Hoffman recently, he was directing a new play at Westbeth, and he no longer felt that he was a director who might be lured by irresistible opportunity into being part of a singing group.

"Does the Great American Dream ever sing together anymore?" I asked him.

"Oh, sure—sometimes," he said. "You might be able to hear us this Tuesday night. At Sheridan Square."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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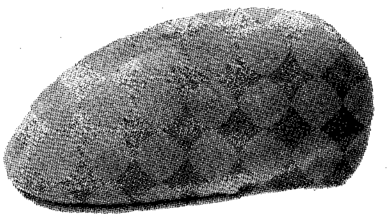

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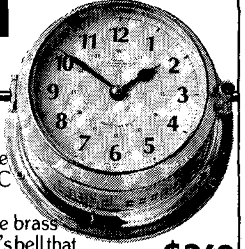

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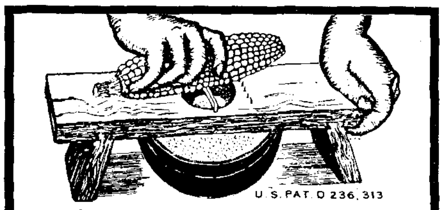

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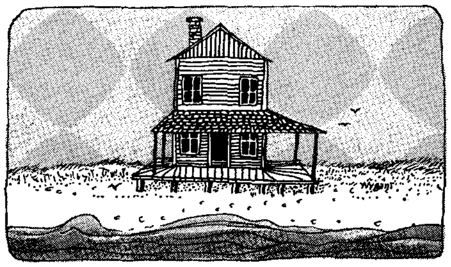
AROUND CITY HALL

RECESS

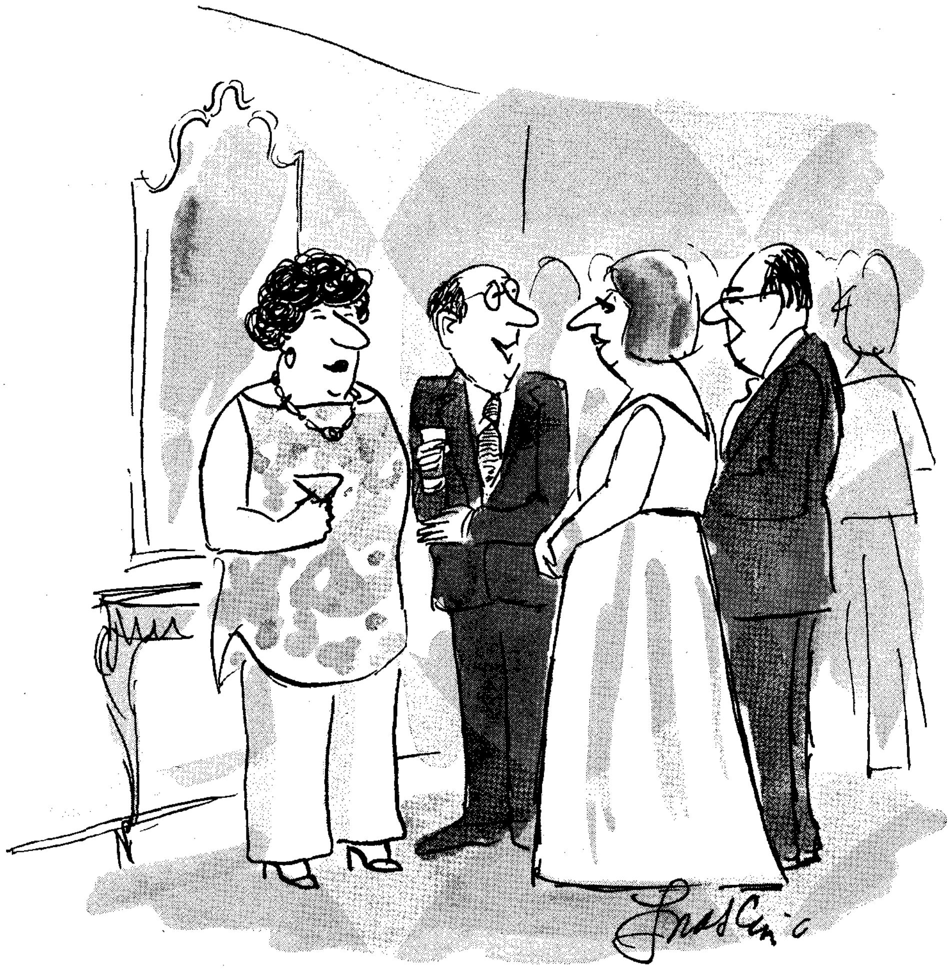
IN a three-week period this spring, the city celebrated the twentieth anniversary of Lincoln Center, the fiftieth birthdays of Jones Beach and the Museum of Modern Art, and the centennials of St. Patrick's Cathedral and Madison Square Garden—or, rather, in the case of the Garden, the hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the first of the four successive local arenas of that name, the last two of which, to the confusion of many out-of-town visitors, were built some distance from Madison Square. It seemed that the creative energies of past New Yorkers, possibly spurred by the imminence of new decades and the sense that something was gaining on them, had culminated remarkably often in landmark events of one sort or another during years ending in the number nine. For October's fiftieth anniversary of the Wall Street crash, however—a culmination of another sort—no celebration is now scheduled. As if someone were trying to prove the contention that New York is a place where something is always happening and, on occasion, too much seems to be happening at once, the elaborate centennial of Madison Square Garden was held on May 31st, which was also the night of a brilliant party at Radio City Music Hall. The party had nothing to do with an anniversary or a looming new decade; the largest theatre in the world had boldly opened on December 27, 1932, in the depths of the depression that followed the Wall Street collapse. The Radio City party celebrated the fact that while the theatre was closed for the month of May it had been cleaned, polished, refurbished, and generally restored to its old Art Deco splendor and also to its original status as a variety hall rather than the movie palace with accompanying stage show that it became soon after its opening.

New York's Mayor Edward Koch was shown on television and in the press enjoying both of that evening's celebrations, as was true after most of the spring's big anniversary parties. Indeed, nearly every day since Koch took office local editors have had a choice of pictures of him as he has handed out keys to the city, kissed visiting movie actresses, cracked jokes at testimonial dinners for celebrities, reviewed parades ("My name's O'Koch," he insisted on this year's St. Patrick's Day, and "Call me Eduardo," he told reporters at last month's annual Puerto Rican parade), dedicated new parks and buildings, and chewed appreciatively on ethnic specialties at block parties and street festivals—the kind of tireless photogenic recreational activity that most public officials reserve for the critical stages of a political campaign. Some of his spoilsport constituents, who tend to be skeptical of optimistic Koch-administration pronouncements about the city's fiscal condition, and who remember that as Koch took office he swore he would be a strictly-business mayor and leave the chicken dinners and ribbon-cutting to his assistants, have been known to grumble that it would be more appropriate if the chief executive of this huge, troubled city seemed not to be having so much fun. Obviously, most New Yorkers—tired, no doubt, of the long siege of bad news out of City Hall—do not agree, and Koch's standing in local polls remains high. Garry Marshall, the producer of "Happy Days" and "Laverne & Shirley," discussing the high Nielsen ratings of his television shows recently and defending himself against the charge that they do not deal with portentous issues, explained, "In the education of the American people, I am recess. I do recess well."

Last summer, the *Times* editors defended the prevalence of *circenses* favored by the Koch City Hall in an editorial entitled "Baloney Pictures." That phrase, they noted, had been the happy warrior Al Smith's term for what are now called "photo opportunities." The *Times* added, "More power to the photo opportunists. Today, as ever, baloney pictures add to the gaiety of the city." A few weeks ago, however, before the year's budget battle really warmed up, the *Times* seemed to be having a hard time finding a story of any substance in the Koch City Hall. It ran an article on a change in the lineup of oil portraits in the Blue Room, where mayors have traditionally held major ceremonies and press conferences. Formerly, the full-length portrait above the fireplace at the front of the room had been that of James Monroe. In television and newspaper shots showing the Mayor standing below it, often all that could be seen of the painting was the fifth President's long, slender legs, clad in the white knee breeches and white stockings that were fashionable in his time. The outfit had proved distracting, the *Times* reported, not adding that at a quick glance the legs could have been taken for those of a twentieth-century showgirl in white tights. The Monroe portrait had been replaced by one of Martin Van Buren. The replacement was appropriate, since Van Buren was the first President from New York State. Even more appropriately, the eighth President was shown wearing an unoffending outfit that included dark trousers. Though of some possible interest in the history of photo opportunism, the *Times* story, which had two illustrations, was hardly a late City Hall news flash: the switch in portraits had taken place in 1971, when John Lindsay was mayor.



NEW YORKERS, whose wide streak of solipsism was reinforced during the years when this city's money troubles made it the international symbol of urban financial disaster, have had to adjust to the realization that nowadays all the really significant crises stirring the country seem to be happening elsewhere. Local citizens who have not been diverted by Mayor Koch's entertainment value and continue to criticize his administration of the city—charging, for example, that the streets here have never been dirtier—can hardly expect such complaints to attract much attention at a time when major aspects of modern technology, which Americans have been brought up to believe can solve anything, are on trial as a result of leaks in the Alaska pipeline, such accidents as those involving the DC-10 and the plant at Three Mile Island, and the ignominious fall of Skylab. (The question of why, despite all technological advances, American cities still clean their streets in a manner not very different from the way it was done in Rome two thousand years ago is relevant, but no one seems interested in convening a congressional committee on the subject.) The verdict on what to do about the DC-10s and other aeronautical triumphs—or what were until recently regarded as triumphs—will not be made at City Hall, nor are the officials there having to search for the answers that might calm the hundreds of thousands of Americans marching in what Energy Secretary James Schlesinger has called the "religious wars" to demand an immediate end to reliance on nuclear power.



"And this is Ann Braverman—one of the legendary ladies of Stuyvesant Town."

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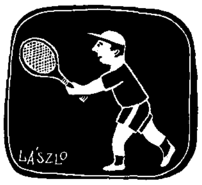
In the related oil-shortage crisis, New Yorkers are by no means on the sidelines; certainly that is not where they will be during the heating season beginning this fall. Because of the ample public transportation available in the five boroughs, however, the national reduction in gasoline supplies poses nothing like the problems here that it does in, for instance, California, where a resident trying to describe his absolute need for a daily tankful of gas explained to a television reporter, "It's like eating." Of the nation's ten largest states, New York is tenth in gasoline consumption, and a sizable percentage of the cars in New York City are kept mostly for weekend driving: here, it's more like dessert. A Manhattan woman who sold her car last year and has been getting around nicely by bus and subway told a local reporter a few weeks ago, "For the first time in my life, I'm in the right place at the right time."

New York has even lost its standing as the favorite disaster-city reference among television comedians, thanks to the reports of its diminishing fiscal problems and of Cleveland's continuing troubles. In a topical monologue, one of the television funnymen drew a good laugh with the suggestion that the Carter Administration could move the leaky Three Mile Island operation to Cleveland and thus dispose of two big national headaches in one swoop. There are some Americans, however, for whom the satisfaction of verbally trashing Cleveland will simply never take the place of savaging New York—a fact that this city's officials must remember as they make their recurrent hat-in-hand trips to Washington. At a seminar this spring at the Center for Constructive Alternatives—a conservative political organization with headquarters at Hillsdale College, in Hillsdale, Michigan—Oklahoma Representative Mickey Edwards (who likes to tell audiences that on his way to a meeting hall he "ignored the fifty-five-mile-an-hour limit, as I always do") asked the Hillsdale group whether there was any hope for a country that would "give away the Panama Canal and keep New York City." According to those present, that line got the biggest hand of the evening.

After this city was brought to its knees financially four years ago, the cause most often cited for its crippling difficulties was the lack of realism and foresight at City Hall. When money ran short here during the sixties and the early seventies, the local administrations would spend more lavishly than ever, often relying on borrowed funds, in the blithe conviction that something wonderfully advantageous would soon turn up. The subsequent arrangements by which the state and federal governments helped keep the city out of bankruptcy provided for watchdog bodies to make sure that New York mayors conducted their business in a sternly provident world in which fiscal virtue was its own reward and only better management would bring improved financial report cards. Yet a large share of the reasons for the city's currently brighter economic outlook have nothing to do with more realistic planning at City Hall. The Koch administration is not responsible for the international decline of the dollar that made New York a more attractive place for foreigners—and for Americans who could no longer afford Paris—to visit as tourists, and thus to fatten the local economy. The terrorism and the political upheavals that brought many citizens of Europe and the Middle East here as investors and residents came about through no actions of the local government. Also made elsewhere were the judgments of the OPEC countries (and perhaps of the American oil companies) that resulted in the gasoline shortage that caused more people to regard New York as the right place at the right time rather than as a city from which they should take their money and run. The reductions in state taxes that encouraged large corporations to consider the city a more reasonable place to do business were the work of Governor Hugh Carey and the State Legislature, not of City Hall. And, of course, the city administration is not responsible for the inflation that, by boosting sales, income, and other local taxes, helped New York to fill a large projected budget gap for the 1979 fiscal year and thus to end that fiscal year on June 30th without a deficit.

In view of all these serendipitous developments, it was probably inevitable that Koch's fiscal 1980 budget, submitted on April 26th, would seem to be counting on more of the same—and that soon afterward city watchdogs in Washington and Albany would weigh in with charges of fiscal self-delusion and backsliding. Under the terms of the federal-loan-guarantee legislation passed by Congress last year, Treasury

Secretary Michael Blumenthal must certify that the city is making progress toward a truly balanced budget before the guarantees on any city bond issue can go into effect—and such a bond issue was scheduled for the last week in June. Late in May, Blumenthal reported that he had expressed to the White House his concern that the new budget had made no provisions for the possible downturn in the national economy that is being predicted, and also that the city had postponed until the 1981 and 1982 fiscal years most of the major cuts in expenses, although by the latter year the city is required to fill a cumulative billion-and-a-quarter budget gap. Last January, in Koch's long-range financial plan twenty-five per cent of the necessary cuts were scheduled for the 1980 fiscal year, but in the Koch budget released three months later the share for 1980 had been reduced to eleven per cent. Blumenthal also noted that Koch had made essentially no provision in his financial plan for the funding of new contracts with the municipal labor unions which must be negotiated next spring, although the last settlement—in 1978, on terms more favorable than the city is likely to win again—cost close to a billion dollars.



The state's special deputy comptroller, Sidney Schwartz, who monitors the city's fiscal progress for the Financial Control Board, the state oversight agency, complained that Koch, in his message on the budget, predicted a hundred-and-seventy-million-dollar decrease in city spending over the 1979 fiscal year, whereas, Schwartz said, the spending level would actually increase by three hundred and sixty-one million dollars. (Schwartz did not comment on the fact that the Mayor, who had campaigned vigorously and often successfully to have Governor Carey provide additional state funds and services for the city in the state budget, boasted in his statement that the city budget had increased only one and six-tenths per cent in the past two years, whereas the budget in Albany had gone up thirteen and six-tenths per cent.) Schwartz urged that Koch identify a hundred million dollars' worth of cuts in expenses that could be made if the large number of uncertainties in his budget should be resolved to the city's disadvantage. He added, "It would appear prudent if the city were to reconsider its current proposed plan of maintaining, and even increasing, its work force."

Philip Toia, Koch's deputy mayor for finance, had assured reporters that Washington would be impressed by the fact that the municipal force would decrease by over four thousand between this June 30th and the same date in 1980. "That's the kind of thing that really gets to them down there," he said. It was true that budget projections showed that there would be 194,029 employees at the end of June, 1980, compared to 198,835 last month. The only reason there would be a reduction to brag about, however, was that there had been a sharp rise in city hiring early this year. The number of employees was under a hundred and ninety thousand at the end of December. The number when Koch took office, in January of 1978, was under a hundred and eighty-five thousand. Even the *Post*, which has generally treated Koch as its man in City Hall, commented in an editorial that, for all his talk of sacrifice and austerity, there had been almost no retrenchment in city government since the 1975-77 period, when Abraham Beame was mayor. It was during those two years that the city had instituted a wage-and-hiring freeze and reduced its work force by sixty-one thousand—actions taken in large part at the insistence of Governor Carey, as chairman of the Emergency Financial Control Board (as it was then known), and of Felix Rohatyn, as chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the state agency set up in 1975 to sell bonds for the city. Their goal, which they ultimately attained, was to persuade Washington that this city was bravely facing up to its reduced financial circumstances and deserved to be rescued from bankruptcy. Last year, however, the Governor, as a candidate for reëlection, lost interest in playing the heavy as far as the city was concerned, and Rohatyn, feeling that he had done his part, resigned as MAC chairman in January. It looked as if Koch might be allowed to run the city, providently or not, without much of the backtalk that City Hall had had to put up with in recent years.

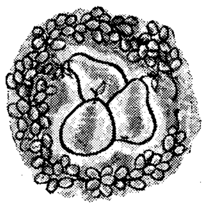
Although the Mayor took some abuse on his budget when he submitted it, he then got lucky. The budget had to be approved by the forty-three members of the City Council and by seven of the eight members of the Board of Estimate: the five borough presidents, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, and City Council President Carol Bellamy. (The Mayor is also a member of the Board of Estimate, but he has no vote on the budget.) The leaders of the two legislative bodies decided to add to the budget certain items much clamored for by their constituents but not included by the Mayor, and these would come to about twenty-seven and a half million dollars. They had limited themselves to this sum because Koch's budget director, James Brigham, had agreed that there was approximately that much more money in the budget, mostly as the result of raising revenue estimates. It was, after all, not a significant amount in a total of twelve billion eight hundred million dollars, and the Council and Board members had vowed that they would cut already budgeted items to balance any additions they made. Naturally, they considered some of their pet projects no less worthy than those preferred by the Mayor. As a former member of the House of Representatives, Koch had presumably not regarded any document submitted by the executive branch of government as inviolate. Nevertheless, the sight of so many local politicians amending upward a budget that had already been pronounced insufficiently austere—and, to add to the impression of municipal disarray, the Board members and the Council members had come up with two different sets of amendments and thus potentially with two different budgets—gave Koch a welcome opportunity to play the role of the relatively prudent and frugal character in the drama.

According to the City Charter, the budget had to be passed by June 5th, but it wasn't until a few days before the deadline that most of those who would vote on it treated the problem as urgent. Later, Koch described himself as just "an innocent bystander" in the matter. However, nearly all the turbulent pre-deadline sessions, lasting far into the night, were held at Gracie Mansion, the Mayor's residence—a sensible arrangement for Koch if he wanted to keep track of the other principals. At the Mansion at about 4 A.M. on June 5th, Koch gave his blessing to the City Council version of the budget. He and his staff then reportedly assured Council leaders that he would have no trouble persuading a majority of Board of Estimate members to back it also. Presumably, the persuasion would involve a judicious dispersal of the special awards, including patronage, that a mayor can deliver. Thus, Koch would demonstrate who was in charge—a question that had lately arisen in connection with the budget.

Comptroller Harrison Goldin had presided over all the maneuvers that produced the Board of Estimate amendments holding up the budget agreement—proposals to which Koch and the Council leaders were now joined in public opposition. The major difference in the two sets of amendments had to do with decreased manpower in the Police Department. The total number on the police force was about twenty-four thousand, but it was due to fall by four hundred, and the number of active police under the management level—so the president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association had recently announced—was about seventeen thousand, which was below the number available in 1928. It was recalled that putting more policemen on the beat had been one of Koch's leading campaign promises in 1977, when he was running for mayor. The position taken by the Koch and City Council budget amendments was that the increase in police available for patrol must be achieved by paying overtime to those already on the force, since any new hiring would be a permanent encumbrance on the city payroll. Goldin (no doubt with an eye on the P.B.A. and the law-and-order vote) argued that the department should hire two hundred and seventy-five new policemen. During the fiscal crisis, he pointed out, younger members had been the first to be laid off. The median age of those on the force was now forty, and an ideal patrol force was not made up of forty-year-old men on overtime, especially since (as he did not add) many of them arrive at the precinct houses already a bit tired from their trips in from the suburbs—often the distant suburbs—where close to half of them live. As for the personnel-encumbrance problem, Special Deputy Comptroller Schwartz had pointed out disapprovingly that the city budget provided for the hiring of ten thousand additional employees in the coming year. Possibly, Goldin's argument went, the Police Department was not the place to institute a reduction in force. There was much to be said on both sides, and it looked like a dilemma for which reasonable people could work out a compromise. Reason, however, seemed to have nothing to do with it. Koch made it clear that he would veto any budget that provided for the hiring of additional police. The phrase "king of the hill" was heard over and over during the late-night negotiations.

Neither the City Council nor the Board of Estimate made the June 5th deadline. In the Council chamber at 1 A.M. on June 6th ("To save this kind of democracy, the boys hit the Normandy beaches?" asked Joe Schoener, covering the event for the Associated Press), the members were engaged surrealistically (no satisfactory reason was later given) in a prolonged debate on legislation forbidding the posting of unauthorized bills on public property. The legislation was finally defeated. Leaders of the Council and of the Board had been expected to meet and try once again to work out a budget compromise before morning. Shortly before 3 A.M., however, the Board members, either out of exasperation or in accordance with a well-laid plan, convened in their own chamber, on the other side of City Hall, and voted for their version of the budget. Before the vote, John LoCicero, Koch's former district leader, who is now on the city payroll as special adviser to the Mayor, moved angrily among them trying to head it off. His sharpest exchanges were with Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein, whose barbs against Koch have included the recent statement "He cannot call himself a success if the streets are not clean." ("Oh, I don't like Andrew Stein," Koch told an interviewer a few months ago.) Before Koch took office, LoCicero was asked how the new administration hoped to persuade Albany to pass some of its high-priority programs, such as the controversial bill that would require all city employees to live in the city and to move back to town if they lived somewhere else. "You have never seen us work the Legislature," LoCicero told reporters. Some of them feel they haven't seen it yet. Albany has passed no city-residency law, and most of the bills pushed by Koch that did get through were those for which the Governor's staff ran energetic interference.

Contrary to the Mayor's prediction, the 3 A.M. vote of the Board of Estimate on its version of the budget was unanimous. A few minutes later, Koch, who had been waiting in his office, walked across the dim City Hall rotunda to the press room and denounced the Board's action as irresponsible. Told that Goldin, referring to the conflict over police manning, had said, "Public safety is a priority that should take second place to none," the Mayor said, "The first priority is intelligence, and that appears to be missing in this case." At eight-thirty that night, the City Council passed a budget that included the amendments preferred by the Council and the Mayor. The June 5th deadline had allowed ample time for the fiscal-oversight bodies to consider the city's budget before June 30th. Now, as the end of the fiscal year grew closer, with the monitors in Albany and Washington taking notes and the city's supporters in both places looking on in consternation, New York had two budgets and no budget. The repercussions in the outside world, particularly among possible investors who already distrusted the city's ability to manage its finances, could be considerable. Yet most of the local citizenry—concerned with national and international crises, as were the city's newspapers—paid little attention.



AFTER the unanimous Board of Estimate vote that infuriated and embarrassed the Mayor, the *Times* announced, "For the time being, Mr. Goldin is king of the hill." Stein declared that the vote marked the end of the Mayor's attempt to run the city as a one-man show. It was evident that Koch's policy of treating the members of the Board as extras and backup figures in the local government process had not worked out well this time. They were, after all, not mayoral underlings but the top elected officials of the five boroughs and the two other members of local government who are elected on a citywide basis—and Comptroller Goldin and Council President Bellamy had both won in 1977 by margins far larger than Koch's just-over-fifty-per-cent victory. Koch, Bellamy, and Goldin all started out in the local Democratic reform movement. With this and other things in common, they operated as a generally smooth alliance during much of the Mayor's first year in office—until Bellamy and Goldin began to ask public questions about the nature and the pace of Koch's provisions for filling the city's vast deficit. At a stormy session in his office last January, the Mayor told them in unflattering terms what he thought of them for such criticism. In his discussion last month of how the Board of Estimate would vote on the budget amendments, however, he clearly took it for granted that Bellamy would come around to his side. (After all, he had spoken to her severely.) At his end of City Hall, her independence was regarded as a special affront. Between the Mayor and Goldin the lines had been sharply drawn for some time. The Comptroller suspected this spring that Koch staff members might have been unduly helpful in the preparation of a *Times* article that had implied unethical behavior on Goldin's part. Suggesting that an opponent has no sense of humor is often taken as an insult, but when, in an interview with Anna Quindlen, of the *Times*, a couple of weeks ago Goldin said of Koch, "He has a great sense of humor," it was not believed to be a friendly observation.

The Mayor has, in fact, been having less fun than usual lately. Six days after the city achieved its two budgets and no budget, he was summoned to Governor Carey's office on upper Sixth Avenue. The Governor was acting in his capacity as chairman of the Financial Control Board, and the atmosphere resembled that of the meetings that had so often taken place at the height of the fiscal crisis, when Mayor Beame was forever being called to account by the outsiders who were then really running the city. The Governor's message was that Koch must be prepared to make further cuts in his budget and must plan on the basis of a possible national recession. Present at the meeting were other members of the Control Board, Schwartz, and, to Koch, another not entirely welcome figure from the fiscal crisis, Felix Rohatyn. Koch and Rohatyn's onetime mutual-admiration society had also ended after Rohatyn cast doubts on the Mayor's degree of financial realism. Following Rohatyn's resignation as MAC chairman, an unpaid position, the MAC board had voted to have Rohatyn's firm, Lazard Frères, continue on a paid basis as the agency's financial adviser—a role that it had filled without fee for three and a half years, because Rohatyn was serving as chairman. Koch's charge that the process by which this contract had been awarded represented "a moral conflict of interest" on the part of MAC and Rohatyn had caused the Lazard firm to withdraw. The London *Economist* commented that the Mayor had succeeded in separating Rohatyn from city affairs but had "hardly served New York." Rohatyn's successor at MAC—George Gould, another investment banker—had then announced his resignation in May, deciding that the job took up too much of his time. Carey immediately asked Rohatyn to return on a temporary basis. "If Guidry can pitch relief for the Yankees, I guess I can pitch relief for the Governor," Rohatyn said. At the meeting with Koch, he pointed out that the stabilization of the dollar, while welcome in other respects, could mean a slowing of foreign investments here. Concerning the possible slowing of the national economy, Rohatyn said, he was more of a pessimist than many in city government, and he added that even a mild national recession could be an emergency here. More cuts in city personnel were needed now, he said, in order to avoid radical surgery later. "Felix is back in town, and it's nice to have him around with his insights" was Koch's sarcastic comment.

That same day, City Hall received the alarming word that in Albany the legislators had reduced by twelve and a half million dollars the amount of state aid the city had been counting on this year. The Koch administration had been relying on the sums the city would receive under a rough draft of a bill, which was later modified. Also on that day, the Mayor was bracing himself for the announcement of a letter he had sent to Albany concerning the package of proposals for civil-service reform in city government which he had delivered to the Legislature with high hopes last winter. "It seems clear that it will not be possible at this time," he wrote to Assembly Speaker Stanley Fink, and the bills were in effect killed for the legislative session. The major City Hall picture on that unpropitious day which was published in the *Times* and the *News* the next morning showed a grinning Koch on the front steps conducting the All-City High School Band in a rendition of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The *Times* picture, in which he wore an Urban Park Ranger hat that somebody had just handed him, ran on the front page.

The state legislative session ended at 2:05 A.M. on June 17th. (New York politicians work late hours.) At lunch on June 18th, speaking before a group of Queens businessmen, Koch denounced the Albany lawmakers' failure to pass the bills that he had sent up to them, calling their behavior the kind of "idiocy" that "makes my blood boil." Pausing in his tirade, he said, "I hope that someone is taking this down." After he got back to City Hall, the Mayor held a press conference and repeated his attack on the legislators, employing what the *Times* called a "urinative denunciation." Someone was taking it down. He also called Speaker Fink, who in fact had not delivered for him, "a mighty oak." All the other Albany political figures, apparently including the Governor, he described as saplings. "That's spelled S-A-P-lings," he said, in case somebody did not get it. Later that day, two weeks after the Charter deadline, the Board of Estimate and the City Council passed a compromise city budget. In the dispute over the best way to insure more policemen on patrol, they split the differences: six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to hire more members for the force and the same amount for overtime. In achieving their compromise, they managed to add a million dollars to the budget, bringing the cost of their amendments to twenty-eight and a half million dollars. On June 20th, the Mayor vetoed eight and a half million of this total, saying that this action would renew investor confidence in the city. He agreed to an added twenty million dollars for the Board of Education, although he had previously called such increased funding irresponsible. The added school funds made him a political hero to the city's teachers and parents. It was not easy to come up with the hundred million dollars' worth of contingency cuts demanded of Koch by the Financial Control Board. Eighty-one million was all he could manage, and to achieve this he included the twenty million he had just taken credit for adding to the budget. Asked at a press conference whether the reduction of eight and a half million dollars in a budget of twelve billion eight hundred million would truly renew investor confidence in the city, he explained that in a sense the reduction wasn't eight and a half million but twenty-eight and a half million, thus making use of the twenty million a third time. Until a reporter raised the question, Koch did not point out that he had accepted cuts of six million dollars which had been made in his original budget that week by the members of the City Council and the Board of Estimate, who thus also deserved some credit in the frugality stakes. The attention was on the eight and a half million he had vetoed. "Right on, Ed!" was the heading over a *News* editorial congratulating the Mayor. The Board and the Council then began a furious debate over whether to override. On the afternoon of June 22nd, Goldin led the Board in an override of all but about eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of the vetoed items. A few hours later, the Council overrode a somewhat different set of appropriations, in their case rejecting further funds for the police. The items that both restored and that thus went into the budget came to just under six million dollars. That morning, treating the whole spectacle as the political sideshow it was, the Financial Control Board had met and voted to approve the budget, on the theory that, for all significant purposes, it was balanced. The Control Board then authorized a fifty-million-dollar sale of city bonds, backed by federal loan guarantees, in time for the start of the new fiscal year, during which the city could have fewer reasons to celebrate—unless, of course, the optimists are right.

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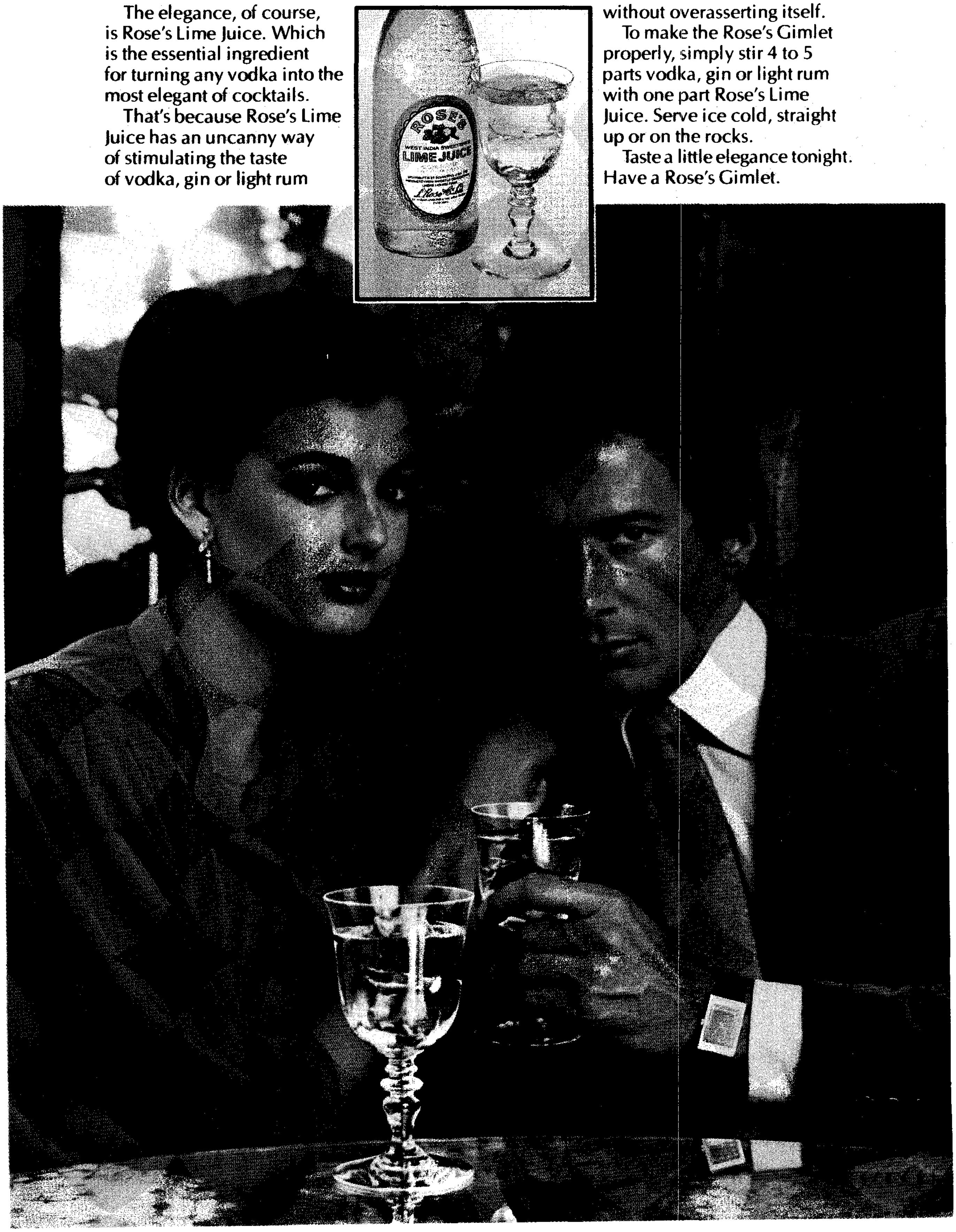


BOOKS

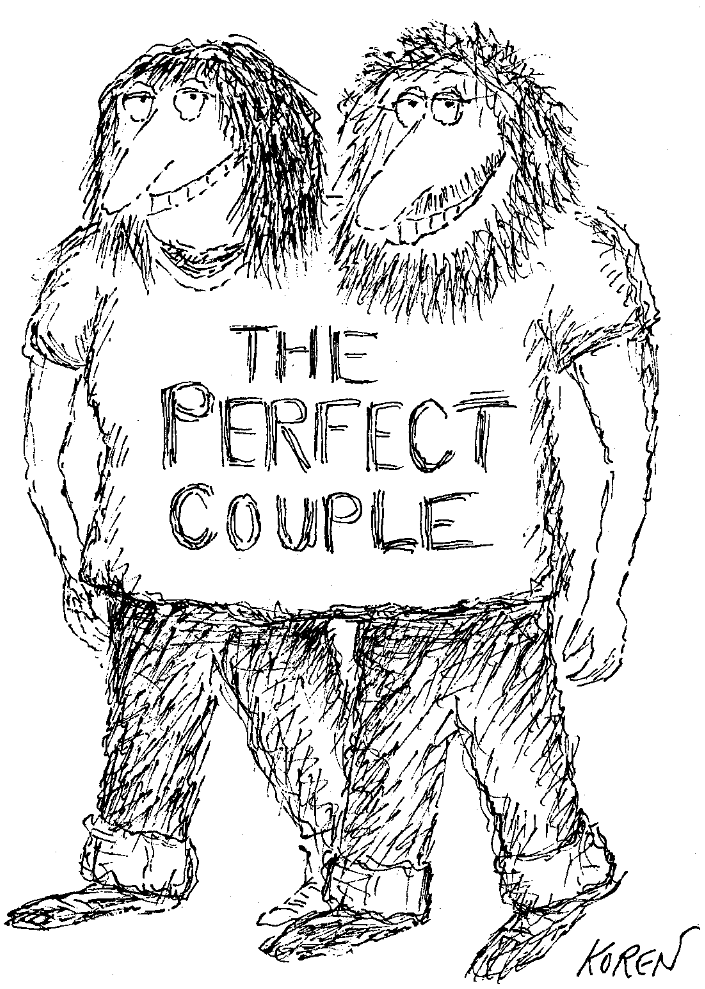
Mixed Reports from the Interior

SHIVA NAIPAUL, like his older (by twelve years) brother V. S. Naipaul, is a novelist, an English resident of Indian ancestry born in Trinidad, and a note-taking traveller in the Third World. He has written a travel book, "North of South: An African Journey" (Simon & Schuster; $10.95), which, though entertaining and somewhat informative, is distinguished foremost by annoyance. Shiva Naipaul is annoyed by the tourists, beggars, and whores of free-enterprise Kenya; he is annoyed by the prating ideologues and lethargic officialdom of Socialist Tanzania; he is annoyed by the amount of beer that Zambians drink and also by the pleas of their state-run television service that they drink less. He is annoyed by the anti-black racism of the whites who linger "north of south" (i.e., of South Africa), and even more annoyed by the anti-Indian prejudices of Africans black and white. At the outset of his trip, he is told by a wandering Sikh that "to survive these days you had to be either black or white. It was no good being brown." In Mombasa, he is told by whites "how terribly Asians treated Africans," and in Nairobi a black taxi-driver shouts at him, "That's the trouble with you Asians. You want to keep Africans poor. You don't want us to have anything. You want it all for yourselves." He is led to meditate, in the book's most thoughtful chapter, on his own life as an overseas Indian and on the jeopardized, generally unappreciated position of the so-called Asians in East Africa, which has been especially insecure since their expulsion from Uganda in 1972. An Asian prostitute in Mombasa confides, "I would like to get far, far away from here. But where can I go? Who would give *me* a visa?"

Small wonder that Mr. Naipaul feels edgy and aggressive on this inhospitable continent. The last sentence of his book is "I fled." But, though he dutifully exposes himself to a wealth of African discomforts, he never really tries to get out of his sensitive Indian skin. He talks more to white tourists and hangers-on than to black Africans, and his interviews are wrapped in prickliness and comedy. Some of the comedy is quite good: a sluggish Tanzanian higher-up is diagnosed as reduced to a "hibernatory torpor" by the icy workings of his prestigious air-conditioner. A Kenyan district commissioner responds to all questions with a diplomatic "uhmmmm . . . uhmmmm . . . uhmmmm . . ." Mr. Naipaul's best comic characters, though, are fellow-travellers—American hippies and a pugnacious "citizen of the Republic of India," Mr. Mukerjee. One begins to wonder if our roving reporter doesn't bring out the worst in the people he meets, and doesn't report only the silliest things they say. For instance, the American wife of a U.N. "management expert," after complaining about the lack of frankfurters and sufficiently large refrigerators, relates how once in the Virgin Islands she, too fastidious to go barefoot on the beach, tromped through the sand in new sixty-five-dollar shoes and ruined them—behavior not strictly impossible but certainly untypical of Americans in the Caribbean. Mr. Naipaul blandly passes on the settler wisdom that "Africans don't understand about straight lines," have no "storage sense," and suffer from an "inadequate grasp of the laws of cause and effect;" as his journey reaches its end he is ready to ask himself, "Had I not learned, after all this time, that nothing in Africa has meaning? That nothing could be taken seriously?" He takes whites seriously enough to analyze shrewdly their attitudes and fantasies in regard to Africa:

> For if the Highlands of neighboring Kenya stimulated to fresh life outmoded and frustrated aristocratic longings in a certain type of European settler, then, and with much the same justice, it could be said that Independent Tanzania has stimulated the fantasies of a certain type of outmoded European socialist—men and women of a somewhat pastoral and utopian turn of mind—whose socialism fades by imperceptible degrees into a kind of benevolent, condescending patronage of the backward and deprived.

But for the object and site of these fantastical satisfactions, for Africa itself, the visiting Londoner shows little empathy, merely an irritated eye for the "dusty, disordered" details, the bad hotel service, the "delirious sameness" of the landscape. He goes on for pages about an expensive shoeshine in Nairobi, the slow beers in Dar es Salaam, and the way the nice Chinese railroad in Zambia is being allowed to deteriorate. To an American, his tone recalls those nineteenth-century European travellers who spent a few months in this country and went back to their publishers with tales of our horrific uncouthness. What the other side of uncouthness might be—what fresh priorities might lie behind an uncongenial style—it took a de Tocqueville to discern. Mr. Naipaul is no de Tocqueville; indeed, he is less open to African ways than were early explorers like Livingstone and Mungo Park. Shiva Naipaul's comment on a derelict Indian he finds in a drunken and ragged state



in a remote Tanzanian guesthouse is "I could not help Karim Lalji. No one could. Africa had closed in over him." "North of South" ends with a bitter brown malediction upon black and white in Africa: "Black and white deserved each other. Neither was worth the shedding of a single tear: both were rotten to the core. . . . Black Africa, with its gimcrack tyrannies, its Field Marshals and Emperors, its false philosophies, its fabricated statehoods, returns to Europe its own features, but grotesquely caricatured. . . . Hopeless, doomed continent! Only lies flourished here. Africa was swaddled in lies—the lies of an aborted European civilization; the lies of liberation. Nothing but lies."

Yet people live here, under these imperfect governments, and their lives are truth. Failing to take this truth seriously, Mr. Naipaul has given us an ephemeral book, for all his inarguable observations, his allowable satire, and his courage in not mincing words. He gives us a traveller's Africa we cannot live in, unlike the imaginary Africa—no less hopeless and doomed—of his brother's recent novel "A Bend in the River."

ACCORDING to another Londoner, Buchi Emecheta, Africa is not such a bad place. Her fifth novel, "The Joys of Motherhood" (Braziller; $8.95), depicts a bush village in idyllic tints:

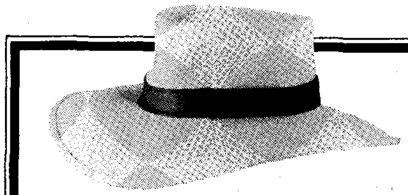
> From outside came the sounds of goats bleating, children playing, the voices of women singing to their babies; but inside the courtyard there was a long silence, during which Agbadi chewed the edge of his mouth furiously, trying to decide his daughter's future.

The scene is Iboland, in colonial Nigeria. Agbadi is "the last of the great hunters," his daughter is our heroine, Nnu Ego, her future is to take place in the metropolis of Lagos, and family is the theme. Nnu Ego (English pun intended?) was born of Agbadi and his favorite love object, who refuses to marry him. Nnu Ego inherits her mother's beauty but not her independent spirit. When she marries, she is unable to bear children, because she is under a curse from her *chi*; a *chi* seems to be a blend of guardian angel and previous incarnation, and Nnu Ego's was a slave girl unwillingly buried with her mistress, Agbadi's chief wife. Nnu Ego's husband, Amatokwu, though they "were very happy," is compelled to dismiss her for infertility; she is then given in marriage to a fellow-villager, Nnaife (French pun intended?), who does laundry for a white couple in Lagos. When Nnu Ego moves to Lagos, the timeless village enters history, and the novel becomes a sociological study—Mrs. Emecheta, who has lived in England since 1962, holds a degree in sociology from London University—of traditional institutions under urban stress. The events run from around 1910 to the late nineteen-fifties. After her sterile first marriage and the infant death of her firstborn, Nnu Ego's prayers to her *chi* are answered in the form of eight more children, of whom seven survive and four are twins. Rearing so many children in cramped circumstances, which the continued honoring of polygamous customs cramps further, sends her to an early grave. Dying half demented back in her native village, she is viewed as a saint of maternity yet from beyond the grave resolutely refuses to answer the prayers of barren women to give them children. It is a perfect ending for a graceful, touching, ironically titled tale that bears a plain feminist message:

> She had been brought up to believe that children made a woman . . . how was she to know that by the time her children grew up the values of her country, her people and her tribe would have changed so drastically, to the extent where a woman with many children could face a lonely old age, and maybe a miserable death all alone, just like a barren woman? . . . Nnu Ego told herself that she would have been better off had she had time to cultivate those women who had offered her hands of friendship; but she had never had the time.

Not only is the rural notion of children as wealth turned upside down in a money-centered, education-oriented city; a drastic shift in the concept of property occurs. In tribal Africa, a man or woman does not own himself: the tribe, the ancestors, the spouse, the slavemaster exert claims of which each individual is the sum. When the abstract colonial state the British have imposed exerts its claim upon Nnaife and sends him off to fight in Burma ("I still do not understand who we were fighting. We kept marching up and down and the white officers were shooting in the air"), Nnu Ego's trading in firewood and other small commodities supports his family, which has been enlarged by a wife he has inherited from his dead brother and another wife he has chosen to take. Yet in court Nnaife testifies that it is he who pays his son's school fees, and his wife concurs.

> "Do you mean the two of you pay Adim's school fees?" [a lawyer asks Nnu Ego].
>
> "No, I pay."
>
> The laughter that followed this could



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no longer be suppressed. Even the judge smiled unwillingly.

"Mrs. Owulum, will you please explain."

"Nnaife is the head of our family. He owns me, just like God in the sky owns us. So even though I pay the fees, yet he owns me. So in other words he pays."

Her children fight free of traditional selflessness, the two older boys taking their educations off to the United States and Canada, and one of the girls horrifying Ibo sensibilities by marrying a Yoruba. Nnaife, who if not an ideal husband has yet never renounced his responsibilities, through the mists of palm wine sees that he has been used by Nnu Ego to produce children and suddenly protests to her, "I was not created to suffer for you till I die." Even she, when a junior wife announces her pregnancy, spontaneously thinks, "Another child? Into all this mess?" Without the village space and the village structures, things fall apart. As Chinua Achebe, in "Things Fall Apart" and its successors, wrote of the baffled and broken African fathers, so Buchi Emecheta writes of the mothers. Her generation, of course, is that not of Nnu Ego but of Nnu Ego's children. In this compassionate but slightly distanced and stylized story of a life that comes to seem wasted, she sings a dirge for more than African pieties. The lives within "The Joys of Motherhood" might be, transposed into a different cultural key, those of our own rural ancestors. For that matter, the blind god of self-realization still asks for children, and self-sacrifice within the family continuum remains the price of creating new lives. Mrs. Emecheta herself, the jacket flap tells us, is the mother of five.

NGUGI WA THIONG'O is considered the best writer in East Africa—perhaps the best since Karen Blixen returned to Denmark—and throughout most of 1978 was imprisoned in Kenya without charges or trial. Since his release by the new President, Daniel arap Moi, last December, he has continued, in his activities as writer, professor of literature, and interviewee, to express deep dissatisfaction with the status quo in Kenya, and is probably headed for more trouble, in a state long viewed in the West as one of black Africa's most liberal. The immediate stimulus of Ngugi's detainment he himself conjectures to be a Kikuyu play he collaborated on, "Ngahiika Ndenda" ("I Will Marry When I Want"), performed at a village cultural center in Limuru. But the Kenyan publication of his novel "Petals of Blood" (Dutton; $9.95), a few months before his

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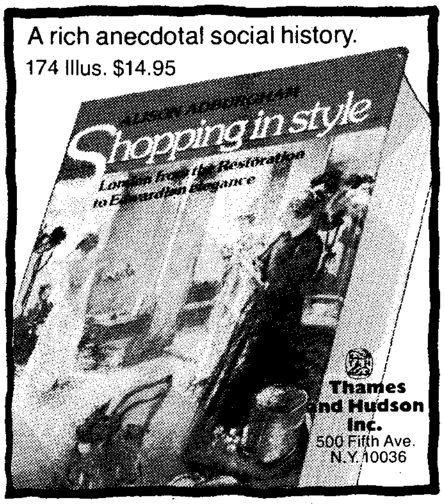

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**From Bill Fine "Travel & Leisure" July '77*

arrest, surely didn't ingratiate him with the authorities. The novel is ambitious, caustic, impassioned, and leftist. It also seemed, to this perhaps less than ideal reader, tedious and implausible. The opening pages are peppered with Swahili and Kikuyu words, as if to warn non-African readers away. Whatever else political fervor has done for Ngugi, it has not helped his ear for English; the fine calm style of "A Grain of Wheat," which was published in 1967 under his "Christian" name of James Ngugi, has here come unhinged:

> And then she started appearing to him in dreams: breasts would beat on breasts, body frames would become taut with unspoken desire, eyes would hold onto eyes as they both stood on Ilmorog hill, hide-away from school, away from Cambridge Fraudsham who had fumed, frowned and ground his teeth with anger because of the perfumed garden that was her body.

The garden herself thinks in hothouse terms:

> As an evidence of her cleansed spirit, she resolved that she would not again obey the power of her body over men; that any involvement was out until she had defeated the past through a new flowering of self.

Let the book's teeming multitudes of political imprecations be represented by one relatively terse sentence:

> These few who had prostituted the whole land turning it over to foreigners for thorough exploitation, would drink people's blood and say hypocritical prayers of devotion to skin oneness and to nationalism even as skeletons of bones walked to lonely graves.

Well, as Barry Goldwater might say, verbal excess in pursuit of social justice is no great sin. But the clichés and overwrought syntax correspond to dislocations in the novel's larger elements. The plot is determinedly melodramatic, beginning with quadruple arrests for a triple murder, and Ngugi employs much of the conventional detective novel's machinery with none of that genre's speed and lightness. He gives us a black Hercule Poirot ("Crime for him was a kind of jigsaw puzzle, and he believed that there was a law to it") and pumps suspense into his raft of flashbacks and confessions by exasperatingly withholding from page to page information we need to steer by; the novel rarely breathes free of relentless authorial manipulation. The characters, except for a donkey who never says a word, stagger and sink under the politico-symbolical messages they are made to carry. The interior monologues of Karega, an ex-schoolteacher turned wandering labor organizer, read like wall posters in Mao's prime, and the inner commotions of the flowering Wanja are so heavily orchestrated, so luridly framed in imagery half *Playboy* and half Bible, half Playmate and half harlot, that we lose all track of what value her virtue is supposed to have: "So what if she had given in, she hissed inside to prevent tears, so what?" Munira, the local schoolteacher, is the character we begin and end with, and seems closest to Ngugi's heart; he alone contains traits—a nagging sense of detachment and a fascination with his father's stern Christianity—that are *not immediately convertible into* Socialist moralizing, and that have something of the involuntarily human about them. "The Joys of Motherhood" carried its didactic messages, too, but the skein of experience it described felt like something observed and then made sense of; "Petals of Blood" bulldozes its intended meaning into the landscape of its events as ruthlessly as the property exploiters it decries.

Beneath the huffing and puffing about "sturdy peasants" and "Che Guevara with his Christlike locks of hair and saintly eyes" lies a real land, a piece of Kenya with its history, its beauty, and its fate. Only the landscape can induce the angry author to relax enough to write well:

> So now help me God that he does not go, Wanja murmured to herself, gazing across the plains to the distant Donyo Hills. Just above the hills, the moving clouds had formed two shapes, the likeness of scraggy-mouthed caves, belching out mist and light. The mouths became smaller and smaller until the caves finally dissolved into a floating black-bluish wool. She followed the slow wool motion, trying to locate where the fingerprints of God had been.

What moves us, in "Petals of Blood," is the tracing of twelve years in the province of Ilmorog as it goes from being a drought-ridden area of subsistence agriculture to a junk-ridden little copy of Nairobi, divided in two by the Trans-Africa Road. Ironically, the citizens of Ilmorog bring attention to themselves, and invite the horrors of development, by heroically travelling on foot to the capital to obtain relief from the drought. This section of the novel, the dusty peasants among the ogres of power and affluence, takes on an authentic life, as a Marxist "Pilgrim's Progress." The politicians and exploiters are allowed for the moment the uncontrolled vitality of villainy. Back in Ilmorog, drought relief comes in the form of rain; but human rapacity—"the tyranny of foreign companies and their local messengers"—

has been alerted to virgin territory, and also descends.

Ngugi, in an interview in the Nairobi journal *Viva*, when asked about the stereotypical quality of his middle-class characters, responded, "They are supposed to stand as class types, as typical of a class that has come to be completely indifferent to the cry of the people. I see no value whatever in the middle-class." Yet his chief characters, in "Petals of Blood," *are* middle-class—two schoolteachers, Munira and Karega; a shopkeeper, Abdulla; and a bargirl, Wanja, who rises from prostitution to run and own a distillery, a real-estate and transportation empire, and the snappiest brothel in Ilmorog. The novel's action consists of the conflicts and decisions of these mobile, enterprising characters; the much-praised peasant life of Ilmorog figures as a few sentimental snapshots a passing tourist could have taken. Ngugi told his *Viva* interviewer that "the middle class that feeds on the workers and peasants is a superfluous, parasitic class." Of what is this class composed but aspiring workers and ex-peasants and their descendants? We are not convinced, as Karega and Ngugi evidently are, of some immutable proletarian goodness capable of "seizing power to overturn the system and all its prying bloodthirsty gods and gnomic angels, bringing to an end the reign of the few over the many and the era of drinking blood and feasting on human flesh." We *are* convinced, even without the hectic testimony of "Petals of Blood," that for the masses of too many African nations independence has merely replaced white colonial exploiters with indigenous opportunists and oppressors. A great sigh of disappointment blows through the contemporary African novel. In Kenya—with Algeria, one of the few African nations that fought a war for their independence—the sigh is especially deep. Yet what did they expect, these raging, often exiled intellectuals? Some reconstruction, it would seem, of an altruistic tribal idyll, a spontaneous and painless Socialism located on the misty far shore of the colonial interregnum. Nostalgia also blows through African novels, with a force that distinguishes them from their Western counterparts:

> [Ilmorog] had had its days of glory: thriving villages with a huge population of sturdy peasants who had tamed nature's forests and, breaking the soil between their fingers, had brought forth every type of crop to nourish the sons and daughters of men.

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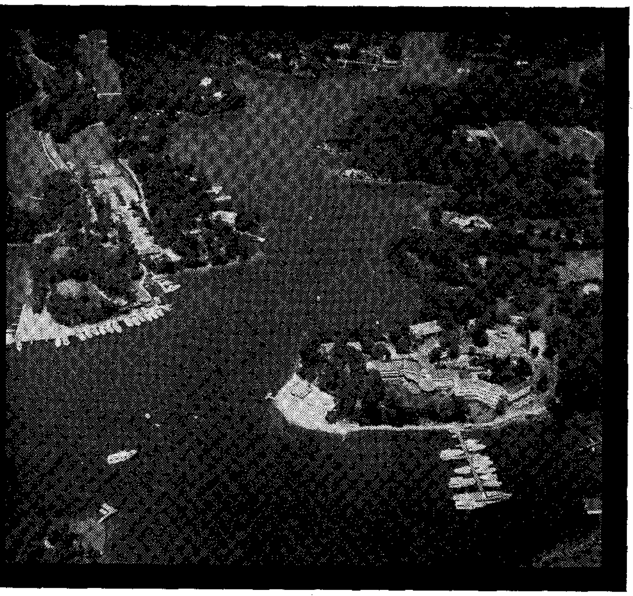

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tials, Ngugi wa Thiong'o has as little patience as Shiva Naipaul. And he, too, is a traveller; the dateline of "Petals of Blood" is given on the last page as "October 1970—October 1975" and the places of its writing, in a tripartite ascription more widely flung than that of "Ulysses," as "Evanston—Limuru—Yalta." Ngugi has gone from a guest professorship in the Program of African Studies at Northwestern University in Illinois to a guesthouse of the Soviet Writers' Union on the Black Sea. One wishes him now an untroubled stay at home, and a release from the need to write agitprop.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Dog of the South, by Charles Portis (Knopf; $8.95). A summary-defying novel. Given enough space, one could touch upon some of the reasons that a twenty-six-year-old Civil War buff named Ray Midge is driving a 1963 Buick Special, with a quarter-turn of slack in the steering wheel and tires of four different sizes, from Arkansas to British Honduras with a .38 Colt Cobra concealed in a pie carton and a set of sterling-silver flatware in the trunk. Given a bit more space, one could mention some of the places where Midge stops to rest and refuel (a motel in Laredo, where he is served fish sticks and coleslaw in a paper nut cup when he orders roast beef, is one of the more hospitable); some of the companions he acquires (a quack doctor who once traded in hi-lo shag-carpet remnants and hail-damaged pears is the first); and some of what he finds when he gets to his destination (his wife and her monkey-shaped first husband, who have eloped in Midge's immaculate Ford Torino; a red chow dog with plastic bags on its feet; a hurricane; two Indians living in a Mayan ruin; the doctor's aged mother's Unity Tabernacle, where she shows Johnny Weissmuller movies to the congregation). Given only the space of a sentence, one might simply say that the hero is a cross between Buster Keaton and Don Quixote—innocent, generous to a fault, indefatigable, and perfectly deadpan—and that Charles Portis has blessed him with a supremely funny adventure.

Starburn, by Rosalyn Drexler (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). Jenni Love, leader of a feminist punk-rock band called The Great Mother Goddess Cult, has a lot of explaining to do even after she has been acquitted of the murder of a hostile music critic, since a flying saucer is central to her version of the facts. Jenni finds it necessary to begin with her childhood and her first professional efforts—an account that eventually becomes so outlandish that the dazed reader is inclined to share Jenni's belief at one point that the critic was the offspring of her grandmother and a visitor from outer space. It is pointless to satirize a phenomenon that is as conscientiously outrageous as punk rock, and Rosalyn Drexler does well to aim instead at fan-magazine interviews and "as told to" memoirs, which thrive on such lurid and silly scenarios. A word of caution, however, for the newcomer to this outer fringe of pop culture: the names, lyrics, and costumes of the characters will be fully appreciated only by those who can puzzle out the real people Mrs. Drexler has in mind.

Maggie, by Lena Kennedy (Paddington; $10). The life and times of an unsinkable Cockney "gel," orphaned at thirteen, pregnant and married at fifteen, widowed at forty-six, and devoted throughout to a growing circle of friends and family. The world is transformed in Maggie's half century, and since she feels little nostalgia for old-fashioned discomforts she takes the changing times in stride: from the gas lamps and public baths still used in the nineteen-thirties, through the blitz that levelled London's East End, to the sudden appearance of supermarkets and television. Persisting unaltered are endless exchanges of cuffs and curses ("Gormless oaf!" "Lazy sod!") and nightlong revelries whenever an old flame or an adventurous son, "like a bad penny," turns up at the door. Lena Kennedy is a Cockney herself, and the remarkable story of how she managed to have her ungrammatical manuscript discovered and made presentable suggests that she did not have to look far to find a model for her plucky heroine.

GENERAL

"This Gilded African": Toussaint L'Ouverture, by Wenda Parkinson (Quartet Books; $12.95). The slave François Dominique Toussaint was born on a colonial sugar plantation on the island of Hispaniola about 1745. Descended from an African king, he was exceptionally intelligent and energetic, though physically very small. He was nearing forty when the great slave rebellion broke out in the St. Dominigue colony, and in short order he became a leader and proved himself a master of military art: he fashioned an army from the ignorant mob of insurgent slaves, added L'Ouverture to his name, apparently (and obscurely) as a note of panache, and successfully took on the trained forces of all comers—French, British, and Spanish—before establishing a multiracial state on the island under an enlightened government. The end of Toussaint's story is pitiful: when Napoleon sent an expedition to crush "this gilded African" and retake St. Dominigue for France (as a prelude to his planned conquest of Jamaica and the United States), Toussaint was betrayed into his hands and sent to France, where, in 1803, he died miserably in a dungeon in the Jura. Wordsworth prophesied in a notable sonnet about him, "Thou has left behind Powers that will work for thee." Less than a year after Toussaint's death, St. Dominigue became the independent state of Haiti, the first black republic. This biography ably re-creates the beautiful, violent, greedy, and ghastly world of the colonial Caribbean.

CHILDREN OF THE HOLOCAUST: CONVERSATIONS WITH SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF SURVIVORS, by Helen Epstein (Putnam; $10.95). The author grew up in New York City, the child of Czechoslovakian Jews who had survived Nazi concentration camps but had lost everything—status, businesses, possessions, and the people closest to them. Although they tried to make a new life and, in a worldly sense, succeeded, they had been irreparably injured by their sorrows, and, Miss Epstein realized, their children's personalities were shadowed by the parents' sufferings. Curious to see whether her experience was unique, she embarked on a series of interviews with other children of survivors, in this country and abroad, and found that in every case unhealed scars had been passed on. Different families were unhappy differently, but one common response was a frightening overprotection of the children, and another was a demand that these young people replace relatives—sometimes earlier-born children—who had been killed by the Nazis. Miss Epstein's congeners spoke of their feel-

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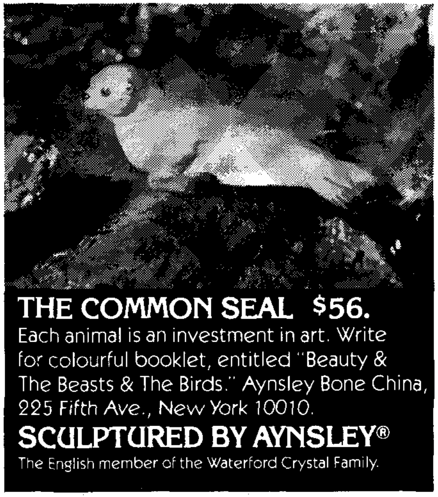

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ings with difficulty, and most have married other survivors' children; they see themselves as set apart. Though the author is not presumptuous about generalizing, her gripping and tragic book suggests that traumatized groups may take generations to recover.

A RUSSIAN SCHOOLBOY, by Sergéi Aksákov, translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff (Oxford; $10.95). Aksákov (1791-1859), though little known in the West, was, with Pushkin and Gogol, one of the founders of modern Russian literature, and if Mr. Duff's translation is an accurate rendering, he was a writer of unusual clarity, simplicity, and charm. This book, a memoir written in his fifties, tells of his idyllic boyhood on a grand estate in Orenburg (mushrooming, berrying, fishing, hawking, and becoming, by age eleven, "a passionate lover of the gun") and of his years at a boarding school in Kazan and as a member of the first class of the University of Kazan. It is a window, open and sunlit, on a long-vanished place and time and culture. Illustrated with rather mannered drawings by Kirill Sokolov.

A EUROPEAN PAST, by Prince Clary, translated from the German by Ewald Osers (St. Martin's; $10). These memoirs of a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire who died last year at the age of ninety-one recall the Hapsburg era with affectionate realism. The author never forswore his allegiance to the Hapsburg dynasty but was nonetheless able to hang on to his Czech estates until 1945, after which he settled into a family palazzo in Venice. There, in his old age, he chatted with the likes of Bernard Berenson and Winston Churchill, and the reader is lucky to join those eminent men. Prince Alfons Clary was a spellbinder, and he was history in person. His recollections conjure up the splendors and pleasures of Europe before 1914, and his candor and charm, along with his sense of telling detail, make this volume more than an excursion in nostalgia.

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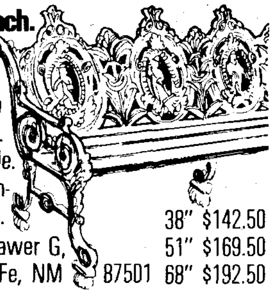

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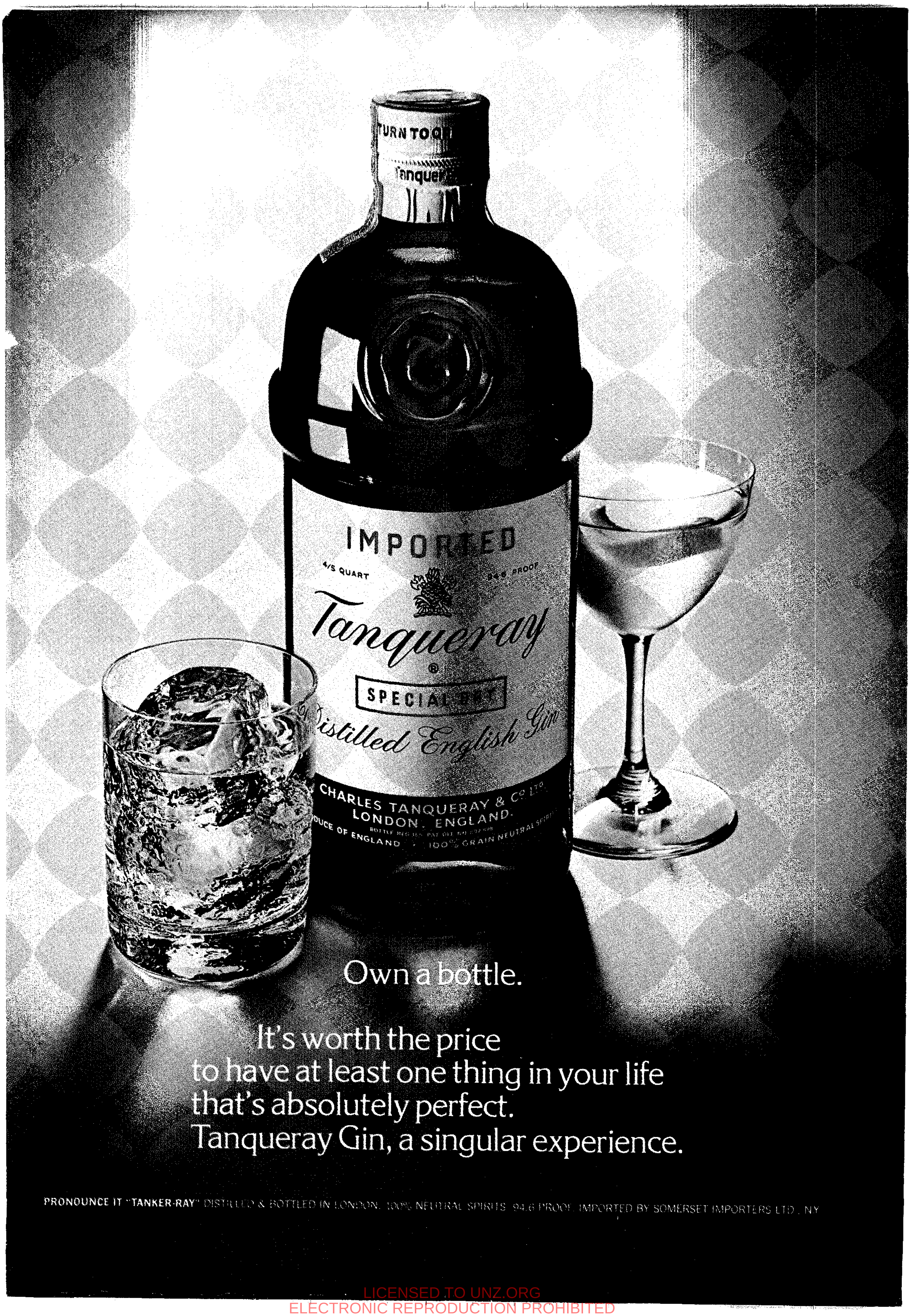
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